

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

Words by T. H. BAYLY.

Composed by MAJOR WHITE-MORE.

VOICE.

mf

1. Shades of ev'n-ing close not o'er us,
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces
3. When the waves are round me break-ing

PIANO.

mf *Sempre legato.*

Leave our lone - ly bark a - while; Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle.
 Smile a - round the ta - per's light; Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 As I pace the deck a - lone, And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on.

Still my fan - cy can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell, Dark - er sha - dows
 Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell, Like a voice from
 What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell: Ab - sence makes the

round us ho - ver, Isle of beau - ty, fare thee well.
 those who love us, Breath - ing soft - ly, fare thee well.
 heart grew fon - der, Isle of beau - ty, fare thee well.