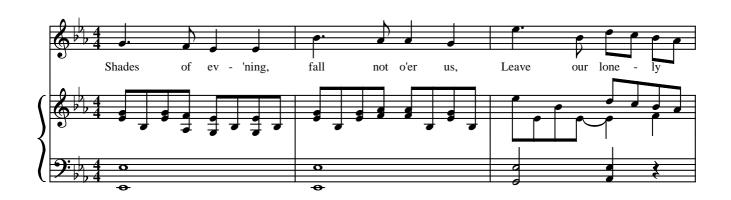
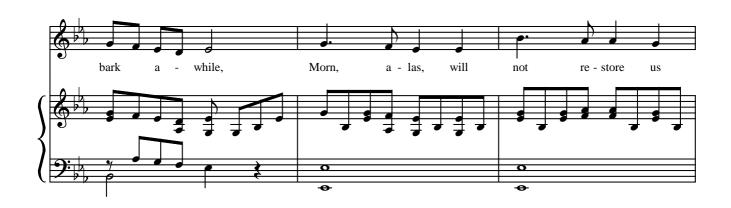
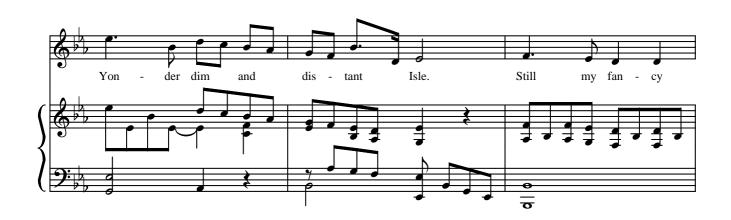
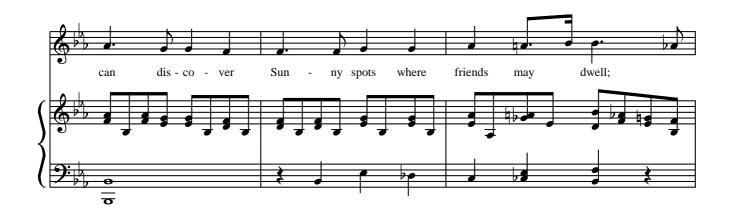
Isle of Beauty

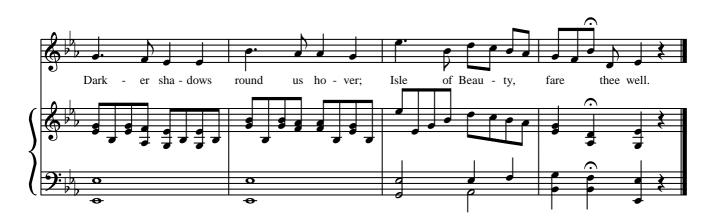
Thomas Bayley (1836-1907)











This the hour when happy faces Smile around the taper's light, Who will fill our vacant places? Who will sing our songs to-night? Thro' the mist that floats above us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell, Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly, 'Fare thee well.' While the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And mine eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon,
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder:
Isle of Beauty! Fare thee well!