Submit-instead of “Tis not where lights are shining” Redc’d 23d Jun 1826 Dover

gently oe’r word has shore, and think, that heart, when
living, with all its faults, was there!

Oh say, thou best and brightest, my first love
and my last, When he, whom now then
slightest From life’s dark scene hath past. Will

Kinder thoughts then move thee? Will Pity wake one
{?word} , {Te’or} him, who lov’d thee, and,
dying, lov’d thee still. If when, that hour re-
calling, From which he dates by his word, Then
feel’st a tear drop falling, oh blush not while it
flows. But, all the past forgiving, Bend