

S O N G.

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THE rose that weeps with morning dew,  
And glitters in the sunny ray,  
In tears of smiles resembles you,  
When Love breaks Sorrow's cloud away.

The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,  
Enrich the scent—renew the glow ;  
So Love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,  
So bliss more brightly shines by woe!