

E'en separation if 'twould save
 My darling from an early grave.
 And it so chanced my near of kin
 In the old land would soon begin
 A voyage to the sunny clime
 Of Italy, and there was time
 To send her with them far away
 From the dread doom of Lanoraie.
 For they and I were reconciled
 Long since, and they my dear grandchild
 Would gladly care for as their own,
 And I could hope when she was gone.

Full sore our parting was, but still
 I have endured it with a will,
 More resolute of heart and mind,
 Than had she stayed with me behind:
 But soon or late from o'er the sea
 God grant she be restored to me !

"What ails my son ? did I not hear
 A sob ? and was that not a tear
 Fell on my hand ? Alas, this tale
 Affects too deeply, yet I fail
 To catch sufficient cause; the night
 Grows somewhat chill, and it well might
 Tell on your nerves, unused at least