

I cross'd, while young, the Atlantic wide,  
Where Heav'n provided me a bride.  
One of a thousand Fairs is she,  
And virtue was allied to me ;  
From Scotland came the precious prize,  
We met beneath Columbian skies.

While business rais'd our hope of gain,  
Four sons, four daughters, fill our train ;  
No want of prudence was our lot,  
Embargo, loss in trade, what not—  
Combine to spoil our mutual care,  
And to misfortune I am heir.

When hearing that my uncle died  
In Cork, with riches on his side ;  
A man of wealth and well-known fame  
Of Ireland—Conolly his name ;  
From Nova Scotia, all that's dear,  
I sail'd, and now at length am here.  
Fruitless my search as yet hath been,  
Most dreary each delightful scene.  
Ah ! who relates the pungent smart,  
That must affect each absent heart ?