

Then, fare thee well—no more we'll meet

By whinny brae, or heath-clad hill—

No more thy gentle converse sweet,

Can cheer this heart with rapture's thrill.

Yet, all the influence time may lend,

Can't break love's fondest, earliest twine,

Nor chill that heart—till life shall end—

Which still, dear MARY ! still is thine.

RANGLEAWE—THE ROVING BARD.

From the cot of my father, as day-light descended,

And Sol dipped his rim in the far distant wave,

O'er the hills of Slievegallin my lone steps I bended,

Where the heath-bell nods gently o'er RANG's* silent
grave.

* As there are few of the Irish people to whom the writings and character of RANGLEAWE, (Francis Dowling,) are not well known,