

But words of mine can never tell
All of thy praise, fair Isabel

Fair Isabel ' fair Isabel '
I learned to know thy beauty well ,
It rose upon my exiled sight,
A very treasure of delight;
My loneliness so comforting,
That my caged heart began to sing.

And if I sing thy beauty's fame,
Thy loveliness is all to blame,
I loved before I understood
That in thy veins flowed Erin's blood,
And I could not help but tell
Of the fair maiden, Isabel.

On earth the fairest, sweetest spot
I'll leave and shall regret it not,
Since I have left my earthly home
What matter is it where I roam,
Not to the hill I bid farewell
But to the gentle Isabel

Accept, then, from an Irish heart,
This humble tribute ere we part ;
For thou to me art very dear,
The lone star of my sojourn here,
To thee I sadly bid farewell,
God bless the maiden, Isabel '

V. K HILL 1845
