

Is burst asunder—nor can summer's eve,
 When youths light-hearted dance upon the green,
 Longer delight—nor aught of rural sports.
 Tell me, my soul—ah ! can I e'er forget
 Th' afflictive day I sought the Tomoch's brow,
 To gaze upon the boiling surge below,
 Where foaming billows beat the hoary cliffs
 On Erin's shore—and view the bowers of green—
 The ivied turrets—seats of classic lore—
 And tomb, where slept all life made dear to me !
 This done, I shed the big and parting tear,
 And sighed to that loved spot a last farewell !

THE CHIMING BELL.

Now, on the gentle breath of morn,
 Once more I hear that chiming bell,
 As onward, slow, each note is borne,
 Like echo's lingering, last farewell.