

The loving ivy clasps the cliffs—where grace and grandeur meet ;
The sea-pink rears its gentle head where wild waves fling their spray,
And harebell meek, and primrose pale, adorn the sloping bay ;
And, bridging o'er in beauty what were else a dread ravine,
The bramble wreaths its pale pink flowers with the fragrant eglantine.
How oft thy fainting heart hath yearned to rest there but one day,
On that soft bank of thyme and heath, say dying exile—say !
To live thy lifetime o'er again—thy childhood's hours of love—
And soothed all longing after earth to turn to scenes above !

Ierne, beloved ! fare-thee-well !—old castles, hills, and home,
Where still some of our earliest loved now rest, that ne'er may roam—
Remembered ones, with soft bright eyes, and brows so young and fair