

The light was low, the fire was out,
 My room was cheerless, cold and still,
 And morning's pale refracted rays
 Were struggling through the weighty gloom,
 Whilst fiercely shriek'd the North'rn blast,
 As fierce it hurl'd its frozen darts
 Against the trembling window pane.

To The Memory of Eliza Nolan.

No more thy gentle voice we'll hear,
 No more the buoyant footsteps dear,
 But oft we'll think, with many a tear,
 Of our belov'd Eliza.

Her silken locks, like softest down,
 Her sparkling eyes of mildest brown,
 Her radiant face, without a frown,
 Caus'd us to love Eliza.

No more contagion's poison'd dart
 Shall pierce the pure unsullied heart,
 Nor shall the mem'ry e'er depart
 Of our endear'd Eliza.

This tender bud of earth shall bloom
 In Heaven, a rose of sweet perfume ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 The angels bore Eliza.

The Spanish Armada.

A mighty armament from Spain
 Intent on slaughter, bent their way
 To Britain's lofty cliffs.

But the All-seeing Providence
 Upon them laid His angry hand
 And drove them far apart.

Some found their graves beneath the sea,
 And others on some hostile coast
 To pieces soon were dash'd.

The last of Spain's proud armament,
 Encounter'd by the British fleet,
 Were conquer'd soon, and fled.

Thus perish'd that great enterprise,
 Destroy'd by angry elements,
 To show the will of God.