

A sharp breeze doth whistle
Across the lone moor ;
And carries its wailing,
Far down to the shore.

The shot of the sportsman
Is heard very near ;
And echoes reverberate
O'er plains that are drear.

The sea by its fury
Is lashed into foam,
Come dear, let us hasten,
The best place is home.

TO ALMA.

Dear little Alma !
Love of my heart ;
May you and I never
In coming years part