

Dim seem the days when Ireland's sod  
He pressed with boyish feet,  
Or warmed his fingers at the hearth  
Where glowed the odorous peat,  
And the loaded carts rolled slowly by  
To Cavan's market seat.

Like the weird hiatus of a dream  
The ocean voyage slips,  
A shimmering maze of tossing waves,  
A crowd of wide-sailed ships,  
And yawning from the river's side  
The forest's gloomy lips.

The lonely life in the leafy woods,  
Where the queenly maples rose ;  
And monarchs of the lowland flats,  
The giant elm trees pose  
In gloomy shadow o'er the day,  
Soon darkening to its close.