

Fit seat for gods—and long the loved abode
Of Erin's sages and immortal bards.

Ye fairy dreams of bliss ! where are ye now ?
Where now the dear companions of my youth ?
And where is she, that made this earth a heaven,
And blessed me with her smiles—or with a look
Of love, that chased away the gloom of care,
And made me more than happy—more than blest—
Carrying my soul to highest ecstasy !
Has Heaven thus proved severe, and ruined all ?
Crushing my hopes, just in their morning bloom—
The flower, ah ! nipped before its sweets were shed !
Yes, Heaven has proved severe—what have I said ?
Oh ! Heaven forgive—nor let my anguish keen
Inspire one thought rebellious 'gainst thy throne.

The chain is snapped—yea, snapped the tender chain
That linked me to this earth—and every finer tie

village, in the romantic townland of *Tullinagee*, in the county of Londonderry. From this latter place the greatest statesman that ever adorned the British Cabinet derived his title.