

Home of my childhood—seat of blissful hours :
 But now that home's no more, nor inmates dear,
 Nor blissful hours—for gone's my every joy !
 How sad the thought !—how painfully severe
 With memory now to range, and re-survey
 The sunny moments of my school-boy days—
 When oft I lightly brushed the morning dew—
 And, with the friends then dearest to my bosom,
 Culled the sweet primrose from the thorny hedge—
 Or sauntered by the purling brook, to see
 The speckled trout dance in the solar beam—
 Or with the maid I loved, whose glowing cheek
 And sparkling eye, and manners mild, inviting—
 I fondly walked, whilst rapture filled my soul,
 And pulled the lily from the flowery plain—
 An offering for my love—as slow we moved
 Tow'rd's that famed Fort,* the pride of Tullinagee—

* This Fort, called by the Irish *Forth*, is a standing monument of Danish ingenuity—and for beauty and grandeur perhaps not excelled in the British Empire. It is beautifully situated close to my native