

To those who gaze upon its shattered walls,  
Or, musing, tread its grass-grown aisles, or pause  
To contemplate the wide and barren heath,  
Spreading in rude magnificence around,  
With scarce a tree or shrub to intersect  
Its gloomy aspect, save the noble ash  
That fronts the ruins, on whose hoary trunk  
The hurricanes of years have vainly burst,  
To mar its beauty ;—there sublime it stands,  
Waving its graceful branches o'er the soil  
That wraps the mouldering children of the land.

The shadowy splendour of an autumn sky  
Was radiant with the hues of parting day ;  
The glorious sun seemed loth to leave the west,  
That glowed like molten gold—a saffron sea  
Fretted with crimson billows, whose rich tints  
Gave to the rugged cliff and barren heath  
A ruddy diadem of living light !