

THE HIBERNIAN SOLITARY.

Fair rose the day star 'mid the smiles of Heaven,
And nature's flowery garb bedeck'd the lawn—
Each bending spray with dew-drops thickly gemmed—
The opening blossoms sent forth rich perfume—
When thus I strayed, reckless of earth-born cares,
O'er the proud summit of Slievegallin fair—
Mountain renowned in song—by me adored—
Where beauty's richest works profusely swell
With varied scenes, that boast unequalled grandeur.
There, 'midst the flow of all my boyish thoughts,
I pondered o'er the mighty days gone by,
When Erin's bards awoke their native strain,
And touched the chord of sainted melody,
Whilst from the harp, in dulcet numbers flowed
The soul of music, wafted on the breeze.
Thus, as I wandered o'er the daisied banks,
I cast my eye tow'rds that loved Cot below—