

Like a garland of beauty about us, the island homes appear,
As we look from the cliff and trace them from the crags so
grey and sheer,

As one by one we count them, and each has a charm—its
own,

And each to each adds a charm that were gone if it stood
alone !

First and nearest us nestles, serene in its shady vale,
Under its spreading elm trees, green, peaceful *Dorasdale*,
Whose door stands ever open, to offer the weary rest,
Where there's ever a hail for the coming and speed to the
parting guest !