

Farewell, dear old familiar spots
Around my Compton farm,
The springs and brooks and maple groves
Have all a subtle charm.
The horses, kye, and gentle sheep
(I tended with such care !)
That roamed at will o'er vale and hill,
Alas, they are not there.

Misfortune scattered far and wide
The flocks I loved so well ;
Misfortune drove their master hence
To fill a convict's cell.
Yet fancy still conjures each scene !
I hear the lambkins bleat,
And still in dreams those crystal streams
Will murmur low and sweet.

Misfortune, with its poisoned fangs,
Hath dealt a deadly blow
To all the plans I formed with care
In day-dreams long ago.
The happy home I meant to share
With Marion, my own !
With other things hath taken wings—
E'en hope itself is flown !