

Blest Island ! thro' my devious track of life—
 Its dark strange tissued dreams of toil and strife,
 Of mirth and tears ;—each spot, each favorite spot
 Of thine, time from my memory ne'er can blot ;
 'Twas here my friendship found its earliest birth,
 And its first joyous flow of youthful mirth.
 On days by-gone—days never doom'd to last,
 The pleasing eye of fancy shall be cast :
 While all thy sunny hours, thy evenings' cheer,
 Thy healthful pastimes thro' the varied year,
 Thy ringing sports, and the accustom'd place
 For summer-gambols, and thy winter's chase,
 Not like faint gleams my memory shall pass off,
 Till death comes with his dark and dismal scowl.

Slow o'er New-village heights the smoke ascends ;
 Thro' dusky shades an earliest night impends.
 The eagles now have sought their airy nests ;
 The hawk no more his weak wing'd prey molests ;
 No more the timid Birds the sportsman shun,
 Now homeward wending with his slanted gun :
 The deer the wilds have left, and, ranging wide,
 In droves, surround dark Flamboise wooded side :
 Yet, thro' the twilight, prowls from out his den
 The wily fox, far from the haunts of men ;
 Upon the ev'ning's stillness yet are thrown
 The low of herds, of flocks, the bleating tone :
 Tho', one by one, as from the East draw near
 Her thickening shades, upon the list'ner's ear
 Each other rural sound, or echo dies,
 Since the sun sunk below the western skies—
 Sunk to his needful rest—whose yellow ray,
 Threw his last farewell-look in gladdening play ;
 And from yon thicket then his flash took flight,
 Already in whose depths reigns deeper night ;
 Already over head-land-hill the breeze
 Of night sighs mournfully among the trees.
 South Village Church in eastern distance gleams
 No more—no more reflects the solar beams,