

Oh how fleet and short the bright hours,
 Compared to all the stormy showers
 That terrify, away wing joy,
 And darken pleasure or destroy !
 And do thou sweep on to the sea,
 Brawling or mute as pleaseth thee,
 Oh Liffy ! thou didst communicate
 Delights, which, whatever be my fate,
 I can't forget, but can deplore,
 As thousands do and did before. 290

And as each tributary rill,
 That sparkling, glides thy breast to fill ;
 All which thou dost give to the main,
 Never to get from it again.--
 The thoughts of thee to me arrive,
 And help to keep my heart alive,
 Which did in full affection's swell
 Take of thee its long farewell--
 And takes of thee and Dublin now ;
 Dublin ! perpetua be thou ! 300