

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