

ON LEAVING KILLARNEY.

August 5, 1800.

FAREWEL, sweet scenes! pensive once more I turn
Those pointed hills, and wood-fringed lakes to view
With fond regret; while in this last adieu
A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn
For ever past. So from the pleasant shore,
Borne with the struggling bark against the wind,
The trembling pennant fluttering looks behind
With vain reluctance! 'Mid those woods no more
For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,
Nor soft flutes warbling o'er the placid lake
Aërial music shall for me awake,
And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound!
Though lost to me, here still may Taste delight
To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling Dryads
fright!