

Farewell to Home.

"My native land good night." Byron

Farewell my ^{homy} land! — the scenes I love
Are fading from my view,
And every hill, and every grove
Seem echoing back adieu
But yet where'er my lot shall be
My heart shall send a sigh to thee.

Farewell to home! — a burning tear
Has from its pearly fountain strayed,
To tell what most my soul held dear
And quell the storm which grief has made,
Blest be that tear! for as it fell,
It seemed to say to me — Farewell.

Farewell my home! — that tear shall be
A parting token of regret, —
The fount may dry that flowed for thee,
But never shall my heart forget
For all the paradise on earth —
Is that sweet land which gave me birth.

Farewell my home! — friends of my youth
For you shall have my heart's last sigh,

The pangs of absence hope shall soothe
And fancy paint my native sky.
No more within thy bower to dwell —
My own — my fathers home — Farewell!
G. H. P.

To Sarah.

Can I forget? canst thou forget?
The hours of pleasure we have known
Or will thy heart with mine regret,
To think how quickly they have flown;

Wilt thou with me one sigh bestow,
Or will with mine thy bosom heave
Or will thou feel with me the glow,
That joys like ours behind them leave;

Shou wilt why need I doubt thy heart?
It ever has been sincere to me
Oh, be it still, till life depart,
The same as mine shall be to thee

Unchanged by time, still shall they prove
From every mean impression free;
Life may be quenched but faithful love
Shall last in sweet eternity.

Selected by Esther H. Harley. Kingston N.Y. Sep. 21 1856.