Dermot Astor.

Oh! Dermot Astor! between waking and sleeping,
I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse in my heart, the sweet measure was keeping,
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Oh! tell me, my own Love, is this our last meeting?
Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bowers
To watch the bright Sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring flowers.

Oh! Dermot Astor! between waking and sleeping,
I heard thy dear voice and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse in my heart, the sweet measure was keeping,
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Oh! Dermot Astor! how this fond heart would flutter,
When I met thee at night, in the shady bowers,
And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
Those kind of endearment "Marzunneen, Colleen"
I know we must part, but oh! say not for ever,
That it may be for years adds enough to my pain.
But I'll cling to the hope that the time we may soon
In some blessed hour, I shall meet thee again.

Oh, Dermot Aine! between waking and sleeping,
I heard thy dear voice & I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart, the sweet measure was keeping
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.

Post by Mrs. Crawford.
Signed by F. A. Grose.