

Home Again

Land ho. The joyful sound at last
 Rings high upon the freshening blast
 And cheer on cheer renews the sound
 Which long and loud keeps up the sound
 Her right ahead Colombia's shore
 Lifts her high ~~all~~ to life once more
 No land is at thy command
 Which bids me view my native land

Farewell old ocean if again
 I never shall touch thy liquid plain
 And if perchance no more I ride
 Upon thy fast receding tide
 Or shade the great Lanthorn pier
 Thy distant waters as before
 Nor sail upon thy rippling bay
 As oft I have, an hour away
 If thus I leave thee thou shalt not
 In time nor absence be forgot

Nov 14th 1866

