

When the golden fields of harvest  
 Was reaping forth its grain  
 And the stone house of winter  
 Was coupling with the same

When the yellow robes of autumn  
 Were tattered in the wind  
 And the hoary morn of winter  
 Put out her dismal sign

When love among the masses  
 No fear slight enhance  
 Possession as her no pledge to prove  
 That happiness was chance

When all beside seemed in life  
 So cheerful gay and free  
 I saw my own dear country hills  
 So down behind the sea

And when the water and the sky  
 Had fused the land from view  
 My home seemed one faint relief  
 Or else one gloat relief

For I had strove in vain to dwell  
 With persecutions train  
 Who mocked me and a kindred too  
 Breathed on the rising flame

I looked behind me and I prayed  
 That memories sun would set  
 Between me and my native land  
 To hide that vain regret

For though I strove still through my dreams  
 A fair form would flit  
 To haunt me in my wanderings  
 Which I could not forget

Perhaps I then through ignorance  
 Had met this weary life  
 Without that mental war of mine  
 Which was a lasting strife

11 — 11 — 11

Memories tell me how I heard  
 The high notes of a singing bird  
 Whose thrilling voice did rend the skies  
 And schooler back its own replies  
 Enchantment held me in that sound  
 Answering from the hills around

But when at last the strain gave over  
 I sought the sender of that love  
 Exultant deem'd that I should find  
 Nobleness with beauty combined

But as I peeped beyond the wall  
 I saw a thing so slight and small  
 A dropping bird in faded blue  
 Not like a shadow as it flew

But staggered most my powerless brain  
 How so much noise it could contain

But mark'd not, I've known a hate  
 That vengeance self could not abate

Though love and friendship could combine  
 I've lost in that relentless mine  
 Whose life in mother's could smile  
 Whilst sleep within the heart the while  
 Dark and unseen that mountain will  
 Expand the limits it should fill

11 — 11 — 11

From sunny south to Art's dear  
 And barren waste, my bark did steer

There Park, my with iron frame  
 Had sought for passage and for fame  
 The last attained. Though Franklin left  
 His frame among these icy cliffs

And whilst his clock in song, acrossing  
 Whilst praises eap from tongue to tongue  
 That girth form on flinty shore  
 Knew not to triumph. No more  
 Shall friend who press to welcome hand  
 Proffered along his native land