

A son of Britania departs from her shore,
The home of his kindred is hid from his sight,
Soft ripples of memory's tide shall restore
Old haunts of his childhood with soften'd delight.

For there's some cherish'd nook in that Old Countrie
Each Briton preserves in his bosom, I ween,
And the fondest loved spot in my memory,
Is yon old parish church neath its ivy green.

See, yonder, the smoke from the hamlet ascends,
The skylark and throstle make joyous the fields,
The nightingale warbles as twilight descends
And witches the night with the music he yields.

And Hodge to his oxen still drowsily sings
As o'er the rough furrows he follows his plough,
And the song of the anvil as merrily rings
A lifetime though vanish'd I hear it all now.

Though a seared brown leaf of the Old Oak Tree,
The emblem of true British liberty,
I'd sit neath the shade of his crown you see
Once more in the beautiful Old Countrie.