

The joyous streamlet, whose refreshing wave
Strength to their fainting spirits freely gave,—
The budding corn they fondly hoped to reap,
The sportive flocks that round the pastures leap,
The verdant fields their toils had taught to bloom,
The stately woods, whose reverential gloom
A holy fervor to their prayers supplied,
As bow'd their knee at placid eventide.
Oh! power divine! that by a thousand ties
Can bind the heart to all that round it lies,
How many tender thoughts the bosom swell
When e'en to woods and wilds we say farewell.

Methinks as on the sorrowing Exiles move,
I see their pathway strewed by those they love,
Mark the pale cheek, the swoll'n and streaming eye,
And hear the bursting sob and thrilling cry ;
While aged temples to the dust are bow'd,
And wailing infants swell the mournful crowd ;
To Boyhood's breast the form of Beauty springs,
And round his neck with frantic fondness clings,
While looks that waft the eloquence of years,
From soul to soul, are beaming through their tears.
The Father stoops, while yet he may, to trace
His manly features in his infant's face,
To soothe the anguish of the heaving breast,
That form'd the pillow of his nightly rest,
And knows that ere a few short hours expire
His Wife will want a mate, his child a sire.

Methinks I hear the solemn hymn they sung,