

## XXVIII.

Farewell ! though not for long, again your keel  
 Shall touch the pebbles of your native shore ;  
 And rugged hearts shall force the breast of steel,  
 When home and home delights are seen once more ;  
 The sea and ice their secret shall reveal,  
 And open treasures never known before ;  
 For earthquake cannot hide, or ocean keep,  
 When Britain's sons are on their native deep.

## XXIX.

When adverse weapons seek our Island's breast,  
 Its sons stand ready to avert the blow ;  
 When foreign brothers are in slavery prest,  
 Our heroes foremost to the rescue go ;  
 When glory tempts the prowess of the best,  
 In the first rank old England's children show ;  
 Slaves love and tyrants hate her very name,  
 Beaming the highest on the scroll of fame.

## XXX.

Yet not for these alone the leafy crown,  
 The impartial muse with active finger weaves,  
 And her just pupil joins in hewing down,  
 At Parmas harvest the inspiring sheaves  
 For their great predecessors, as they ours,  
 Who from their open groves have gathered leaves  
 For them shall memory face a host of years,  
 And future fame its frontier column rears.

## XXXI.

In frailer bark they dared the lashing wave,  
 With arms of temper dull and fashion rude,  
 With means more scant to succour and to save,  
 Yet with as gallant consciousness endued ;  
 And thus the farthest ocean-tides they clave,  
 And stormed the fastnesses of solitude ;  
 And moulded for a future race the key,  
 To unlock the door of that great mystery.