

The daisied fields and heath-brown hills,
O'er which we used to roam,
E'er yet ambition stirred our hearts,
To seek our distant home.

The cottage homes of England !
We never can forget :
The calm, and sweet content, and peace,
Is lingering with us yet.

The palace homes of England !
So ancient and so grand ;
Are treasures of our memory still,
In our adopted land.

Here, where a few short years ago,
The Red Man's whoop was heard,
Nor sound of other human voice,
Awoke the forest bird :

Here, where wild Nature reigned supreme,
In deep, expressive praise ;
And Art is hastening to unfold,
Long hidden mysteries :

To cleave a highway for the feet,
Of nations yet unborn—
Where fields and barren mountains top
Shall wave with golden Corn.