

My native land, a debt of song I pay—
A debt of love that lieth on my soul,
When memory draws the veil of bygone day,
And olden music greets the lifting scroll,
A tribute to thy freedom which I bring:
The piety that scents thy air I sing:
Thy purple hills whose silver mists unroll
The waving gold of dawn; thy lowing plains
And hawthorn banks and brues, where hamlet meekness
reigns.