

THE
SONG OF THE EXILE.

A CANADIAN EPIC.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

YE shores of England, as ye fast recede
The pain of parting rends my weary breast.
I must regret—yet there is little need
That I should mourn, for only wild unrest
Is mine while in my native land I roam.
Thou gav'st me birth, but cannot give a home.

II.

Yet happy were the days that have been mine,
So happy that those days must needs be few.
It could not be that that bright sun would shine
For many months, and while its light was new
The clouds arose, and, in one fated day,
The jealous storm had swept my joys away.