

To begin with, the land I've adopted as mine
Has a place in my heart, a peculiar shrine.
And my love for the country is true and sincere ;
If I can't live in England I wish to live here.

Then, I freely confess, if my way has been hard,
And my path somewhat rough, still I have my reward.
Let my rung on life's ladder be low as it may,
I have fought single-handed each step of the way.

It is well to have fortune, mayhap it is well
In the tents of the noble and titled to dwell ;
But the man who has builded his home with his hand
Is the happiest man in the happiest land.

Let milord and milady inherit their wealth,
I am legatee only of vigor and health ;
Every cent that I own has been earned by the sweat
Of my brow, and I'm proud to acknowledge it yet.

There's a happiness here every other beyond,
Except one : to be bound in the mystical bond
Which is woven with throbs of the heart that is true,
And the glances of eyes of a love-lightened hue.