

Precious stone set in the ocean
And ever glist'ning brightly,
Rich in all that makes men stalwart
And nations great and mighty ;
Small thou art but rich in blessing
To the tillers of thy soil,
When they're frugal and contented
Plenty compensates their toil.

Shower and sunshine
Are ever thine
Sitting in the rolling sea ;
Fruits and flowers
Are thy dowers
Blessed Island of the sea.

Like the swift-winged bird reposing
In the storm-tossed waters,
Thou manifests the self-same spirit
Of all thy sons and daughters—
Sitting stolid—yet aspiring
Thy great destiny to fill
Ever wearing—slowly rising
Grandly high and higher still.

Little Freeland,
Lovely Island,
In the restless, roaring sea ;
Thou art peerless,
Ever fearless,
For thy children all love thee.

In the rolling waves of ocean,
Lying silent in thy bed,
Mantled deep in dark-green verdure ;
Soil, and rock, and sea-shore red ;
Hills of grain and grove abounding
Ever charming to the eye,
Ever fairest