

XXIV.

Farewell ! though severed by a thousand miles
 From all who love and are beloved in turn,
 Unknowing their alternate tears and smiles,
 If they are happy still, or if they mourn ;
 And safe alike from adverse maze of wiles,
 From dark browed hatred and contemptuous scorn,
 Though foreign skies may tower above your head,
 And foreign strand beneath your footsteps spread.

XXV.

Yet shall you dwell within our hearts secure,
 And 'neath our eyes in visions stand the same,
 In England's breast you have a mansion sure,
 With bulwarks fenced which time can never tame ;
 Though pleasures, hopes and fancies, may allure,
 And all the hosts of field and flood and flame,
 Combine their terrors yet you still shall be
 A noble portion of our destiny.

XXVI.

Farewell ! when round you roars the midnight gale,
 And planks are creaking with the unwonted strain ;
 When groaning mast and widely bellying sail,
 Tell of the strength which moves the heaving main,
 Think of the friends at home who never fail,
 When roofs are rattling to the stormy rain,
 To give a thought to you who mightly roam,
 While they are resting safe in house and home.

XXVII.

Farewell ! the gathering heaps of Artic snow,
 And glistening fields of ice are seen alone ;
 And still must meet your gaze where'er you go ;—
 The biting frost hath terrors of its own ;
 The very blood through your limbs shall flow,
 Will seem all chill and lifeless to have grown,
 Frozen and helpless save each burning soul,
 Which fires where winds and waters cannot roll.