

I've seen thee busy in his breast,
E'en while his thoughts were thus express'd.

I'd rather roam a trackless wild,
From all society exiled,
Or dwell forever on the main,
Which all earth's tyrants cannot chain,
Than tremblingly the voice obey
Of any creature form'd of clay.
Yes ; tho' in want ! O ! liberty,
I'd wander through the world with thee ;
With thee I'd fear no tyrant's rod,
And bow but to the hand of God :
Thy temple is the universe,
And all that lives, thy worshippers.
The meanest captive eye can see,
Offers a sincere prayer to thee.
The captive bird, tho' prison born,
Methinks has sadness in its song ;
What can these gusts of sweet sounds be,
But hymns warbled to liberty.

Where Wallace' oak, the patriot's pride,
Stand's tottering by the pathway side,
A giant semblance of decay,
Or Scotia's fading liberty,
A thousand times beneath that tree,
O ! freedom, I have worshipp'd thee ;
And then I deemed the very sod
Was sacred where thy hero trod.
O ! yes ; it was my first of joys,
When with a troop of wild school-boys
In mimic warlike pomp array'd,
We fought the Southern heath thy shade ;