

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;