



THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY MISS C. CAMERON.



FAREWELL, dear England! faint thy shores are growing,
Dim as a cloud upon the ocean's breast,
While o'er the billows white the breeze is blowing
That bears our ship to yonder distant West.
Oh! sacred land that twilight is enfolding,
Who may presume to guess how many years
Till once again with joy we are beholding
What now is seen through vision drowned in tears?

Farewell, beloved England! as we ponder
Upon the greatness of thy deathless name,
Absence will make its memory the fonder,
For skies are changed, but hearts are yet the same.
Safe underneath the shadow of thy power,
We go to found a realm beyond the sea,
And nought will dread in danger's darkest hour
If but remaining faithful unto thee.

In that new world beyond the mighty ocean,
That far-off country whither we are bound,
Yet deeper will become the heart's devotion
To thy for ever blessed and hallowed ground;
The hues of sunset in the twilight blending,
The winter winds that through the forest sweep,
Will but recall the vale of peace unending
Where the loved ashes of our fathers sleep.

And oftentimes beneath the starlight dreaming
Will memory her deathless halo fling
O'er sunset brightness through the foliage streaming,
And linnets' songs that wake the woods of spring.
The silver mists that slumber on the river,
The wandering winds that steal the moorlands o'er,
Bracken and fern where frosts of autumn shiver,
And lovely waves that murmur on the shore.

But yet the home of our unchanged affection,
Of Empire undisturbed and glory vast,
Bound by an indissoluble connection
With all that can illumine the past,
Shal freedom thy great watchword be for ever,
And when the sword is drawn for liberty,
Ere human hand her name and thine shall sever,
Thy children will return and fight for thee.

Chelsea, London, England.