

An exile now compelled to roam
In a strange land, to all unknown;
None to extend a genial hand—
A pilgrim in a stranger land.

17

The lonely crag to me endeared—
Its mossy brown my childhood cheered.
The rising hill, the creek, the dell,
The ancient tree, the pond, and well,
The field my youthful hand did till,
The plowman's song, the clattering mill:
All these endeared this land to me—
Home of my youth and infancy.
Thy stumpy fields I fain would sow,
The growing thistle up I'd hoe;
Protect my corn against the crow,
And in the depths of winter go
To hunt the deer 'mid four feet snow.
With all those hardships I'd comply,
And labor until called to die,
If but one boon could granted be,
My country's rights,—her liberty.

18

But oh! how could I longer stand,
And see a ruthless Tory band,
Without an order or command,
Wide ravaging my native land.

19

Age was then no guard 'gainst wrong,
Weakness protected not the young;
For them did beauty have no charms,