

PATRIOTIC ODES.



(The following Odes are respectfully dedicated to CAPT. PAUL, Kingston.)



Home

Amid earth's changing scenes—
Alternate joys and fears—
One word the heart can ne'er forget,
'Mid rosy hope or vain regret,
Refreshed by memory's tears ;
Where e'er we roam
Beneath heaven's dome,
We treasure still, thro' good or ill, the sacred name of home.

Though lowly be the cot
To which our fancy strays,
Yet to the owner's partial eyes
It seems a perfect paradise,
Beyond his utmost praise ;
Where love and mirth
Smile round the hearth,
And all our holiest aspirations there have birth.

If o'er our hapless head
Blows chill misfortune's wind,
Then like the needle to the pole,
To thee how quickly turns the soul,
True sympathy to find !
Where heart clasps heart,
And every smart
That wounds the one, the other gladly shares a part.

The backbone of the State,
Where valiant hearts and true
Are moulded faithfully apace,
In every leal, ennobling grace
That patriots pursue ;
Aggressive might
All fearless smite,
And bow before no power, save justice, God and right.