

2.—We Have Left Far Behind Us.

We have left far behind us the dwellings of men,
We have traversed the forest, the lake, and the fen,
From island to island like sea birds we roam,
The waves are our path, and the world is our home.
 Juvallera, Juvallera, Juvallera, lera, lera !
 Juvallera, Juvallera, Juvallera, lera, lera !

On the lone rugged rocks a rich table we spread,
The moss and the bracken afford us a bed ;
While the gleam of the camp fire illumines the sky,
And the murmuring pines sing a soft lullaby.
 Juvallera, etc.

When the orient hues of the dawning of day
Emblazon the clouds and smile back from the bay,
We spring from our couch like the stag from his lair,
And drink in new life with the free morning air.
 Juvallera, etc.

Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake ;
While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along.
 Juvallera, etc.

At night, when the deer to the thicket has fled,
And the scream of the night hawk is heard overhead,
We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.
 Juvallera, etc.

Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills ;
Hurrah for its rocks, and its lakes, and its rills !
And long may its forests be lovely as now,
Untouched by the axe, and unscathed by the plow !
 Juvallera, etc.