

*" There is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.  
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?  
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;  
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home !"*

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