



NIX.

And England conquers, and the strife is o'er—  
'Tis hers the healing oil and wine to pour,  
Bind up all wounds and let large Freedom's thrill  
With sweet surprise a waiting people fill ;  
To hold their welfare as the common cause,  
To guard their Altar and protect their laws,—  
A mother true, within whose sheltering breast  
Each new-found son secures untroubled rest,  
Till gladsome hearts and deep content declare  
Love conquers hate, joy triumphs o'er despair,  
And grateful homage swells to patriot prayer !

