

And Glasgood Hall cannot contain,  
My spirit with its gaudy toys ;  
I go to tell a dying world,  
Where they may find celestial joys.

And England's sky seemed darker now ;  
Its roses lost their former bloom,  
Since his devoted Hattie's dust,  
Was treasured in its silent tomb ;  
And I will go to other lands,  
My own will haunt me if I stay ;  
I could not always pour my tears,  
For ever o'er her beauteous clay.

So Oswald came to Canada,  
And struck his harp on many a theme,  
But none so melancholy as  
His Hattie Thornton and his dream ;  
And though some years of sorrow have,  
Changed the deep glow of Oswald's brow ;  
'Twill kindle on its rays of light,  
To mention Hattie Thornton now.