

II

A vision haunts me of twin seagirt isles,
 The rock-bound throne of England's realm enfolding,
 Upon whose surface verdant beauty smiles,
 Enchanting prospect to the eye beholding,
 A favoured land! by tempered waters laved,
 Beneath whose waves rich harvests are awaiting
 Her hardy sons, who from their youth have braved
 The wrackful storms, nor stayed for their abating,
 But boldly sailed their ploughing keels to sea,
 Inured to danger, fearless, strong and free.