

Like the weary bird that hath wandered long,
 I will seek my mountain nest,
 And lay my aching head once more,
 On my gentle mother's breast.
 Once more will I seek the household hearth,
 By the elm tree old and hoar :
 O, carry me back, O carry me back
 To my mother's home once more.
 O, carry me back, &c.

VI

HAIL TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Hail to the fountain, let it flow
 Like a free and bounding river,
 Till sadness sinks, and every woe
 Lies drowned beneath its waves for ever.
 For there's naught can cheer the hearts that pine
 Like a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.
 CHORUS—Like a deep, &c.

Hail to the fountain evermore !
 Let the goblet ne'er be tiring ;
 The poet's song, and the sage's lore ;
 And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring.
 For an offering meet at freedom's shrine
 Is a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.

CHORUS—Is a deep, &c.

Hail to the fountain ! when each hand
 Doth grasp a brimming measure ;
 The Pledge shall be our fatherland,
 And freedom, friendship, love, and pleasure.
 Then, hurrah ! for the Bands whose hearts incline
 For a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.

CHORUS—For a deep, &c.