

Or if, perchance, where zephyr's bland,
With balmy breath o'er Asia's land,
Float softly 'neath cereulian skies,
'Mong gems and flowers and soft blue eyes,—
Come here! come o'er the dark blue sea :
This happy land has charms for thee.
Rich fields now spread their verdure round,
While far and wide is heard the sound
Of bleating flocks and lowing herds,
And mellow notes of chirping birds.
A mighty forest yet remains,
Wide spreading o'er her fertile plains,
Whose wavy top awaits that breeze
Which over many distant seas
Shall waft it from its native soil,
A rich reward for Labor's toil.
A thousand fertile vales expand
Their deep luxuriance o'er the land,
Where yet shall gleam from shore to shore
The gifts of Autumn's golden store.
Broad rivers through her valleys roam,
To meet their far-off ocean home,
And bear to every distant zone
The products of her clime alone.
Within her bosom's rocky core,
E'en to its surface, scattered o'er,
Lie slumbering in their beds untold
Rich mines of iron, lead and gold.
The rolling Car, with light'ning force,
Now whirls along its iron course,
Beside her banks, through hill and vale,
Where once the red man led the trail.
Vast Lakes, Canals and Rivers wide,
Where mighty crafts at peace may ride,
Extend along her broad domains,
An endless length, in endless chains ;
While trampling hoofs and pond'rous loads
Meet on her great Macadam'd roads,—