

Then shall cease each bitter strife,
 Freedom be the boon of life,
 Peace and joy be ever rife—
 Up goes the banner.

V

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The day was gone, and the night was dark,
 And the howling winds went by;
 And the blinding sleet fell thick and fast,
 From a stern and stormy sky;
 When a mournful wail through the rushing ga'e,
 Was heard at a cottage door,—
 O, carry me back, O, carry me back
 To my mother's home once more.

O, carry me back, &c.

'Twas a youth who had left his mountain home;
 He had wandered far and long;
 He had drained the goblet's fiery tide,
 At the festal midnight throng;
 But a dream of home came o'er his heart,
 As he crept to the cottage door,—
 O, carry me back, O, carry me back
 To my mother's home once more.

O, carry me back, &c.

I have left the halls of the tempter's power,
 And the revel wild and high;
 They cared not in their reckless mirth,
 If I wandered alone to die.
 Doth the fire still burn on 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.