

Thrice blessed spell ! that steeps in dreams of
bliss—

The exile's yearnings and his loneliness.

Hail Caledonia ! o'er the deep blue sea

That heaves between me and my native land—
On Fancy's wing, let me revisit thee ;

My spirit glad'ning as thy much lov'd strand
Nears to the sight, its crags of hoary grey,
Where sea birds nestle o'er the surge-torn spray.

Lo ! Time's memorials hallow this rude coast,
When lust of conquest the dread Cæsar fired—
When Rome's proud eagles, 'mong a steel-clad
host [inspir'd.

Wav'd o'er tried prowess and fresh hope
Land of my fathers ! from each hill and glen,
In savage guise, rushed forth thy warriors then.

Indignant, bold, they leapt into the wave
And madly grappl'd with their mailed foe.

Unequal contest ! when the fencelees brave

Dy'd the bright waters to a crimson glow.

Blest blood of freemen ! 'twas not shed in vain,
Thy sons, triumphant, never own'd a chain.