

Good-by ! good-by ! Our hearts and hands,
 Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,
 Cry, God be with him till he stands
 His feet amid his English daisies.

'Tis here we part. For other eyes
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,
 With heaven above and home before him.

His home ! The Western giant smiles,
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it :
 "This little speck, the British Isles ?
 'Tis but a freckle, never mind it !"
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,
 Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,
 And ridges, sketched from pole to pole,
 Heave till they shake their iron knuckles.

Then Honor, with his front austere,
 Turned on the sneer a frown defiant,
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
 Laughed louder than the laughing giant :
 "Our islet is a world," she said,
 "Where glory with its dust has blended,
 And Britain keeps her noble dead
 Till earth, and seas, and skies are rended !"

Beneath each swinging forest bough
 Some arm as stout in death reposes ;
 From wave-washed foot to heaven kissed brow,
 Her valor's life-blood runs in roses.
 Nay, let our ocean-bosomed West
 Write, smiling in her florid pages :
 "One-half her soil has walked the rest
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages !"

Hugged in the clinging billows' clasp,
 From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
 The British oak, with rooted grasp,
 Her slender handful holds together.