

And many a stream we trace
From its unknown source,
In its downward course,
Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers
A whispering murmur hear,
Like the pent up moan of a mother's heart,
Or the sigh of a sister dear.
'Tis a voice from home;
Glad spring has come!
'Tis the sigh of the North we hear.

Homeward over the salt sea waves,
We rest mid sunny isles,
Where the earth and the sky are ever
bright,
And the ocean ever smiles;
But the North whispers 'come
To your home, sweet home!'
And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately barque,
And songs of the North we sing,
Till the mariners weep in their dreams
with joy,
As they hear the voice of spring,
And the linnets' strain
Steals o'er the main,
And the song which they heard us sing;

We have come to the North, the stern
cold North,
The home of the brave and strong,
To the true, the trusting, fender North,
Dear land of love and song!