

The only rousing motive
 To hold *amor patriæ* fast.

Must foes invade our peaceful homes,
 Our sons and husbands lie
 Racking with wounds, or passing
 To the great eternity?
 A foreign flag float o'er us?
 No! that very thought can send
 The calm blood flowing faster,
 But to think of such an end.

Our flag is lying listless
 In the still, soft air of peace,
 Yet love of it, and of our land
 Is on the wide increase.
 Those who before have slighted
 The rough, unpolished ways,
 Begin to see that such things,
 Will improve with length of days.

A country is not made at once;
 Was ever child yet born
 As wise and great as parent,
 On its feeble natal morn?
 E'er now have wise men knelt before,
 A Babe in humble guise: