

And listen again to the music of bells
As it floats down the vale on the summer breeze
So softly and sweetly it sinks and it swells,
And mingles its cadence with whispering trees.

The green lanes and hedges where primroses grow,
Adown through the dell where no discord might come,
Where I courted my Mary, in days long ago,
E'er I left the soft shades of that old English home.

Old faces, familiar in days that are fled,
Though green in my mem'ry, I never shall see,
For down in yon church-yard they rest with the dead
And their sons fill their place in the Old Countrie.

The rivulet ripples its wandering way
Mid breath of sweet meadows, meandering along,
Or o'er rugged rocks rushes rudely in spray
As on to the ocean he carries his song.

And noisily tells of the Old Oak Tree
Whose leaves sing softly the song of the free,
Whose planks are floating o'er every sea
With cargoes so rich for the Old Countrie.