

'Tis then my thoughts are flying
 O'er continent and sea—
 'Tis then my heart is sighing,
 My native land for thee.

CHORUS.

My native land,
 Tho' 'twixt us lies the sea,
 Thy craggy hills and laughing rills
 Have still their charms for me.

Ye Scots may long for Scotia,
 And Erin's sons their Isle—
 But I for Venedotia
 Am sighing all the while—
 Where Snowdon's summit rises
 O'er Gelert's silent grave,
 And Glaslyn's water kisses
 Atlantic's rolling wave.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

Amongst these lofty mountains,
 Amongst these golden vales,
 Far from thy sparkling fountains,
 Exiled from thee, fair Wales—
 The love that first I bore thee
 Is now as 'twas before,
 I always shall adore thee,
 For ever, evermore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.

This silent land feels lonely,
 No song's borne on the breeze,
 But morn's wind sighing only,
 Amongst the tallest trees,
 This makes my fancy wander
 Along thy distant shore,
 And mem'ry loves to ponder
 Upon the days of yore.

Chorus—"My native land," etc.