

Nay, pine no more, but cast your eyes abroad,
 To that fair heritage so blest of God ;
 Where, in a quiet home, your age may rest,
 Your hopes rewarded and your labors blest.
 A little while, and now where silence reigns,
 What countless flocks shall populate those plains ;
 What goodly cities soon shall crown the shore,
 Where lonely *Aurifera's billows roar.
 The muse looks forward with prophetic eye,
 A few brief years into futurity,
 And sees the now wild waste replete with charms,
 With verdant pastures and well-cultured farms.
 Go, Peace and Industry, sweet heaven-born pair,
 And for a future nation's birth prepare,
 Whose sons shall from their noon-day toils recline,
 Beneath the shadow of their fig and vine ;
 Fan'd by the gentle trade-wind's tempered breeze,
 Breathed in its freshness over Indian seas ;
 While orange groves their golden fruitage spread,
 And spicy shrubs a fragrant odor shed.
 And as with honest pride a parent eyes
 His children up to honored manhood rise,
 Bearing his lineaments, his form and name,
 Sharing his own hereditary fame.
 So long, dear England, may thy off-shoots be,
 A reflex of thyself, and knit to thee ;
 Their pride, while peopling realms from pole to pole,
 Thy laws and language still pervades the whole.

* That comparatively unfrequented sea which lies between the
 northern shores of the Australian continent and the Island of
 Timor.