

Old England

By W^m Mary Ann Cox.

Blest-home of my childhood, beyond the blue sea,
As magnet to pole my heart turns to thee,
Where'er I may rest, or where'er I may roam,
I'm a wanderer, an exile, away from my home.
Although in this land of the West I now dwell,
Around me I feel thy magical spell.
Thou birthplace of freedom! Queen isle of the sea,
I love thy dear name, it is music to me,
I think on ~~thy~~ thy honor, benevolence, fame,
Till a halo of glory encircles thy name.
So fair are thy landscapes that artists must fail,
To depict the rich verdure of hill, and of dale,
Where castles, and Halls, of magnificence stand,
Memorials of history, bestriding the land.
When lonely and sad, with forebodings of fear,
How sweet 'tis to think of the home that's so dear, —
Of the friends still unchanged, at whose hearths I am missed,
Of the hands I have clasped, and the lips I have kissed,
Of the tears that spoke words tongue never could tell,
When is sorrow be parted, and whispered "Farewell."
God bless thee dear England! and bless thy loved Queen,
A monarch more faithful this world has not seen,

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May the God of the Meadow her footsteps attend,
Support with His arms not from danger defend.
Adieu! beloved country, for ever I'll be,
Unswerving and true, in allegiance to thee.