

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war :—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod ;
 They have left unstained what there they found,—
 Freedom to worship God.



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