



## ENGLISH EMIGRANT.

God speed the keel of the trusty ship,  
 That bears you from our shore ;  
 There is little chance that you'll ever glance  
 On our own chalky sea-beach more ;  
 You are right to seek a far off earth,  
 You are right to boldly strive  
 Where labour does not pine in dearth,  
 And the honest poor man thrive.

### CHORUS.

God speed ya all, ye hopeful band,  
 O'er your boundless path of blue,  
 But you'll never forget your English land,  
 Though wealth may gladden the new.

You'll sometimes think of the hawthorn leaves,  
 And the dogrose peeping through ;  
 And you'll sometimes think of the harvest sheaves,  
 Though the wheat was not for you ;  
 You'll sometimes think of the busy plough,  
 And the merry beating flail ;  
 And you'll sometimes think of the dappled cow,  
 And the clink of the milking pail.

You'll call to mind good neighbour Hind,  
 And the widow down the lane ;  
 And you'll wonder if the old man's dead,  
 Or the widow wed again.  
 You'll sometimes think of the village spire,  
 And the churchyard green and fair ;  
 And perhaps you'll sigh with drooping eye  
 If you've left a loved one there.

Perhaps you leave a white-haired sire,  
 A sister or a brother ;  
 Perhaps your heart has dared to part  
 For ever from a mother ;  
 If so then many a time and oft  
 Your better thoughts will roam,  
 And memory's pinion strong and soft  
 Will fly to your English home.

