

My Dearest, Lovely, Native Land

Lewis Shuck, 1847.

Joseph Funk, 1847.

My dearest, lovely, native land,
Where peace and pleasure grow,
Where joy with fairest, softest hand,
Wipes off the tears of woe
Thy Sabbaths, laws, and happy shores,
And names, I love them well,
And looking o'er those richest stores,
How can I say, Farewell!

O sacred home, how sweet thou art,
And all thy scenes how dear!
Thou dost with chords entwine my heart,
And seem'st to say, "Stay here!"
Thou always didst an angel prove,
My youthful fears to quell,
Thou still art clad with smiles of love,
And can I say, Farewell!

My parents, brothers, sisters, friends
My warm affection know,
And love from each my path attends,
And can I from them go?
The thoughts of days that now are past,
No pen or tongue can tell;
Though to my heart they cling so fast,
Yet I must say, Farewell!

No sighs of grief my bosom heave,
No tears of anguish roll:
My friends, my all, I gladly leave,
For Jesus cheers my soul.
Ye winds, then waft me far away,
The tale of love to tell;
To country, home, and friends I say,
Farewell, O! yes, farewell!