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Pioneer's Song

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Hark! Hark to that strain, let us hear it again
From a bark that is bearing away from the quay,
It's a pioneer band that departs from the land
To establish a home for the brave and the free.

"Farewell," sing the crew as they sail from our view,
"The land of the paupers is not for the free;
We sail for the west, where the weary shall rest
And the Bastille of England, no more shall we see."

"The tyrants of state, in their pride and their hate
Have driven their thousands to premature graves,
The lives of the poor, they think of no more,
Far less than the planters would think of their slaves."

"Farewell and away o'er the bright bounding spray,"
Sing the bold pioneers as they dash o'er the wave,
"There's health in the gale as it fills every sail
And bears us away to the home of the brave."

"The dear friends we leave, for them we may grieve
And may offer a tribute to memory dear;
For the sorrow and care they are all doomed to bear
Will forever call forth to our eyelids a tear."

"But away with the pain, we shall see them again
We are only preparing a way for the rest
Then blow! breezes, blow! as onward we go
The Potters shall yet have a home in the west!"

From Victoria's Inferno, Raven

Text is mid-1800's; tune "structured from traditional
elements by Jon Raven"

Note: An optimistic view of emigration to America RG