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# Our Ancestors were Englishmen

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## THE MORN WAS GAY.

*Our Ancesters were*

## ENGLISHMEN.

My ancestors were Englishmen, an Englishman am I,  
And 'tis my boast that I was born beneath a British sky;  
I prize my peerless birth-place for its freedom and its fame;  
In it my father lived and died, I hope to do the same.

I've heard of foreign countries that are very fair to see,  
But England, dear old England, is quite fair enough for me;  
And he who on its happy soil is not content to stay,  
May leave it when he likes and find it where he may.

We may not have the mountains which other lands may show,  
Their sides adorned with vineyards, and their summits crown-  
ed with snow;

We may not boast the grandeur or the melancholy grace,  
Which tells of time's destroying hand and war's terrific race.

But we have fertile valleys we have hills, and dales, and dells,  
Where peace and plenty smiles around, and sweet content-  
ment dwells;

And we have cliffs that battle o'er and battle with the spray  
Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free as they.

There's not a sea that on its breast a hostile fleet can bear,  
But England's flag is seen to fly in stern defiance there;  
There's no clime east, west, north or south, but echoes with  
the fame

Of England's dauntless warriors, and rings with England's  
name.

Our ancient institutions and good old English laws,  
Have wrung from e'en our bitterest foes their wonder and  
applause;

O, his must be a coward's heart who would not make a stand,  
For altar, throne, for hearth and home, in such a native land.

The morn was gay, but the bride wept fast,  
As she left her father's tower,  
And many a glance she backward cast,  
On her childhood's peaceful bower.  
She feels not as young hearts should feel,  
When they leave their early home,  
When love can soothe and time can heal,  
And brighter hours will come.  
The morn was gay, but the bride wept fast,  
As she left her father's tower—  
Weep on, young bride, you have look'd your last,  
On your childhood's peaceful bower.

Why gave the bride her lily hand,  
If her heart was far away?  
Her sire had given his stern command,  
And he brook'd of no delay.  
Before the altar, meek, she bowed,  
The fatal vow she spoke,  
When a shriek thrilled through the bridal crowd--  
'Twas the bride's young heart had broke.  
The morning sun shone bright again,  
As they bore her from her bower,  
But her sire still weeps as he calls in vain,  
For his child in his lonely tower.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.