

O Lord, who, in our native home,
Called on us with thy holy promise,
Hither we come, invited by a saintly man,
Rejoicing through thorny path-ways.
But downcast and uncertain looks
Have now your bold and valiant servants ;
Permit not thy faithful warriors Lord !
To be the jest and mockery of these people.
Oh, for the cool breezes that blow over the waters
Of the brooks in the meadows of Lombardy,
Eternal fountains, pure lakes—
Oh golden vineyards of the land.

A luckless and cruel gift is the memory
Which so truly brings thee before our eyes,
While our lips are parched and scorching
'Mid the sands of this torrid clime.