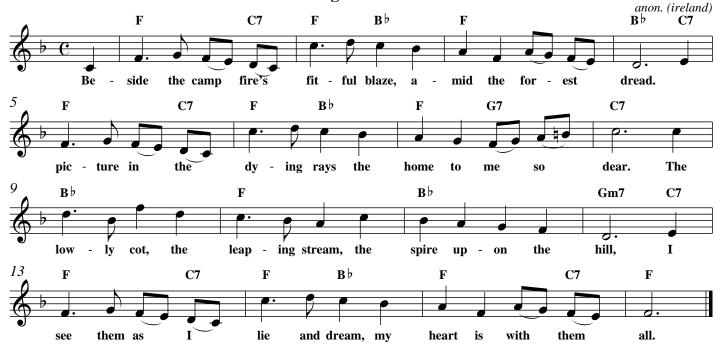
The flight of the earls



Beside the camp fire's fitful blaze, amid the forest dread. I picture in the dying rays the home to me so dear. The lowly cot, the leaping stream, the spire upon the hill, I see them as I lie and dream, my heart is with them all.

To my green isle my thoughts return, Sweet Erin ever blest, For thy deep valleys oft I yearn, Wherein my kindred rest, The shamrock springs within my heart When Patrick's day is nigh. For thought from home and friends apart To them fond mem'ries fly.