

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home,
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine;
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth stone
Bosomed in yon green hills, alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur, with his wise grimace,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.