

The Clime of My Birth

Timothy Thomas Fortune



Oh, take me again to the clime of my birth,
The dearest, the fairest, to me on earth,
The clime where the roses are sweetest that bloom,
And nature is bathed in the rarest perfume!

Where the songs of the birds awake us at morn
With a thrill of delight and pleasure new born;
For the mocking bird there is loudest in hymn,
With notes ever changing, none fettering him.

When the hills of the North are shrouded in snow,
When the winds of Winter their fiercest do blow —
Then take me again to the clime of my birth,
Dear Florida — dearest to me on the earth.