

ACADIA.

PART FIRST.

Where does the Sun its richest radiance shed?
Where are the choicest gifts of Nature spread?
On what blest spot does ev'ry simple flower
Bear to the sense a charm of magic power,
While Fancy clothes with beauty every hill
And music murmurs o'er each crystal rill?
Where all the eye surveys can charms impart
That twine, unbroken, round the generous heart?
'Tis where our household Gods securely stand
In the calm bosom of our native land,
Where rest the honor'd ashes of our Sires,
Where burn, undimm'd, our bright domestic fires,
Where we first heard a Mother's silvery tone,
And felt her lips, enraptured, meet our own,
Where we first climb'd a doting Father's knee
And cheer'd his spirit with our childish glee.

Yes, there's a feeling, that, from pole to pole,
To one dear spot still fondly links the soul,
Exiled from Home Foscari pined and died,
And as the Hebrew, by Euphrates side,
Thought of the scenes that blest his childish hours,
Canaan's verdant groves and rosy bowers,
The founts of feeling, fill'd in other years,
Pour'd o'er his wasted cheek a flood of tears.