

Where Bedford's placid wave above them flows—
Their disappointment, sufferings and despair,
The Muse reluctant leaves to dark Tradition's care.

For, ere a moment rests her wearied wing,
E'en sadder scenes across her spirit fling
Their sick'ning shades of anguish and of woe,
And bid her tears in sorrowing gushes flow.
Oh! for the Bard of Auburn's melting strain!
Oh! for a Harp whose strings are tuned to pain,
To sing the horrors of that fatal day
When from their homes and country torn away,
The sons of Minas left Acadia's shore
To weep and wander, but return no more,—
To rove o'er hills, and hear in every tone
Of whisp'ring winds—"Oh! these are not mine own;"
To pluck from southern vales the fairest flowers,
And fling them by with thoughts of childhoods hours—
To mark strange forms—to seek in vain to trace
Some sign of kindred in each unknown face,—
To hear, where all are calm and joyous round,
A general discord in each social sound,—
To feel—what Exiles feel—that earth's wide breast
Contains but one dear spot where they would rest,
A grave of native mould—whose flow'ry sod
The buoyant steps of childhood lightly trod.

Methinks I see the sad and mournful throng,
With slow and measured footsteps move along—
Now looking back, and, through the starting tear,
Gazing their last on all their hearts hold dear,—