

Or o'er the Diamond Cape, still led to roam,
 Bounded along 'midst jocund school-boy-train
 When Summer's beams illumin'd nature's dome
 And blithely sporting thence, o'er Abraham's Plain
 Tripp'd o'er its flower crown'd site,—brave Wolfe's immortal fame.

7

Yet lisping then, in Poesy's first words,
 Creation seem'd the Spring of joyous hours
 The roar of waters, and the song of birds,
 The voice of Zephyrus thro' rosy bowers,
 The incense sweet, which fragrant nature showers
 O'er all her gifts, bespoke the brim of mirth,
 And if awhile the thunder's awful powers
 Shook its repose, and caus'd a moment's dearth
 Soon did th' ensuing bloom—woke to a lovelier birth.

8

To haunt along thy green embowering woods
 Where the sweet plant, and perfum'd flowret springs
 In the cool bosom of its solitudes
 Where many a squirrel chirps, and wild bird sings ;—
 To muse beneath, where the loud torrent rings
 Its volum'd waters in the gulph below
 From whence the glittering spray, its moisture flings
 And the white vapour mounts, a cloud of snow,
 O'er which the Iris sweet, shines with celestial glow.

9

Past hopes,—past joys,—Care with increasing age
 Heaps up its increase too, and the rous'd soul
 Journeying thro' Life's uncertain pilgrimage
 Plods, with the rest to the same awful goal,
 We are all pilgrims, whose contentions roll
 With Time in Eternity,—albeit
 The sword,—or state,—the silver'd heap, or scroll
 Charm our rous'd passions with the glittering cheat
 Still do we grasp, allur'd,—by what we deem most sweet.

10

But mine,—maternal nature, is to be
 Infatuation's spell at thy fair shrine,
 In the wild wanderings of my minstrelsy
 To revel o'er thy charms, and to entwine
 The song of praise, where Fancy's rays incline,
 And whilst all aspirations high, inspire
 Man in temptation of each proud design,
 I seek no fame,—fair land,—than the warm fire
 Which can accent thy praise, upon my lowly lyre.

11

Peace to thy hearths, and Plenty in thy halls,—
 Could happiness be heard to ask for more?
 These, and the many which our varied calls
 On nature seek,—alight upon thy shore ;
 And when this fleeting life, which wanes, is o'er,
 And Death, hath set its seal, on this, cold frame,
 Glanc'd on this page, some heart may chance restore
 A passing thought, on him,—whose loftiest aim
 Was to conjoin at last, his memory with thy name