

In vain their blood ran down the mountain rills  
To lose its tint in Ocean's boundless wave,  
As fades the purple cloud diffused o'er Heaven's blue  
nave.

The alternate conquest, stratagem, and toil,  
The leaguer'd fortress and the cruel spoil,  
The patient ambush and the dire surprise,  
The warrior's groan, the maiden's streaming eyes,  
The Muse might paint—of fair La Tour might tell,  
Who bravely stood where sturdy warriors fell.  
True to her faith, her country and her lord,  
With high soul'd valor waved her husband's sword,  
Spurn'd at the foe—their worst revenge defied,  
And check'd their power with all a woman's pride,  
Till sold, betrayed, a cruel victor's hand  
Tore from her gentle grasp the purple brand,—  
Forced her to view her faithful followers fall  
Unarm'd, beside their long defended wall—  
Forced her the ignominious cord to wear,  
Unseemly ornament of neck so fair.

O'er gallant d'Anville's fate the Muse might bend,  
And freshening tints to fading memory lend—  
Might paint the fleet, as o'er the western waves  
It bore the warriors to ignoble graves,  
While hope, and joy, anticipations proud,  
Swell'd the warm bosoms of the active crowd,  
Who in their dreams, Acadia's bosom press'd,  
And called it theirs. Within that bosom rest  
Their mouldering bones—their shatter'd ships repose.