

## BOULARDERIE,

ON THE BRAS D'OR, CAPE BRETON.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
The night is coming on;  
Among thy blue, mysterious hills,  
The fleeting day hath gone.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
The salt wave laps thy shore,  
The sea-gull flieth to his home,  
The fisher rests his oar.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
The night winds landward creep,  
And in thy forest solitudes  
They sink to balmy sleep.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
Beyond the blue Bras d'Or  
Thine azure mountains softly gleam  
Around thy stretching shore.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
Ceaseless the breakers moan  
About thy rocky headlands bold  
In muffled undertone.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
Against the twilight sky  
Thy shadowy mountains clothe their sides  
In veiled witchery.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
The golden clouds are grey,  
The crimson of the sunset sky  
Has faded far away.

Boularderie! Boularderie!  
The day was passing fair,  
The glorious morn, the happy noon,  
The soft, sweet western air.