

Than timid rabbits lurking in the fern  
And peeping forth your worst intent to learn ;  
Or mottled squirrel, frisking round the pines  
To seek the buds on which he lightly dines ;  
Or feather'd fav'rites, who, on ev'ry spray  
Cheer and enchant with many a simple lay,  
And though their plumage cannot boast the dyes  
That deck the feather'd tribe 'neath milder skies,  
Their ev'ning songs can sweeter strains impart  
To charm the list'ning ear, or touch the heart.

While in her backward flight, the Muse essays  
To paint the gloomy scenes of darker days,  
The bloody strife, the discord, and the fears,  
That soiled Acadia's infant face with tears—  
That checked improvement, kept repose at bay,  
And frighten'd bright eyed science far away ;  
Her vision rests with retrospective glance  
Upon the stately Oriflamme of France,  
As on the fresh'ning breeze each lilied fold,  
Gleam'd in the ray of morning's dazzling gold,  
And from Port Royal's rude but massy wall  
Proud warning gave, that here the valiant Gaul  
With England's Sovereign claim'd divided sway,  
And strove from England's crown to tear away  
This western gem—then rayless and obscure,—  
Now, wrought by time, so precious and so pure.

In vain he strove—in vain his thunder peal'd  
O'er many a startled wave and gory field,—  
In vain his warriors trod Acadia's hills—