

And many a lovely stream that lends
The mill-wheel's dashing spray—
Melodiously pleads as it wends,
To echo through your lay.
And murmurs of some broad bright lake
It left, for the green valley's sake.

See—through the bounteous Truro vale
The Salmon water* wander ;
Did purer wave e'er grace the tale
Of glory-gilt Scamander.
And ne'er did goddess, nymph or queen,
Her brow immortal lave
In fairer solitudes, than lean
Round loveliest Lahave.†
And proudly blue Mahonej may show
Her matchless Archipelago.

Ye've fair familiar things at rest
Your hills and plains upon,
And marvels on the jewell'd breast,
Of stormy Blomedon.
Ye've all the beauty culture yields,
Beneath the summer air,
Where Labour spreads the waving fields,
Labour—the wheat and tare.
The curse and blessing error leaves
For binding—in the wide world's sheaves.

The birds' sweet notes ring from your boughs,
The silver salmon swim,
The painted trout its beaut^y shows,
Where river-pools lie dim.
And women smile within your homes,
Of various hue and mien ;
One with soft midnight glances comes,
While oft another's seen
Beside whose locks might gleam in vain—
Resplendent showers of April rain.

The strong man heweth down the tree,
For craftsmen's skilful toil,
Launched on your native waters—see,
What crowned your native soil.
Sing of the grim coal-miner's lot,
Beside the firelight glow ;
Fed from her breast who faileth not,
Whose grace 'tis yours to show.
The sweetness of your measur'd line
Shall pierce the chambers of the mine.

Ye're dwelling in the city streets,
And far mid sylvan shades,
You're where the stretching meadow meets,
The swelling mountain glades.

* Salmon River.
† Lahave River.
‡ Mahone Bay.