OF NOEL BRASSARD

HAT easier than, simple folk Fearing the majesty of law, To scatter them as the slow smoke Is scattered on a windy flaw, From Beaubassin to Gaspereau?

PLUCK them and set them down the world— A second St. Bartholomew— Leaving the land whence they are hurled # For Lawrence and his pirate crew, Which we enjoy to-day!

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