

Without a bard to raise desire  
 Its scenes to visit and admire,  
 Nor strike the harp with warmest glow  
 To strains that feeling will bestow ?  
 Muse of the West a votary now  
 I at thy new raised altar bow,  
 Grant to my song the power to tell  
 The sweetness of each fairy dell,  
 Or calm blue lake of Acadie,  
 As sweetly as they smil'd on me.—  
 The mountains that Helvetia shade,  
 Which Freedom long her home has made,  
 So noble that they almost seem  
 Too lofty for the poet's theme,  
 So grand that they still reach the sky,  
 Tho' nations and their mem'ry die ;  
 Such we can't boast, tho' hill and dale  
 Here temper the propitious gale.  
 My country ! how can I unfold  
 The love I bear thee, words are cold ;  
 The feelings that most warm the breast,  
 Mock even those who picture best  
 The weaker movements of the soul,  
 Now under check—now past control.

When the soft summer breezes curl the wave,  
 Day's genial orb diffusing o'er the scene  
 Its brightest rays, while all is cheerful, save  
 The gloomy shades beneath the wild wood's screen ;  
 When in the sun the village spire gleams,  
 And earth around with life and verdure teems—  
 'Tis then Annapolis most beauteous seems.—  
 Delicious spot, by Nature wholly blest :  
 Here would I live, here may my ashes rest.  
 Thy beauties fixed the bold adventurous band,  
 Who first found shelter on Cabotian strand.  
 De Mont,\* Acadia's Cecrops, to thy shore  
 The lily standard of old Gallia bore,  
 With social arts o'er stormy Ocean came,  
 Bright be his laurels, endless be his fame.—  
 How calmly in his latest holiest hour,  
 When on the mortal clay Death holds his power,  
 How gently passes from this earthly sphere,  
 He whose bright fame has caused no human tear—  
 The setting sun now shoots a mellow'd ray,  
 And evening softly steals from earth the day ;  
 Between two woody hills a cove recedes,  
 Swelled by a stream that sparkles o'er the meads, †  
 And where the yellow floods of sunshine flee  
 The distant water opens to the sea ; ‡  
 And here the wearied traveller rests awhile,

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\*Le Sieur Demont is said to have founded Port Royal (now Annapolis) in 1603.—  
 Anterior to the building of any other European town in the Northern part of America.  
 †Bear River. ‡Entrance from the Bay of Fundi to the Annapolis Basin.