

Against a doom we can so ill digest.  
 The Poet's prestige by the muse has been  
 Placed on the record, tho' it is but mean !  
 We claim exemption from the common lot,  
 To die, and then be utterly forgot.  
 Prophetic whispers, Albyn often hears  
 From time to time, that in a lapse of years  
 (And fondly to the fantasy we cleave)  
 Some kindred spirit will his name retrieve  
 From that inextricable, awful doom,  
 Lost in the lab'rinth of perpetual gloom.

The gods help them who help themselves, 'tis said,  
 The observation frequently is made,  
 And whether born of savage or of sage,  
 Not unbecoming in a christian age.  
 We prize the heathen axiom, but decline  
 Auxiliar aid to share in our design.  
 A vet'ran in the literary field,  
 The pen at once our battle brand and shield ;  
 No ally ours to mingle in the strife  
 Or share the perils of a poet's life.  
 Except the muse, with feelings more than pride,  
 We own her presence ever at our side !  
 The boon, already certain, we shall have  
 In Nova Scotia, a forgotten grave.

In place of long whereases, we premised  
 Our end and aim in profiles improvised ;