

And fairy zephyrs softly steal along
Sweet as the mingled melody of song,
And Heaven's unclouded and inspiring ray
O'er wave and mountain lingering, loves to play,
And gentle streamlets through the valley rove,
And Birds repeat their tender notes of love,
And clad in green thy teeming vales appear,
Oh ! then, Acadia, thou art doubly dear.

'Tis Spring ! 'tis Spring ! stern Winter's reign is
o'er,

And North winds bend our forest groves no more.
Now life and beauty breathe on ev'ry hill,
Bidding each heart with hope and gladness thrill.
In flowery valley, and in leafy grove,
Man reads in glowing lines his Maker's love ;
Hears the bright stream its joyous anthem raise,
While gently swelling ocean hymns His praise.

The Mayflower buds in simple beauty bring
Home to the heart the first glad thoughts of Spring ;
A herald more attractive never bore
Tidings to man of pleasure yet in store,
Gently reposing on its mossy bed,
In modest loveliness it rears its head,
And yields its fragrance to the wanton air
That lifts its leaves to rest and revel there.
Long may we greet its charms at early morn ;
Long may its buds Acadia's wilds adorn ;
Long may its tints, so delicately rare,
Rival the bloom her lovely daughters wear.