

And all advantages beside,
With which our province is supplied.

Here once, proud France a city had,
Old Louisbourg in ruin clad ;
It rose—it fell—in victory's hour,
Sad spectacle of short-liv'd pow'r !
A solitary farm or two,
Is all it now presents to view ;
You trace its strength, and wonder that
'Twas made to shield the owl and bat ;
But cities fall, more fam'd than this,
'T' oblivion's old metropolis ;
'Tis ours and we can do no less,
Than sing the islands we possess.

Here's various timber, soft and hard,
For which our saw-mills are prepar'd ;
On living streamlets all around,
Where trout, and perch, and smelt abound.
Some mills (amazing to pronounce)
Work more than twenty saws at once ;
Thus landlords doubly clear their land,
Bart'ring their woods for cash in hand.

Here happy husbandry can thrive,
The lab'ring heart is kept alive ;