

Yet by day and night he looks
Out upon the dark blue sea;
What he sees he ever books
In his log-book silently.
Mother Terra, from her womb,
Raised to him a monument
Which shall ever mark his tomb
Under heaven's firmament,
Till the awful day of doom
Of the great Omnipotent.

Though his race no longer roam
O'er his hunting grounds and brakes,
And their birch canoes ne'er foam
Through his waters, streams and lakes,
Yet before the Pale Face came
Sailing o'er the Western Sea,
Their forbears had made a name
In this land of Acadie,
Though the records of their fame
Shrouded be in mystery.

Chieftain of more noble brow
And of such a manly mien,
Nature never did endow
In Acadian demesne;
Keen of vision and of ear,
Iron nerved of kingly stride,
Active as a mountaineer,
Both as chieftain and as guide,
Never had he any peer
In the land of Havenside.