

To keep that rich lustre unmar'd round the throne ;
 That loyalty to her can do it alone.
 Here's LeVesconte's spirit, imbued with that power
 By which his ancestry to glory did tower ;
 And Colonel Campbell, whose fine discipline
 Would keep them through fire, each strict in their line.
 Six Companies linger around this bright shore,
 Each waiting the fates that may thee linger o'er.
 Brave, brave volunteers, should danger appear
 Your rifles would reach from the front to the rear,
 And proud would the Town of young Belleville then own
 Her country protected by your renown.

The muse fondly lingers around this green shore,
 And is loathe now to silence its harp-strings all o'er.
 But prudence dictates her no longer to sing,
 Then, hush my fond harp to the last tender string.
 I ask those bright stars that roam in the sky
 To deepen their lustre as they pass this scene by.
 And ye, mighty winds, through the forests that roar,
 Let silence become you as you pass Belleville shore.
 Sweet breezes of summer, bring health on your gale,
 To flushen the cheek that long sickness makes pale.
 Proud Nature, I ask in obedience to God,
 O shower thy mercies on this land abroad.
 The beauty of holiness stamp every heart,
 Is the last prayer the poet sends up as he'll part,
 In hope in its lustre himself to yet rise,
 To meet his Redeemer in bliss 'bove the skies.