

In ev'ry thought, in ev'ry wish I own,
In ev'ry prayer I breathe to Heaven's high throne
My Country's welfare blends—and could my hand
Bestow one flower't on my native land,
Could I but light onè Beacon fire, to guide
The steps of those who yet may be her pride,
Could I but wake one never dying strain
Which Patriot hearts might echo back again,
I'd ask no meed—no wreath of glory crave
If her approving smile my own Acadia gave.

What though the Northern winds that o'er thee
blow

Borrow fresh coolness from thy hills of snow,
And icy Winter, in his rudest form,
Breathes through thy vallies many a chilling storm.
Still there is health and vigor in the breeze
Which bears upon its wing no fell disease
To taint the balmy freshness of the air
And steal the bloom thy hardy children wear.
No with'ring plague spreads o'er thy smiling plains
Its sickening horrors and soul sickening pains ;
No wild tornado, with its voice of wrath,
Spreads desolation in its fearful path ;
No parching Simoom's warm and sickly breath
Casts o'er thy hills the pallid hues of death ;
But Health thy rosy youth to labour cheers
And teaches age to brave the blight of years.

And when mild Spring, with all her magic powers,
Spreads o'er the land her simple robe of flowers,