

Environed by whatever wrong,  
Hold fast the soul's integrity,  
The inner sanctuary's key,  
Though loud the clamor of the throng.

Now let us each clasp woman's hands  
Around Acadia's maiden life,  
That glows to-day with promise, rife  
In future good to many lands.

With earnestness as woman should  
Before the heat hath dried the dew,  
Ring out the frivolous and untrue!  
Ring in the nobler womanhood!