

And art in her chasest ideas doth raise
 Her monuments here aloft to thy praise,
 Thy life and thy muscles expanding in strength
 Will raise in their giant proportions at length,
 That beauty imprinted upon thy mild face,
 Alluring thousands to court thy deep grace.
 A few fleeting years have fled on before,
 Since Indians did ramble around thy green shore;
 Frail man in his rudest form rambled thy wood,
 Then thirsting to bathe his fierce spear in blood;
 The bones of whom linger in mounds to declare
 The desperate terrors of heathenish war.
 The white man ennobled by science and art,
 Has raised on their ashes these bright scenes apart,
 And glory in bringing to honor and power,
 Their land of adoption to bliss every hour.
 The Author of Nature long favored thy shore,
 And lavish'd upon thee her plenteous store.
 A beautiful sheet of pure water she gave,
 Where all its proud surges so plentifully lave,
 And beauty is printed in lines of thy face,
 Adorned by art's power, in loveliest grace.
 Old Quinte's proud bosom doth heave up in pride,
 To bear on her surface, and move with the tide
 The beautiful vessels that furrow her cheek,
 Oft wafted by breezes so gentle and meek;
 These strengthen thy commerce and add to thy bliss,
 What more can'st thou covet in a world such as this?
 And Moira's mild River comes singing along,
 Engaging the spirit with her gentle song,
 She longs in the distant to fall on the breast,
 And pillow her laboring billows for rest;
 Burying her murmurs on Quinte's deep wave,
 Where all her proud surges cease ever to lave.
 O beautiful Ville, how blissful thy seat,
 Above these sweet waters that dance at thy feet,
 How lovely and healthy as fann'd by its breeze,