

To calm the cries that through the welkin rung,
 To raise their thoughts to Him whose willing ear
 The Widow's moan and Orphan's sigh will hear.
 Methinks I see the shining sails unfurl'd,
 The azure waters by the zephyrs curl'd,
 While far and wide the flickering flames arise
 From burning cots, whose blaze the night defies,
 While round their light the frightened watch dogs bay,
 And seek the hearth where erst they loved to play.

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But when the flowers shall o'er his ashes spring
 Who now his country's charms essays to sing;
 When on the sod that decks his lowly rest
 The wanderer's foot unconsciously is pressed;
 And when his spirit's dim and fading fire
 Returns to Him who breathed it o'er the lyre;
 When his untutored verse and humble name
 Not e'en a sigh from dreaming mem'ry claim;
 Still my Acadia, may the gentle gales
 Fan into loveliness thy peaceful vales;
 Still may thy thousand streamlets raise their song
 Of joyous music as they steal along;
 Still may the brilliant beams of science shine,
 And learning's boundless stores of wealth be thine;
 Still may the muse, to simple nature true,
 Her wreaths of fadeless verdure twine for you;
 Still may thy Fair—neglecting flimsy art,
 Charm by the holy magic of the heart;
 May manly breasts with noble feelings thrill
 And freemen proudly roam o'er every hill;