

Sacred to thee, Agricola, belong  
 The softer tones of this ephemeral song.  
 Thy injured worth and thy insulted fame  
 This simple tribute from the muses claim.  
 (The muse in soft and sympathizing lays  
 To soul-rung virtue oft her homage pays.)  
 Her's is the task to twine the civic wreath,  
 A grateful people's liberal to bequeath  
 Thy ardent hopes, thy patriotic zeal,  
 Hate cannot stain, nor shall oblivion veil—  
 Thine are the bays, and thine the laurels too,  
 The poet's glory— but the patriot's due.

When these brown forests shall be swept away  
 And Oeres o'er Acadia's woodland sway;  
 When years elapse and yonder mountain dun  
 Shall wave its golden harvests in the sun;  
 When hill and vale shall be with pastures clad  
 And o'er the landscape bleating flocks are spread;  
 When time revolves and men of mightiest note,  
 Nay ev'n wher king and conq'rors are forgot—  
 Agric'la's courage, and Agric'la's skill  
 In spite of spite, shall be remember'd still.—

From age to age thy mem'ry shall descend,  
 And scarcely fall when time itself shall end;  
 The young shall listen whilst the old shall tell  
 What wars and triumphs in their days betell,  
 What hosts of envious harpies, dæmons dire  
 Against thee fought in complicated ire;  
 How *seen* wise sages to oppose thee came  
 Centaurs by birth and Editors by name;  
 In triple masks equivocally veil'd,  
 Assail'd thy theories and thyself assail'd;  
 And though their labour prov'd but fruitless toll,  
 They labour'd still thy eulterprize to foil;  
 They still assay'd to blast thy rising fame  
 And damn the glories of thy deathless name.—

Avail'd it ought? did they such glory win,  
 As tempts them thus a second to begin?  
 If nought the first, will aught the next avail?  
 Yes—from it springs my bantling Triumphate,  
 And springs to tell how Doodledoo the great  
 Against them stood the messenger of fate,  
 The crimson flag of awful wrath unfurl'd  
 And to destruction mighty warriors hurl'd—  
 To tell, what heroes in the war were slain,  
 And who inglorious fled from the campaign,  
 Pursued, d-feated, driven from post to post,  
 Cut off from fame, and in perdition lost.—

To tel  
 Which  
 Swept  
 And a  
 Which  
 And C  
 The S  
 The ge  
 And fi  
 Agric  
 Much  
 This se  
 But no