

The wand'ring Swiss, as through the world he roves  
Sighs to behold the Alpine land he loves ;  
And ev'n Lapland's rude, untutored child,  
With icy pinnacles around him piled,  
Slumbers in peace upon his lichens grey,  
Though the gaunt wolf howls round him for his prey.

And bless the feeling, for it ever leads  
To sacred thoughts and high and daring deeds ;  
'Twas that illumed his eye when Nelson fell,  
'Twas that which urged the unerring shaft of Tell,  
Inspired the plaintive and the patriot strains  
That Burns pour'd freely o'er his native plains,  
And breathes the influence of its sacred fire  
O'er many a chord of Moore's seraphic lyre.  
With daring hand that feeling bids me now  
Twine a rude wreath around my Country's brow,  
And tho' the flowers wild and simple be,  
Take, my Acadia, those I twine for thee.

Pearl of the West—since first my soul awoke  
And on my eyes thy sylvan beauties broke,  
Since the warm current of my youthful blood  
Flow'd on, thy charms, of mountain, mead, and flood  
Have been to me most dear. Each winning grace  
E'en in my childish hours I loved to trace,  
And, as in Boyhood o'er thy hills I strode,  
Or on thy foaming billows proudly rode,  
At ev'ry varied scene my heart would thrill,  
For, storm or sunshine, 'twas my Country still.  
And now, in riper years, as I behold  
Each passing hour some fairer charm unfold,