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Blomidon

Darkness and smoke, and a distant rumble,
A sulphurous smell, and a grinding grumble,
And the earth began to heave and tumble.

It heaved and tumbled, till, at the close,
When after the tumult came repose,
A mighty pile majestic rose.

Then through the ages nature wrought
With cunning skill, and ever sought
To shape the mountain to her thought.

The rain and frost both lent their aid ;
A dress of pine and fir she made,
With grassy slopes and rocks inlaid.

O Blomidon ! when wreathed in mist ;
Or by Acadian sunsets kissed ;
Or when the Storm-king's mighty fist

Descends with thunder on thy crest,
And seas are dashed upon thy breast ;
Or when all round is perfect rest——

A waveless sea, an azure sky,
With dainty cloudlets floating by,
Or snowy banks of cumuli ;

Of far-famed scenes the central part,
Thou stand'st a masterpiece of art,
Belov'd of nature's artist heart.

B. F. Trotter.