

ABEGWEIT

It rests upon the azure wave
Of broad St. Lawrence foam,
A beauteous land, a paradise,
Fair Abegweit, my home.

Surrounded by the mighty deep
From which it sprung, of yore,
It nestles there in parent seas
Which ever lave its shore.

It is the garden of the gulf
A place of rest and peace,
Where comfort smiles on every hand,
Where cares and sorrows cease.

The winds which whisper o'er its breast
As messengers are sent
To carry far to other lands
Its spirit of content.

Prince Edward Isle, beloved land,
My wish will ever be,
That choicest blessings may descend|
My Island home, on thee.

D. M. '32