

ABEGWEIT

Fair Island, cradled on the restless wave !
No mountains raise their giant peaks on high,
No glassy lakes reflect the azure sky,
Nor lordly rivers thy fair meadows lave.

Thou hast no mighty cities famed for power,
No fastnesses of forest unexplored,
Nor mines with precious gold and silver stored
To satisfy the passions of the hour.

Thou dost not boast of grandeur ! Though of thee
Few poets sing in accents rising higher,
Few glowing tributes of the minstrel's lyre
Thy glorious praises sound from sea to sea,

What feelings may thy native charms inspire,
Thy meadows, summer green, or decked with snow,
Or bathed in autumn sun's soft mellow glow,
Or clad in budding springtime's fresh attire.

So in thy children's hearts there is a sweet
And tender spot which others may not know,
Wherein the fires of love are kept aglow
For thee, our native land, fair Abegweit.

R. E., '27.