

ST. MARY'S BAY

As a child I played by the sea,
On the shores of St. Mary's Bay,
And its clear smooth waters challenged
 My soul to song.
There the pounding of its winter waves,
And the smooth of its Summer roll
 Lent music to my voice,
 And voice to my soul,
From the heart of Acadia's land.

II

Now my songs no longer are born
Within sound of that far off Bay,
But my soul still echoes beauty
 Born of that sea.
And the music of my song is formed
As it was on the sand white beach,
 As thoughts withdrawn and past,
 Give soul to my speech
From the heart of Acadia's land.

III

For the same cliffs beckon and shine,
In the shadow of ships at rest,
As the waves come back resounding
 Things tender still,
And the kelp shows green in the ebb,
As it did in the flood tide stream;
 Gives back the sea's caress,
 If only in dream
From the heart of Acadia's land.

LAURENCE DAKIN