

# NEWFOUNDLAND SONGS

BY NICHOLAS PEDDEL.

## OLD SADDLE HILL.

Oh, scenes of my childhood, why do you still haunt me,  
Shoot not thine arrow so close to my heart,  
Why should I mourn, for the days that are gone by,  
Grieve for those pleasures that none can impart.

Still in my dreams, I imagine the beauty,  
That nature sublime in such measure did fill,  
When sunrays shone forth on the dazzling rivulets,  
That coursed down the slopes of dear Saddle Hill.

As I gazed on those scenes, all their grandeur inhaling,  
My young glowing heart, it leaped forth with a will,  
While the bleating of lambkins resound through the  
valley,  
Encircling the borders of Old Saddle Hill.

To stand on its summits, while sunbeams adorning  
Those crags that by nature prop out old and quaint,  
And breath the pure air, that sweeps past in the  
summer,  
That's wafted so cooling from grand Lady Lake.

It's there that the landscape its beauties unfolding  
Reflect back its shadows o'er valley and rill,  
While the thrush chants its lays in melodious sweetness,  
Adds lustre superior to Old Saddle Hill.

Unchanged there it lies refulgent in beauty,  
And catches the faint rays of each fast waning moon,  
Absorbing the dews on its thinly clad foliage,  
While lily and daisy shoot forth in full bloom.

To think of the past, when it lay there so lonely,  
Buffeting the tempests as long, long ago,  
Untrod save by denizens prowling the forest,  
In paths where the red man found pleasure to roam.

Ancient bards they may sing of their own dells and their  
mountains,  
And echo sweet strains over valley and rill,  
But to me all is lost in true adoration,  
Of thy grandeur, dear Old Saddle Hill.