

THE VOICE OF THE WESTLAND

Then as you see the snows shrunken you gather your
household about,
Then will my spring burst upon you, then will the
swallow sing out,
Then will you gaze at its beauties, helpless, affrighted,
amazed,
'Mid glittering waters, snow-gathered, your resolve
will be gone as you gazed.
Back to the plough and the seed-drill, new faith and
ambition begot,
The desolate winter behind you, the frost-ruined
harvest forgot.
Oh, the glories of unfolding springtide, a book with a
page for each day,
The changing of garments from snow-white, to the
glistening emerald and bay;
The redolent scent of the poplars, the glowing new
shoots of the pine,
The meadow-lark's song, and the robin, an atmosphere
hallowed, divine.
You swear that the new year has promise to pay for
an old season's debts,
You dream once again 'neath your cabin, as the
luminous southern sun sets.
But full many a year on shall follow, and you bear but
the same bitter yoke,
For I may not be won in a season, and ME you but
glimpse through my cloak.
I will flaunt you at every turning, and harass each
move that you make,
"Never surprised" be your slogan—the dreams of a
future your stake.