
In the Shadow of the Pole

Back again to their homes in a far distant clime,
To the friends of their youth and the old, olden time;
Back again they go—gaily go.

Bounding along,
Over river, rail, mountain and plain,
Tho' they find the vines fruited

And glowing the sky,
The days long and happy, sans sorrow, sans sigh,
On the mystical shores of their

Dreams may they try
To be with us again and again.



Let the music ring out in its wildest strain
And dainty feet patter in rythmical rain,
While the half of yez feast let the ones that remain
Dance extras! extras! extras!



Reck lightly, my children, of dull days after,
Love deep in the present and music and laughter,
For the king of the fiddle is still in the land,—
All hail "Hiawatha" and Victor Durand!



At times, when you muse over memory's urn,
And the old days of Dawson troop up in their turn,
Uncover this picture and hail with a tear,
The ball and the hall and the friends that are here.