

THE LAND OF THE NORTH.

BY

R. G. HALIBURTON, F. S. A.

"For fiery, fierce and fickle is the South,
But loving, dark, and tender is the North."

Leaves were flying,
Falling and sighing,
Fading and dying,
Under the maple trees;
Under the trees I heard,
Was it the leaves that stirred?
Voice of a fay or bird
Saying to me,
Singing this pitiful song to me,
'Away! away!
We must not stay;
Away,
Across the sea!
And every note
My heart it smote.
Till I wept at the wail of the little birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard,
That sang to me thus with the voice of a
bird.

'Farewell to the North, the stern, cold
North,
The home of the brave and the strong,
To the true, the trusting, tender North,
Dear land of love and song!
Hark! Winter drear
It comes a-near,
We dare not linger long.