

Lampman.

BELOVED forever in our country's song,
It was thy fate, to pass so soon away
At the mere promise of the golden dawn
Of our young nation's greatness. Thou saw'st
not,
Nor he who sleeps afar 'mid Orangeville hills,
McLachlan, what is for us, the favored,
Mayhap reserved to see, the flashing forth
Of the bright beams and part of the high course
To a meridian splendor. And one,
A simple songster of these Titan times,
Giving a babbling utt'rance of the might
That stirs, new-born, in the colossal arms
That grasp two oceans, wishes ye were here
To help, to guide, and to inspire, for weak
He feels in presence of great themes that crave
A master's skill. But though he oft may err,