

CANNING SONG

(Tune—"Jenny Pluck Pears")—J.M.G.
 Swallows southward bound are flying,
 Windfalls on the ground are lying,
 Fading flowers in vain are crying
 "Ah! to blossom for ever!"
 Round the orchard bees are humming;
 Well they know the winter's coming,
 With their wings the Fall is drumming
 "Now for honey or never!"
 Cellars are filling
 On with the canning,
 Winter is coming,
 Jenny pluck pears!

The resulting metre—half rhymed and half free verse is quite interesting.

(2) Brahms' "*Sapphische Ode*" the German words of which have little relation to the melody which was evidently inspired by resolving a chord. The music suggested to me the words of the lyric "Idle Clouds". Here we have a classical metre.

IDLE CLOUDS

Up and down and over the range of morning
 Wander idle clouds and their fugitive shadows;
 In my heart I know not a shadow, but only
 Change of enchantment.

High and low wherever a moon is gleaming
 Songs of love are sung with a burden of sorrow;
 In my love I know not a sorrow, but only
 Tear-dew'd emotion.

(3) A Gaelic Highland melody "Fear a Bhata"—which I have adapted to a song about a valley in British Columbia—*The Song of the Yoho*. This metre gives us the feminine endings to the line which is typical of Gaelic verse.

SONG OF THE YOHO

The Falls are roaring toward the river
 The spray is drifting in windy sallies
 My palms are upturned to greet the Giver
 Who framed the mountains and hanging valleys.