

NORTH WEST PASSAGE.

in a few errors in printing

I.

LAND of the North ! 'tis of thy barren face
Of land and fettered water that I tell ;
I care not that no bard has stopp'd to trace
The beauties of the land I love so well ;
Though through recesses deep the breezes chase
No breath of incense ; though no ferny dell
Teems with the sweets of nature's blossoming
In thy wild realms — of thee alone I sing.

II.

Poets of old have raised the notes of fire,
To celebrate the glories of the East ;
And western bards have touched a flattering lyre,
And sang of scenes on which the eyes might feast
Of those who e'en to greater bliss aspire
Perchance of those who realize thee least.
The sunny south has claimed its tale of verse
But thou hast gathered nothing save a curse.

III.

Is it because the sable robes of night
Usurp the realm where day should reign supreme,
Or that thy austere robes of virgin white
Too solitary for their praises seem ;
Or that thy joys are far too exquisite
To look more real than a half told dream
'Tis thus, I feel and know : yet to these eyes
In silent scenes a threefold beauty lies.