

THE PRAIRIE

Where only the sky is above you,
And only the distance in view,
With no one to jostle or shove you—
It's there a man learns to be true!

Where the breeze whispers over the willows,
Or sighs in the dew-laden grass,
And the rain-clouds, like big, stormy billows,
Besprinkle the land as they pass;
With the smudge fire alight in the distance,
The wild-duck alert on the stream,
Where life is a psalm of existence,
And opulence only a dream.

Where wide as the plan of creation
The Prairies stretch ever away,
And beckon a broad invitation
To fly to their bosom, and stay;
The prairie-fire smell in the gloaming—
The water-wet wind in the spring—
An empire untrod for the roaming—
Ah, this is a life for a king!

When peaceful and pure as a river
They lie in the light of the moon,
You know that the infinite Giver
Is stringing your spirit a-tune;
That life is not told in the telling,
That death does not whisper adieu,
And deep in your bosom up-welling,
You know that the Promise is true!