

## LAMENT OF THE MAPLE TREE.

A VISION.

"We had a dream which was not all a dream."—Byron.

I laid me down one day in June,  
 It was late long afternoon,  
 A very sultry summer's eve,  
 Such times the senses oft deceive,  
 The place was 'neath a maple tree,  
 Soon from all cares and troubles free,  
 By a gentle, kindly slumber,  
 No more our sorrows we could number,  
 But we heard a plaintive wail  
 Such as we find in fairy tale,  
 It was the genius of the tree  
 Who in sad guise appeared to me,  
 And then she sadly did give vent  
 Unto this awful grave lament:  
 Though I am gay in month of June,  
 All decked in green, yet very soon,  
 Alas my beauty will be faded  
 And my charms be all degraded,  
 For is my time of glory brief,  
 So often flattered is my leaf.  
 In Canada so broad and free  
 All poets sing of the maple tree,  
 High I stand in their opinion,  
 Emblem of the New Dominion,  
 The reason I do them upbraid  
 Some never slept beneath my shade,  
 And yet they take the liberty  
 To chant about the maple tree,  
 They dare to poetise my leaf,  
 This is the source of all my grief,  
 I think their praises all so rude  
 And as but base ingratitude,