

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

'Tis many moons ago,
Yes, countless moons ago;
The flowers still are grand;
Each year the grove is found
By the same roving band,
And at a certain mound;
Grace was loved by her tribe,
For her rare loving sway;
On a shard they inscribe,
And hide this deep away.

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THE SONG OF REMEMBRANCE.

We come; we see the clay above
Thy resting-place;
Oh listen, spirit of our love!
Oh listen, Grace!

'Tis here above thy mossy mound
We mourn alone,
For thee within the silent ground,
When high winds moan.

Because we miss thee in our camp,
We yearly meet