

FROM
"IVAR AND ILDA."

A Canadian Romance.

Along Canada's rock-bound shore,
Where hoarse Ontario's billows roar,
Where winds their wildest vigils keep,
Above a fiercely boiling deep,
And wave and storm in revel loud,
Veil their dim forms in mist and cloud,
And mighty with the grey rocks hold
Strange concerts in such tones as thrill
The hearts of stoutest seamen bold,
The weak with fear and trembling fill.

Along this shore full many a lyre
Of sweet symphonious chord is hung,
That waits but for the magic fire—
The music's touch to wake in song,
For love and hope have budded here,
And blossomed in affection bright,
And dread suspense and sickening fear,
And death's cold touch and mildew blight
Have made the streams of anguish flow,
And quenched the young heart's fervid glow,
Have turned the springs of life to gall,
The bridal veil to funeral pall.

Forgive me then, adopted land
If I should dare, with feeble hand
To touch thy harp that long unstrung
With loosened chords neglected hung
If I some echo faint can wake,
That floating o'er thy own bright lake,
Provokes by its uncomely strain
Some heart that owns the sacred fire,
To sweep with master hand that lyre,
My efforts will not be in vain.