

*The Green  
Book of the  
Bards*

And still in that green volume,  
With ardour and with youth  
Undaunted, my companions  
Are searching for the truth.

One page, entitled Grand Pré,  
Has the idyllic air  
That Bion might have envied:  
I set a foot-note there.

*First  
Croak*

NORTHWARD, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Tell her I  
Long to go,—

Only am  
Satisfied  
Where the wide  
Maples flame,

Over those  
Hills of fir,  
Flooding her  
Morning snows.

Thou shalt see  
Break and sing  
Days of spring,  
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly,—  
Strive, or die  
Striving so!

Darker hearts,  
We, than some  
Who shall come  
When spring starts.