

THE NORTH—"THE LAND OF LOVE AND SONG."

"Oh tell her swallow, for thou knowest each,
That bright and fierce, and fickle, is the
South,
But dark, and true and tender is the North."

—*The Princess.*

Leaves were flying,
Falling and sighing,
Fading and dying,
Under the maple trees ;
Under the trees I heard,
Was it the leaves that stirred ?
Voice of a fay or bird,
Saying to me,
Singing this pitiful song to me,
Away ! away !

Away,
We must not stay ;
Away
Across the sea !
And every note
My heart it smote,

Till I wept at the wall of the little birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard
That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird.

Farewell to the North, the stern cold North,
The home of the brave and the strong,
To the true, the trusting, tender North,
Dear land of love and song !
Hark ! winter drear
It comes a near,
We dare not linger long.

There's a path in the air, man may not know,
That guide us o'er the main ;
And a voice in the winds, man may not hear,
Will call us home again,
When the winter dies,
And the west wind sighs
To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce the fickle South :
No voice of song is heard ;
Though the oriole, like a sunbeam flits
With many a radiant bird
Through the mangrove's shade,
No leafy glade
By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark ! Through the sleeping forest rings
The campanola's chime.
It calls in vain for the matin hymn
That wakes the Northern clime ;
How can we sing
Home songs of spring,
Or the notes of summer time ?

We silent seek the lonely homes
Of a long-forgotten race :
Through voiceless streets our wings are heard,
And many a stream we trace
From its unknown source,
In its downward course,
Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers
A whispering murmur hear,
Like the pent up moan of a mother's heart,
Or the sigh of a sister dear.
'Tis a voice from home ;
Glad spring has come !
'Tis the sigh of the North we hear.

Homeward over the salt sea waves,
We rest mid sunny isles,
Where the earth and the sky are ever bright,
And the ocean ever smiles ;
But the North whispers "come
To your home, sweet home !"
And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately barque,
And songs of the North we sing,
Till the mariners weep in their dreams with
joy,
As they hear the voice of spring,
And the linnet's strain
Steals o'er the main,
And the song which they hear us sing ;

We have come to the North, the stern cold
North,
The home of the brave and strong,
To the true, the trusting, tender North,
Dear land of love and song.

Under the oak trees lying,
Budding leaves I see.
Winter is dead.
Tassels of red
Burst from the maple tree ;
And the robins and linnets are echoing back
The song of the little birdie,
' We have come,
We have come
To the land of our home
From far across the sea ;
We have come,
We have come,
And the woods whisper 'come,'
And my heart it says 'come' to the little
birdie,
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard,
That sang to me thus with the voice of a bird.