

To the Singers of Minas

RAND

THOU long a poet at the lyric shrine,
 Made not a prayer to any muse or power,
 Letting the seasons go as but an hour.
 Until the afternoon of life did shine.
 Thy silent lips now move to verse divine;
 And Minas adds a jewel to her dower
 With every song of thine that like a flower
 Unfolds with hue and fragrance pure and fine.
 Fundy and Blomidon and the dark Isle
 Recumbent seem like servants at thy feet;
 And elemental forces but the birth
 Of messengers at thy late singing-while,
 To bear thy music to our hearts that greet
 Thee as a singer, just found on the earth.

ROBERTS

Is green-walled Acadie a later Greece;
 And thou a classic come to life again,
 From thy historic home to modern men
 In this green world of beauty and of peace?—
 A sculptor then, a poet now, whose lease
 Of labor is to carve and chisel clear
 Each form or lyric shape, until I hear
 Not song; but see thy pictures rest at ease.
 The broad green plain of level Tantramar,
 Is but the Temple of thy ancient time.
 The tides, and all the Fundean crystal ways
 Live as thy blue Aegean was in far
 Dim yesterdays; and all the suns that climb
 This sky, knew thee in Helle's brightest day.

CARMEN

Thou mystic singer whose spontaneous song,
 Vague as the tide-tones of the Fundy flood;
 Sweet as the sweetest singer of the woods;—
 Thou too hast raised thy lyric voice among
 The places where the ebb and flood so strong
 Fill with red life the veins of Acadie;
 And in thy wondering voices call to thee
 Sad with remembrance of the deathless wrong.
 Yet thou art in the circle of the few
 Who tune their voices to these singing meads;
 And know the assonance of shore and tide;