

I stole up the long, narrow lane. 'Twas quiet  
everywhere  
And slowly, sadly I did mount the mossy, crum-  
bling stair;  
I rapped, when swift an answer came from a  
familiar face,  
And then, rose-faced Memory went singing round  
the place.  
"Oh, mother mine!" I cried in joy. "Come, let  
me feel the press  
Of your sweet lips, strawberry red, in all love's  
tenderness,  
And let me stroke your gentle head, now white with  
winter's snow!  
Oh! let us sit and glad rehearse the tales of long  
ago."

Life holds for me rich treasures now, the dream is  
coming true—  
I'm going home to Canada—the land of green and  
blue.  
Before the Dawn's camp-fires red shall paint the  
eastern sky,  
I shall be speeding home again. O, how I, longing,  
sigh  
For breath of winds that wander swift from cool  
and placid bays,  
And smell of clover fields a-bloom in summer's  
glorious days,