

OF NOEL BRASSARD

AND there they halted ; the red sun
Crimsoned the fir-tops over them ;
Below they saw the great tide run
Between the grassy dikes that hem
The meadows, when the rivers fill

FROM Fundy like a sluice. They saw
Their windows in the sunset glare,
Then the first smoke of burning straw
Steal from a rick and burst and flare.
But soft ! What ails you, mother Brassard ?