

THE SONG OF OUR FATHERS.

—————Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious Music of the Heart.

Wordsworth.

SING them upon the sunny hills,¹
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight !
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters rov'd,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers lov'd.

The songs their soul rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall ;
The songs that through our vallies green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;
The woodman by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves ;
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores,
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be ! a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove ;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear ;
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer ;
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those lov'd ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stir'd
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band,
Shall breathe their names again ;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where, like the stag, they rov'd—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers lov'd.