

THE MAPLE-TREE.

When the snows of winter are melting fast,
And the sap begins to rise,
And the biting breath of the frozen blast
Yields to the spring's soft sighs,
Then away to the wood,
For the maple, good,
Shall unlock its honied store ;
And boys and girls,
With their sunny curls,
Bring their vessels brimming o'er
With the luscious flood
Of the brave tree's blood,
Into cauldrons deep to pour.

The blaze from the sugar-bush gleams red ;
Far down in the forest dark,
A ruddy glow on the tree is shed,
That lights up the rugged bark ;
And with merry shout,
The busy rout
Watch the sap as it bubbles high ;
And they talk of the cheer
Of the coming year,
And the jest and the song pass by ;
And brave tales of old
Round the fire are told,
That kindle youth's beaming eye.

Hurrah ! for the sturdy maple-tree !
Long may its green branches wave ;
In native strength sublime and free,
Meet emblem for the brave.
May the nation's peace
With its growth increase,
And its worth be widely spread ;
For it lifts not in vain
To the sun and rain
Its tall, majestic head.
May it grace our soil,
And reward our toil,
Till the nation's heart is dead.

