

While we breathe a last farewell
 To the hero-hearts who fell,
 And while kindred bosoms swell
 With the sad, sad sigh
 Welcome with a loud harra
 These brave sons of Canada,
 For whose liberty and law
 They will do or die!

Deathless Dead! they are assigned
 Deathless fame in heart and mind,
 And their memories are enshrined
 In our prayers and tears:
 Living Heroes! from the plain
 Welcome o'er the mighty main,
 Welcome to your homes again
 Our brave Volunteers!

Oct. 1900.

The New Hampshire Hills

How swiftly come the days of sweet September,
 The time draws near when you shall say farewell,
 And all we ask is that you will remember
 The folk who by the winding river dwell;
 When far from home with foreign skies above you,
 And that strange scene your heart with rapture thrills
 Remember, O, remember those who love you,
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

Remember that dear lovely winding river
 That sweeps along beside your native home,
 The dearest spot on earth to one forever,
 No matter where the wanderer may roam;
 At morn, at noon, and in the sunset's splendor,
 When heaven the heart with rarest rapture fills,
 Turn back to them with feelings fond and tender,
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

Of by that winding river you have wondered,
 When you were but a child, in bygone day,
 And on the future far and fair you pondered,
 Of places, persons, cities far away;
 And now, since you have seen the world so clever
 And studied well the wisdom it instils,
 You'll hold the dear old home more dear than ever
 When far amid the fair New Hampshire Hills.

The Burial of Brock

Americans declared a war
 Against the motherland
 And sought to carry conquest far