



All Spring through they falter and follow,
Wander and beckon the roving tide,
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes full of the rain!
April over the Norland now
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain:—

Halts to ken the forsaken dwelling,
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,
Love, the child warder whom death is quelling,
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

Marian Drurie, Marian Drurie,
How are the marshes filled with you!
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home.—
Dreams, while the rainbirds all night through.

Far in the cedars calling to win you,
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide;
And never the burning heart within you
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

BLISS CARMAN.

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