

LONESOME BAR

I.

OUT of the North there rang a cry of Gold !
And all the spacious regions of the West,
From rugged Caribou to where the crest
Of Mexican Sièrras mark the old
Franciscan frontiers, caught the regal sound,
And echo'd and re-echo'd it, till round
The eager World the rumor of it roll'd :
How Eldorado once again was found
Where stretch Canadian plains, forlorn and rude,
Hard upon the iron-temper'd Arctic solitude.

II.

Then woke the vanguard of adventurers,
Who fret their souls against the trammel'd ways
And measur'd hours of these exacting days ;
They heard the call—the pirate call that stirs
To reach for easy gold in regions new ;
That once from lazy Latin cities drew
Pizarro and his pious plunderers,
And, later, many a buccaneering crew
To sail their curly ships across the foam
And loot the Spanish galleons upon the run for home.

III.

So rake the annals of the knave Romance—
The breed will not die out ! The fatal stars