

IN OLD HAWAII

Far away across the ocean
Lies a sunlit coral shore,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the ceaseless breakers roar.

I can see the dusky maidens
Weaving flowers in their hair.
I can see the brilliant parrots
Flitting softly through the air.

There are swimmers at Waikiki
Splashing noisy in the surf.
There are races on the Paili
And across the grassy turf.

There are officers from Schofield
Strolling slowly down the street.
Corporals, sergeants, rear rank privates,
Mounted coppers on their beat.

And I long to cross the ocean
And to see that land again.
But, alas! I'm headed eastward
To Alberta's sunny plain.

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

I saw a forest in the hills
Where wandered many an antlered band,
Where lurked the trout in rippling rills
Above Loch Morlick's shining strand.

I wandered through the leafy dells,
Among the heather pink and white,
I saw a host of Scotch bluebells
Sway in the sunshine warm and bright.

I saw the hare and Highland grouse
From covert steal with cautious air,
I watched the deer in quiet browse,
Among the fern and flowers fair.

The birches rustled in the breeze,
The shadows danced upon the rocks;
While faint and far among the trees
I heard the barking of a fox.