

THE MAPLE-TREE.

A CANADIAN SONG.

Hail to the pride of the forest—hail
To the maple, tall and green ;
It yields a treasure which ne'er shall fail
While leaves on its boughs are seen.
When the moon shines bright,
On the wintry night,
And silvers the frozen snow ;
And echo dwells
On the jingling bells
As the sleighs dart to and fro ;
Then it brightens the mirth
Of the social hearth
With its red and cheery glow.

Afar, 'mid the bosky forest shades,
It lifts its tall head on high ;
When the crimson-tinted evening fades
From the glowing saffron sky ;
When the sun's last beams
Light up woods and streams,
And brighten the gloom below ;
And the deer springs by
With his flashing eye,
And the shy, swift-footed doe ;
And the sad winds chide
In the branches wide,
With a tender plaint of woe.

The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
With the bow in his red right-hand,
And mourns that his race, like a stream, has sunk
From the glorious forest land.
But, blythe and free,
The maple-tree,
Still tosses to sun and air
Its thousand arms,
While in countless swarms
The wild bee revels there ;
But soon not a trace
Of the red man's race.
Shall be found in the landscape fair.