

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Bard of the wind-swept marsh and surging tide !
The winds of Heaven sweep o'er thy soul, and rare
Sweet melodies swell out upon the air
In Divers Tones, resounding far and wide.

Poet of Common Days ! Thy songs, they glide
O'er Labour's field, greeting the toilers there
With benediction and with low-voic'd prayer,
That in their hearts shall evermore abide.

And in thine Avè, like an evening star,
—That pure white soul escaped from dying day—
Thou broodest o'er beloved Tāytramar ;

Discerning, in its tide's tumultuous sway,
A Spirit, rushing from the stormy sea,
Defying Death throughout Eternity.