

Northland Lyrics

So, Gentles, these stumbling rhymes I send
To our spruce-clad hills, for a word of cheer,—
Where there 's ever a welcome and ever a friend,
And the brown coat covers the cavalier.
Take them, I pray you, for what they are worth,
For I swear by my soul you 're the salt of the earth.

A LAMENT

TO THE MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

His was not the glory of the shattering of spears ;
He did not cross his sword with Death, where
scarlet flags are hurled,
But Death came to him softly, with his dark eyes
dim with tears,
And broke a dream of woodland-ways across a
singing world.

So doff your hats, good poet-men,
No fingers lift the fallen pen !
The sun forgets to mark the time
Without the music of his rhyme.

His was not the glory of the thundering of wars ;
His was not a nation's voice ! — are his a nation's
tears ?