

VIII

Oh ! glorious were the patriot hopes of yore —
The hopes which thrilled this land in Thirty-Seven,
When Liberty, baptised in freemen's gore .
Arose, transcendent, like a star of Heaven !
The heroes of that epoch ever live
Within the loves of grateful men, and ne'er
Can tyrants from our hearts their memories rive,
Or from our souls, the reverence due them, tear !

IX

Tis radiant noon — Orion sheds his ray
Upon the river neath me flowing free ;
Of flowers wild I gather many a spray
Amongst the towering hills of old Levis !
I watch the quivering of each leafy grove,
And dream sweet dreamings of the golden past,
When Hilda poured the nectar sweet of love
In moon-rayed cups, too fondly dear to last !