

TALES OF THE PORCUPINE TRAILS

The glowing dawn is almost here,
Then shall the silence sound,
And songs more sweet shall greet thine ear
When these fall to the ground.

Some voice from out the ways untrod,
From trophy, mart and stage obscure,
Alone with silence, night, and God
Will sing such songs as shall endure.

In feeble voice, yet ne'er untrue,
(A simple nature's child)
These songs I dedicate to you,
Sons of the Northern wild,

Who lead the life, from home and wife,
Through heat and biting cold;
Scale nature's barriers in the strife
And delve for hidden gold.

Who brave the gloom in lands of doom
In every unknown zone,
Who blaze the trail and breast the gale
Till you're naught but skin and bone.

A wind-borne murmur from afar,
A trail to break o'er homeless snows;
No light to guide, save twinkling star,
A whispered "gold" mends many woes.