

The Book of the Native

It climbs to meet the westering sun
Upon the heights of Blomidon,—
Bulwark of peace, whose bastioned form
Out-bars the serried hosts of storm.

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Down to the wharf at Whitewaters,
The children of the villagers
One drowsy, windless hour of noon
Deep in the green mid-heart of June,

Like swallows to a sunset pool
Came chattering, just let loose from school;
And with them one small lad of four,
Picked up as they flocked past his door.