

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
And the vines are like blood on the wall;
I hear on the winds o'er the wood and the wold,
A bitter, insistent call.

'Tis the cry of our slain,
Appealing in vain,
For help where the brave hearts fall;
And its tragic demand doth the whole world hold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

Kilmorie House,
City View, Ottawa.