

From My Gallery

So by these merry vandals led,
And so bedecked and garlanded,
Your golden caravel you moor
Amidst the willows by the shore,
There where the rill
Drops o'er the sill,
And turns the quaint old flour-mill.

That is the way to Battersea,
The sunlit track to Battersea,
The royal mile to Battersea,
And, stranger, by your winsome smile
Methinks you'll make the royal mile."

SHE DWELT AT KAKABEKA FALLS

She dwelt at Kakabeka Falls,
Just where the ancient green-capp'd hills
Cast up their rugged granite walls,
Through which the cream-brown river spills.

The wind played with her golden hair,
The sun was on her dark blue shawl,
Her form was lithe as salmon fair,
Her face we never saw at all.

She vanished down a narrow pass,
Which wound its way 'mongst spruces hoary,
And falls and trail and gold-hair'd lass
Are fragments of an unknown story.

LOBORO LAKE

O Loboro! O Loboro!
Thou breakest into countless smiles
By Inverary's sunny lea,
Or deck'st thy breast with gems of isles,
Amongst the bays of Battersea.

O Loboro! O Loboro!
Thy lovely waters are so kind,
I take you with me when I go,
Or else I leave my heart behind,
O Loboro!