276 CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS.

And will you sing when summer goes And leaves turn brown and dies the rose? Oh, then how brave shall autumn dress The maple out with gorgeousness ! And red-cheeked apples deck the green, And corn wave tall its yellow sheen. But, bird, bethink you well, I pray, Then marches winter on his way.

Ah, winter-yes, ah, yes-but still, Hark ! sweetly chimes the summer rill, And joy is here and life is strong,

And love still calls upon my sone. No, Rossignol, sing not that strain, Triumphant 'spite of all the pain, — She cannot hear you, Rossignol, She does not pause and flush, your thrall. She does not raise that slender hand And, poised, lips parted, understand What you are telling of the years Her brown eyes soft with happy tears, She does not hear a note of all. Ah, Rossignol, ah, Rossignol !

But skies are blue, and flowers bloom, And roses breathe the old perfume, And here the murmuring of the trees In all of lovelier mysteries— And maybe now she hears my song Pouring the summer hills along, Listens with joy that still to thee Remain the summer time and me.

THE GALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, FELLING-ON-TVNE.

٠.