

The scent of clover filled the air; the birds were
on the wing;
And, in the daisy meadows, fresh, the larks did
blithely sing.
I felt the press of the cool grass upon my burning
feet,
And I heard the children's voices ring up the vil-
lage street.
The music of the old school-bell stole on the morn-
ing breeze,
And children of the long ago played 'neath the
maple trees.

Where were the hearts that throbbed with mine
in those white hours of peace?
Where were the voices that joined in our youthful
hapsodies?
And the little barefoot children? Had they, too,
wandered far
Adown life's cold and stony way, far from their
native star?
Had they, too, felt the stress and storm of raging
battle life,
Or had they wandered peacefully far from the sound
of strife?
I wonder did their tired hearts oft break, like mine,
with love
For the green hills of Canada and the sun-kissed skies
above?