

'T will nevermore be April now  
But there will lurk a thought of him  
At the street corners, gay with flowers  
From rainy valleys purple-dim.

O chiefs, you do not mourn alone!  
In that stern North where mystery broods,  
Our mother grief has many sons  
Bred in those iron solitudes.

It does not help them, to have laid  
Their coil of lightning under seas;  
They are as impotent as you  
To mend the loosened wrists and knees.

And yet how many a harvest night,  
When the great luminous meteors flare  
Along the trenches of the dusk,  
The men who dwell beneath the Bear, (