

## BROOKFIELD

And now I no more sorrow for the dead;  
The friend I love hath pain of death no more,  
He hath mortality forever shed;  
He is of happiness the spirit's core.  
And my heart's memory brims, yea, runneth o'er,  
With lavish bounty of his teeming worth;  
(What times he did his garnered wealth outpour,  
In wisdom's word and deed and pleasure's mirth)  
Wherefore my soul hath joy in life's great freedom-birth.

And so, I mount the richest sunset hill,  
Singing the wandering echo of a fame  
That shall forever have its roaming will  
In love-awakened hearts where dwells the name  
Of him whose genius, burning to high flame,  
Was reared within these woods with spark divine.  
Brookfield ! Thy beauty slept, until he came  
To wake thee up to visions that were thine  
Hadst thou but dreamed what lay beyond the rule and line.