

THE TRAIL OF THE BUGLES

In early fall

When the world is still,
There comes a call
By river and hill,—

A breath of the passion
Of Wilding Land
No lips can fashion,
No heart withstand.

The scarlet cry
Of a bugle's wail
Goes fading by
On a lonely trail;

And the heart of the year
Is braced and set
In battle gear
For the ages yet.

Once through the arch
Of the Autumn wood,
I saw the march
Of a giant brood.

I heard no tread
Of the warriors there,
But the hills were red
With the bugles' blare;

On the shadowy quest
That is never done,
They strode abreast
Of the wheeling sun;

With no retreat,
Through the hazy flume
They marched to beat
At the gates of doom;

For these were they
Whom glory sealed
In the brunt of the fray
On Sombre Field.

By a goblin road,

When the crimson line