

The sunset pageant in the west
 Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
 And jewelled every toppling crest
 That crashes into silver snows!

You know the joy of coming home,
 After long leagues to France or Spain;
 You feel the clear Canadian foam
 And the gulf water heave again.

Between these sombre purple hills
 That cool the sunset's molten bars,
 You will go on as the wind wills,
 Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward towards the lights
 That spangle over the lonely pier,
 By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
 By level islands black and clear.

You will go on beyond the tide,
 Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
 Through paler shallows light and wide,
 The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay
 You will swing slowly on your chain,
 And catch the scent of dewy hay,
 Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.