

BROOKFIELD

In commemoration of Robert Randall MacLeod,

1841-1909

NOW hath a wonder lit the saddened eyes
Long misted by a grievous winter clime;
And now the dull heart leaps with love's surprise,
And sings its joy. For 'tis the happy time;
And all the brooding earth is full of chime;
And all the hosts of sleepers under ground
Have burst out suddenly in glorious prime;
And all the airy spirits now have found
Their wonted shrines with life and love entwined 'round.