

## THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Then as they turn away,  
To the far hills away,  
They chant a mournful strain,  
Sing once again that name,

In rude uncounted refrain,  
"Grace," free from sullied shame;  
When danger pressed them hard,  
Lest she might be forgot,  
Their Prophet and their Bard,  
Hid this in a loved spot.

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### A SONG OF LAMENT.

Dear heart, no more the rippling sear  
Shall print thy feet the flowers pluming,  
As its clear echo wand'ring far,  
Thy last sweet love-song is illuming.

No more the Autumn trees shall haste  
To paint the green woods at thy treading;  
But the great woods shall fondly waste  
To cast fresh colors for thy bedding.