

AMOS HENRY CHANDLER

WHEN DORA DIED

DREARY, dreary,
Fundy's mists are sweeping
Up the stricken vales of Westmoreland :
Weary, weary
Is my heart and weeping,
While the cold waves dash upon the strand.

Fill'd, fill'd
Is the land with sorrow,
In loud wailing roars the angry sea :
Still'd, still'd
Will they be to-morrow—
Summer notes, and murmurs on the lea. . . .

Coldly, coldly
Blent with autumn mists lie
Eve's dark shadows 'pon the hills away ;
Boldly, boldly,
Like a giant sentry,
Chapeau Dieu keeps vigil o'er the bay. . . .

Lay me, lay me,
While the world is waking,
Down to dream on what has gone before ;
Pray ye, pray ye,
Lest my heart be breaking,
God to bring her to my side once more. . . .