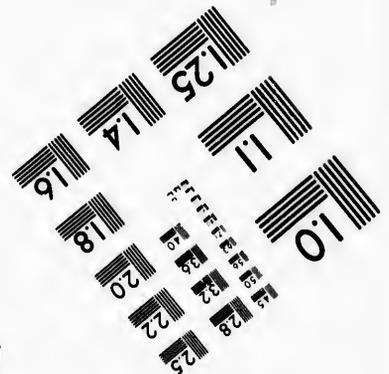
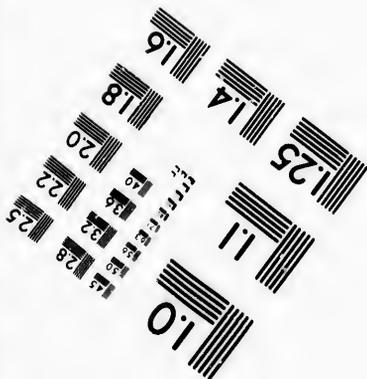
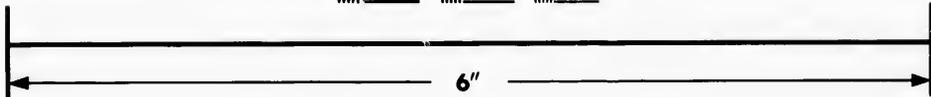
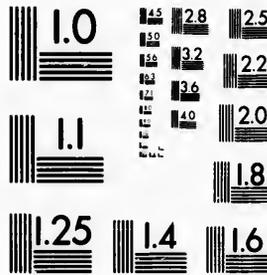


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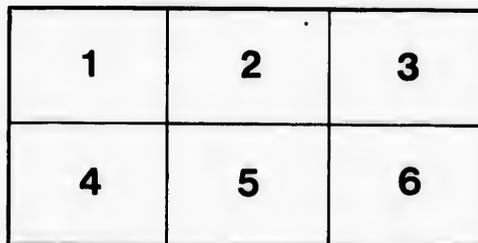
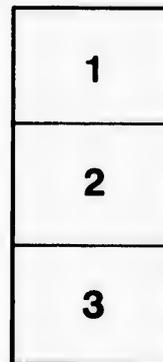
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ECHOES
FROM THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS

VERSE'S
BY
DOROTHY KNIGHT,

TWELVE YEARS OLD

*"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever."*

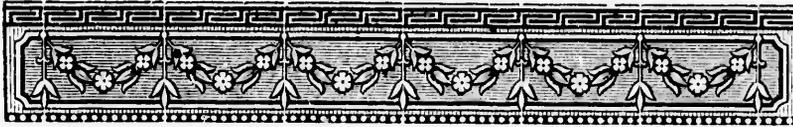
MONTREAL.

1893.

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OTHER VERSES.

1893

Of these additional pieces, the first five were written in 1892. The "Sea Maiden" exhibits an unconscious imitation of Wordsworth's ballad style.

THE SEA MAIDEN

The captain sat by his window,
And gazed upon the sea,
As it tossed its foam-capped billows,
So wild and fresh and free.

And his face was full of sadness,
I asked the reason why,
"I'm thinking of my daughter, sir,"
He answered with a sigh.

THE SEA MAIDEN.

Her eyes were brown, a lovely hue,
Her clustering curls were brown,
And now she's gone to heaven, sir,
And wears a shining crown.

She did not strive for beauty, sir,
Nor yet for worldly fame,
But in this town she's left behind
Many who love her name.

Her mother named her Margaret,
But soon that mother died,
And after she was gone, the child
Was always at my side.

I took her in my boat one day,
A wind rose from the west,
The boat upset and I could swim,
But she was sore distressed,

Because she knew I could not live
Unless I let her sink.
So she said "Father I will die,
'Tis best for me I think."

And then while I was struggling on
All weary toward the shore,

She suddenly let go her hold,
And sank to rise no more.

Next day, whilst on the beach I stood,
Methought I saw her stand
On the crest of a foaming billow,
• And smile and kiss her hand.

To-day the waves are just as rough
As in that dreadful storm,
And so I'm thinking how I saw
Her lovely spirit form.

• But still I'm glad she's reached her home,
Where all is bright and fair,
I'll tell the reason of it, sir,
Because her mother's there.

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

The moon shines clear and cold and bright,
Shines on and does not wane,
All o'er the snow that lies so white,
And the frost upon the pane.

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

Upon the sullen river grey,
That steady moonlight shines,
And paves it with a silver way,
As it ripples past the pines.

Those pines are powdered o'er with snow,
And when there comes a breeze,
It makes it scatter high and low,
And they gleam like Christmas trees.

The moon shines on so cold and bright,
Shines on and shines again,
All o'er the snow that lies so white,
And upon the frosty pane.

SLEEP,

When the moon shines forth in splendour,
When the white stars peep,
Softly on the wings of darkness,
Cometh sleep.

SLEEP.

5

Wraps us round as in a mantle,
Carries us to other spheres,
Still we have our joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears.

When the tired and weary body,
Faints and longs for rest,
Cometh gentle sleep to lull us,
On her breast.

ELAINE.

Lost in recalling all the happy past,
She sits in silence on the old oak seat,
Close by the window where the mignonette
Sends up a lovely odour, vague and sweet.

Downward she casts her luminous dark eyes,
The evening breezes kiss her golden hair,
That shines above a forehead smooth and white,
And nestles round a dainty shell like ear.

Upon her graceful form the fading light
 Shines softly, with a longing lingering beam,
 And round about the evening shadows close,
 All harmonizing with her happy dream.

THE WANDERER.

This is written in the same metre as Moore's well known piece beginning "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and it can be sung to the same music.

I left in July when the newly-mown hay
 Was as sweet as the rock-rose I found,
 And now 'tis October, and still I'm away,
 And my bed is the leaf-bestrewn ground.

My screen is the briar so straggling and tall,
 And my floor is the ground hard and dry,
 And the pine trees so sombre and dark are my wall,
 And my roof is the star-spangled sky.

My food is the blackberry juicy and sweet,
 And the beech-nut three-cornered and brown,
 And my friend is the spaniel that lies at my feet,
 And his coat is as cosy as down.

But before the cold winds of the winter shall storm
And the snow lie all white on the plain,
I hope to be back in my dear cottage home,
And see those that love me again.

FANCY FLIES BEFORE.

The snow lies thick and cold and white,
Bare is the maple by our door,
There is no sign of violets bright,
But fancy flies before.

How oft I've plucked the summer flowers
Beneath a summer sky,
Or watched the spring's returning powers,
And seen the swallows fly.

Or when the year began to fade,
And summer days were spent,
I've lived beneath the pine trees' shade,
In quiet and content.

OH FOR THE SPRING.

How many times I've met my friends,
And kissed my darling May,
How often said "now parting ends,"
But still they are away.

And further still to womanhood
And motherhood I've flown,
I've taught my children to be good,
But still I'm quite alone.

The steady years come in and go,
Nor haste nor falter more,
Thick lie our lives with winter's snow,
But fancy flies before.

OH FOR THE SPRING.

Oh for the green, green grass,
And the happy days of spring,
Oh for the bright blue skies,
And the birds upon the wing.

OUR TABBY.

9

Oh for the sparkling sun,
Oh for the bracing breeze,
Oh for the sweet wild flowers,
And the budding maple-trees.

Oh for the happy spring,
Oh for the month of May,
All the light and warmth and flowers,
I would they were here to-day.

OUR TABBY

Tawny paws of airy lightness,
Silken breast of snowy whiteness,
Emerald eyes of gleaming brightness—
That's our Tabby.

Always talking, purring, mewing,
Always asking what you're doing,
Always there when dinner's brewing—
Yes, that's Tabby.

SONG.

In the cupboard always peeping,
In the kitchen calmly sleeping,
Up the sheds and fences leaping—
That's old Tabby.

But our Tabby's constant calling
On our ears no more is falling ;
How we miss his minor squalling !
Poor old Tabby !

SONG.

The wild wind whistles aloft, aloft,
And whistles aloft in glee,
And the maples toss their branches up,
And the pine-trees wave so free,
And the pine-trees wave so free, so free,
And the pine-trees wave so free.

THE ISLAND QUEEN.

11

The wild wind whistles aloft, aloft,
Above the sodden snow,
And whistles up in the foggy clouds,
And whistles down below,
And whistles high and low, low, low,
And whistles high and low.

THE ISLAND QUEEN.

All down the river a steamer glides,
The fairest ever seen,
Then raise her a cheer and three good cheers,
The steamer Island Queen.

All under an arch of sapphire sky,
Past the islands towering green,
Oh raise her a cheer and three good cheers,
The steamer Island Queen.

The days are long, and the sun is bright,
And the sky above serene,
Then raise her a cheer and three good cheers.
The steamer Island Queen.

UP THE RIVER.

She glides along past the cliffs so grey,
With water blue between,
So raise her a cheer a right good cheer,
The steamer Island Queen.

UP THE RIVER.

I am rowing up the river,
Where the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Laying out a sheet of silver

On the blue.

Past the cliffs and slopes and highlands,
Past the green tree-covered islands,
Shutting out the skies' clear azure

From my view.

There are cliffs and there are beaches,
With their yellow sandy reaches,
Where the river shells lie buried

In the sand.

Where the water's gently laving,
Where the plummy pines are waving,
And the strawberries are ripening
On the land.

Sweetly is the wild bird calling,
And like fairy music falling
Sounds the rushing of the water
'Neath my boat.

But when eyening casts her shadows
Over pines and over meadows,
Idly down the tranquil river
I shall float.

I will watch the striped perch sleeping,
I will watch the young chub leaping,
Making rippling, eddying circles
At my side.

I will watch the moonlight shimmer,
And the misty pale stars glimmer,
Homeward down the mighty river
Will I glide.

DAWN.

The dawn comes creeping tenderly, softly,
With hues of amber and rose-tints pale,
And the robins chirp from the elm-trees lofty,
As the light comes creeping up the vale.

The warm sun kisses the sky good-morning,
And covers its face with a rosy blush,
The village lassie looks at the dawning,
And her healthy cheeks reflect the flush.

Then the sun leaps up with his dewy gladness,
And his beams come glittering clear and free,
And the robins carol with merry madness,
And the little lassie is filled with glee.

For the black night has fled with her shadows darkling,
And away from the meadows the cold mists sail,
And the flowers are covered with dew-drops sparkling,
As the sun comes smiling up the vale.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

Written after reading the exquisite "Bird Song" of Keats.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Oh sweet is the song of the bird,
As he sits where the beech-twigs meet,
And never a bough is stirred.

He sings of the apple-trees
All clouded with snowy bloom,
That rock in a passing breeze,
And send up a faint perfume.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
How sweet is the wild bird's note,
As he sits by the yellow wheat,
And his joyous warblings float.

He sings in the early morn,
When the sun comes up the sky,
And he fills the gentle dawn
With his silver melody.

Fair, fair, fair,
Oh fair is the dappled east,
And the rosy lights are rare,
From the brightest to the least.

Oh he loves the mellow sun,
And he loves the summer day,
When he sits where the clear rills run,
And warbles his liquid lay.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Oh sweet is my life to me,
As I sit where the branches meet,
And the breezes blow so free.

And the poet paused as he wrote,
"Oh teach me," he said, "the song
That rings from thy tiny throat,
In the green trees all day long."

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
But the song of the bird was o'er,
He had flown like a shadow fleet,
And I heard his voice no more.

CRADLE SONG.

Softly shines the little star,
From the western deep,
See it twinkles faint and far,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Daisy flowers are all at rest,
Buttercups are too,
Birdies sleep within the nest,
Sheltered from the dew.

In the meadows dusky green,
Lie the snowy sheep,
And the gentle cows between,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

How the night winds gently blow,
O'er the silent hill !
Hear the murmur and the flow
Of the little rill.

Silken lashes fringe the eyes,
Hazel-hued and deep,
Sweet breath comes in gentle sighs,
Baby's fast asleep.

THE DYING SHEPHERDESS.

Farewell ye glades and mountains,
Farewell thou kindly earth !
Farewell ye streams and fountains !
And the village of my birth !
Farewell, oh happy sunshine !
Farewell my friends so dear !
Farewell ye shady valleys
Where wild birds warble clear !

Oh lay me 'neath the cedars,
And the grass so green and tall,
Where all the pleasant summer
The lights and shadows fall,
Near the solitary ruins,
With their old romantic pines,
Where the birds live unmolested,
And the sunlight sweetly shines.

Ye village maids—companions,
In childhood glad and gay,
Remember me I pray you,
When my soul is far away.

And thou who sought'st to woo me,
And win my simple heart,
My sister still may cheer thee,
Dear friend—for now we part.

And ye, my best loved parents,
Who guided me in youth,
And taught my heart, once wayward,
To love the page of truth,
Weep not because I leave ye,
Because they toll my knell,
Let not the parting grieve ye,
Loved ones, farewell, farewell !

SWEET HOME.

Give me back the old home cottage,
Which of all I love the best,
There's no place on earth beside it,
That affords me peace and rest.

SONG.

Green, spotted leaves make a carpet fair
All bordered with yellow lilies rare,
And not far from me, a murmuring stream
Flows sparkling in the sun's bright beam.

There is naught to trouble me or molest,
For nothing is here but peace and rest,
And here the cool summer breezes come,
And in the lilies the big bees hum.

The wild birds carol their sweetest lays,
Up overhead in the twigs' light maze.
Oh give to a king the golden throne,
I want but my airy perch alone.

SONG.

The little ripples quiver,
They pause and linger never,
Upon the mighty river,
They hasten on for ever.

The skies are blue and tender,
The sun is growing brighter,
It fills the earth with splendour,
And makes the cloudlets whiter.

Alas! the night is falling,
The bitter wind is storming,
The darkness grows appalling
And banks of clouds are forming.

See how the lightning flashes,
See how the river rushes,
Its hissing spray it dashes,
Among the alder bushes.

The night, the night is going,
The storm at last is over,
But cold the river's flowing,
Beneath a misty cover.

The ripples linger never,
But still they swirl and quiver,
And hasten on for ever,
Upon the dim grey river.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

You cannot hear her pass along,
Her footsteps make no sound,
She makes no ripple in the lake,
No footprint on the ground.

You cannot kiss her smiling lips,
Nor see her soft locks curled,
You cannot touch her slender hand,
She is not of this world.

She wanders out at twilight grey,
Invisible, alone.
Her song is like the roaming wind,
Or like a sad faint moan.

And none may touch her misty form,
Although she is so fair,
She wanders lonely on the storm,
The spirit of the air !

WELCOME TO THE FIRST HEPATICAS.

Sweet little flowerets ! the first of the year,
Nestling 'mongst sere leaves and grass dead and dry,
Drinking the rain-drops so crystal and clear,
Down in your warm sheltered covert you lie.

Welcome, thrice welcome, oh dear little flowers,
Welcome indeed is the message you bring,
A message of May and of sunshiny hours,
A promise of summer and sign of the spring.

Yes, it is spring, the fierce winter is gone,
Robins came back and we knew spring was here,
But we could not be sure that the snow-storms were done,
Till you as sweet pledges at last should appear.

MY SEAT AMONG THE HAWTHORNS.

Upon a bank where the hawthorns grow,
A small light tree-trunk is hanging low,
Which makes an airy, delightful seat,
With boughs to shelter me from the heat,

Give me back the little cottage
With its old and rough-cast wall,
And the creeper climbing o'er it,
And the maple green and tall.

Yes, I think I see in fancy,
Mother in her old arm-chair,
And below the window blooming,
Little flowers fresh and fair,

Sweet forget-me-nots and pansies,
Marigolds so smiling gay,
Candy tuft and budding roses,
Opening wider every day.

And beside the tall green maple,
Just one aged apple-tree,
Thick with blossoms or with apples,
Ripe and juicy as can be.

Mother's arms seem stealing round me,
And I see her gentle face,
Softly smiling, bent above me,
Full of tenderness and grace.

Now I lean on mother's shoulder,
Now once more I am a child,
Full of pranks and merry mischief,
Healthy, happy, young and wild.

Now the sunny vision's vanished,
Now a weary man I'm grown,
Mother is no longer with me,
I am friendless and alone.

And the cottage is deserted,
Gone and broken are the panes,
And of mother's smiling garden,
Very little now remains.

Just some marigolds all dusty,
One forget-me-not forlorn,
Standing in the waning sunlight,
With some pansies small and torn.

And our apple-tree is standing
In the mellow autumn air,
With its rosy, golden harvest,
Rotting, dropping, wasting there.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

This forget-me-not I gather,
And where'er I chance to roam,
I will keep this little token
To remind me of my home.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

At night when I lie in bed
In a house by the river side,
With a pillow beneath my head,
And list to the dashing tide,
On the wind there comes a cry
To the hidden stars and moon,
A sound on the storm blown by,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the river's cold and still,
On a dismal, rainy day,
When the mist hangs on the hill,
And the sky is dull and grey,

O'er the water comes a call,
'Tis a sad and mournful tune,
While the pelting rain-drops fall,
 The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the west is all aglow,
When the sky is red with light,
When the evening breezes blow,
O'er the daisies large and white,
The form of a bird goes by,
Goes by and vanishes soon,
And anon there comes a cry,
 The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

OUR FANCIES.

Like the clouds that sail through the boundless sky,
On a breezy summer day,
Like the merry birds that flit and fly,
In the fair bright month of May,
Like shadows streaming across the snow,
'Tis thus our fancies come and go.

Like the sunlight falling on water blue,
With a starry, silver beam,
That quickly vanishes from the view,
And then comes back with a gleam,
As free as the freshening winds that blow,
'Tis thus our fancies come and go.

Like a little acorn upon a tree,
That falls at last to the earth,
And lies there hidden where none can see,
Till a small green sprout has birth,
'Tis thus in the hearts of men we know,
That noble thoughts begin to show,

Like the sapling spreading so green and wide,
Till it turns to a noble oak,
And stands so fair and full of pride,
Are the words that a good man spoke ;
In another's heart did they spring and grow,
Oh 'tis thus that our great thoughts begin to show.



