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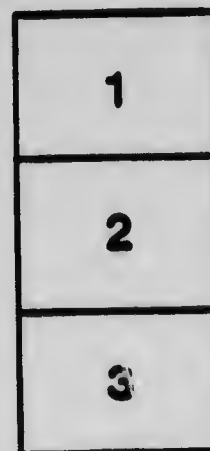
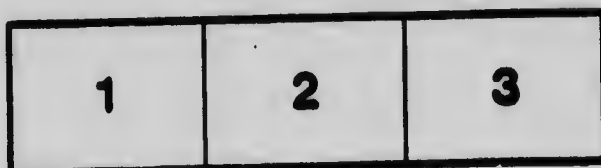
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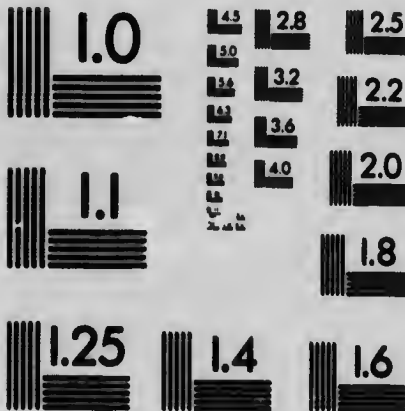
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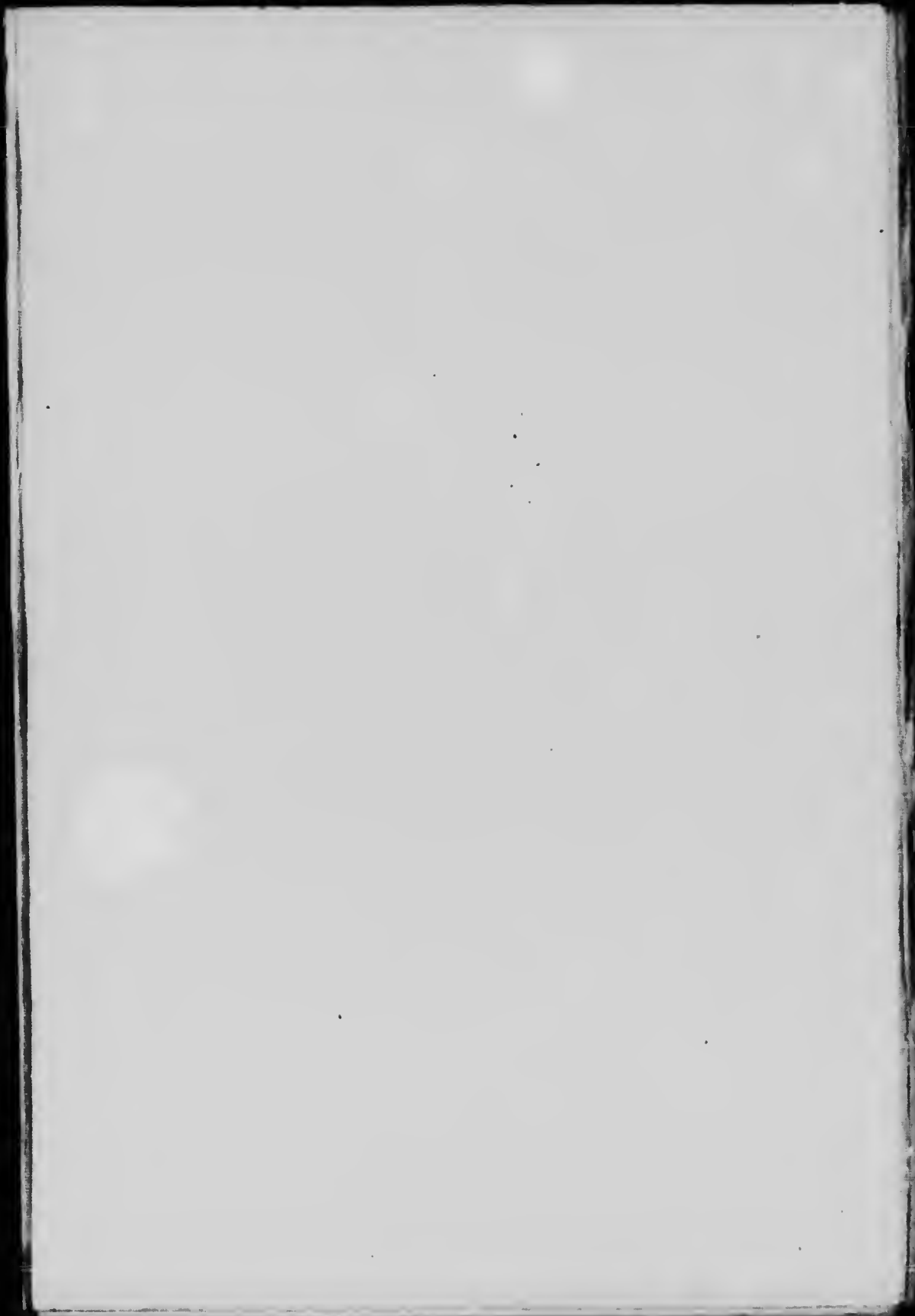
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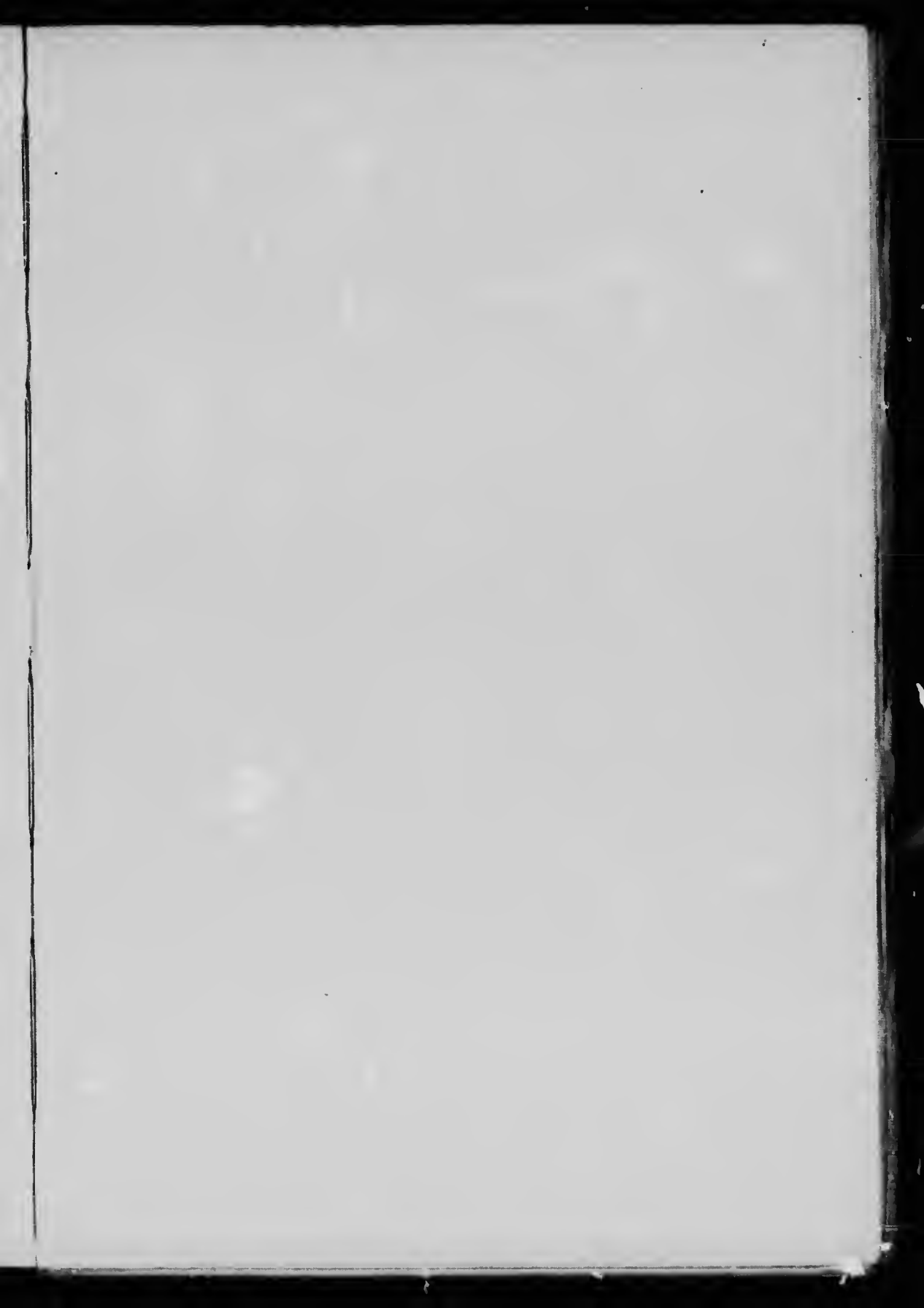
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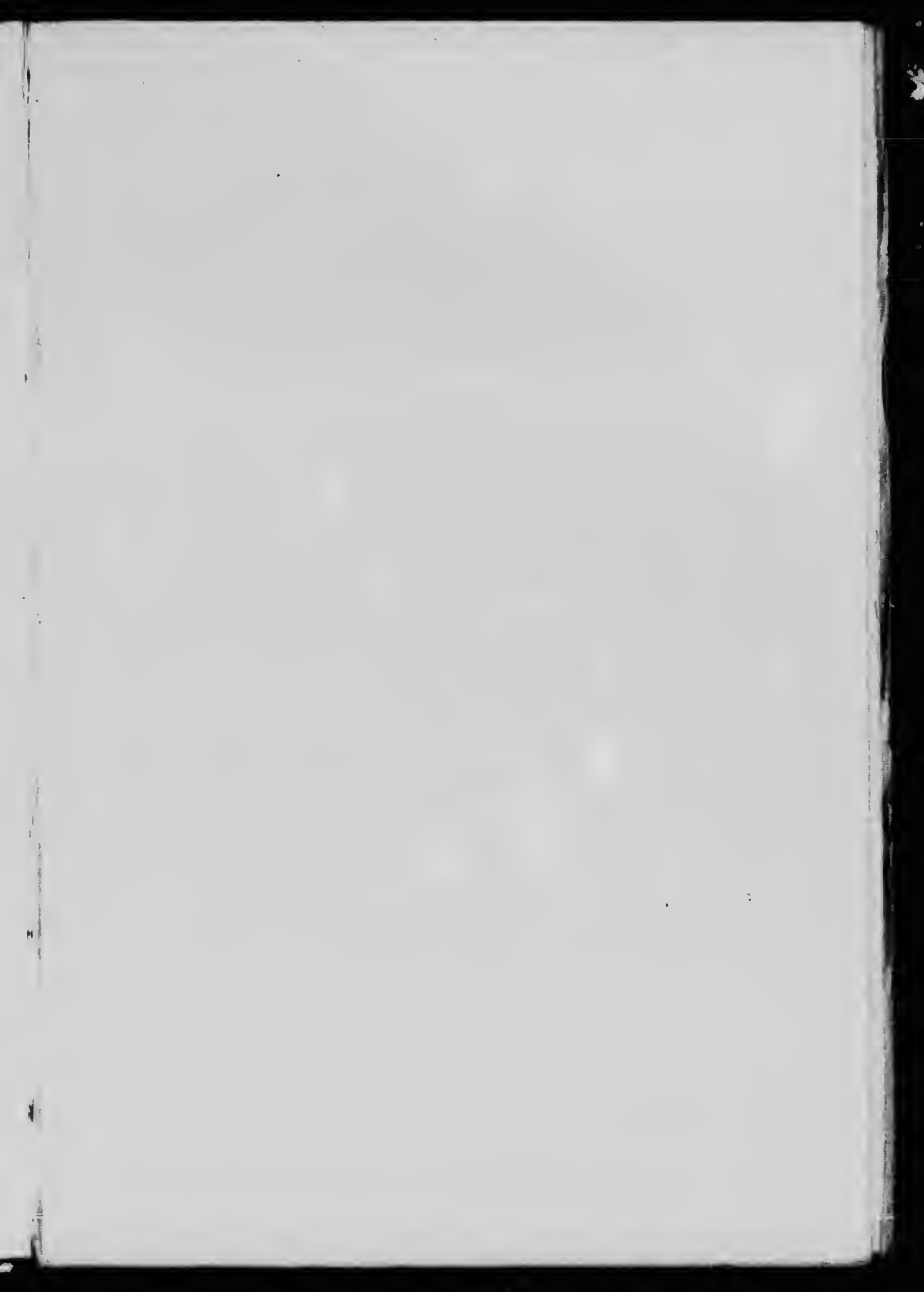
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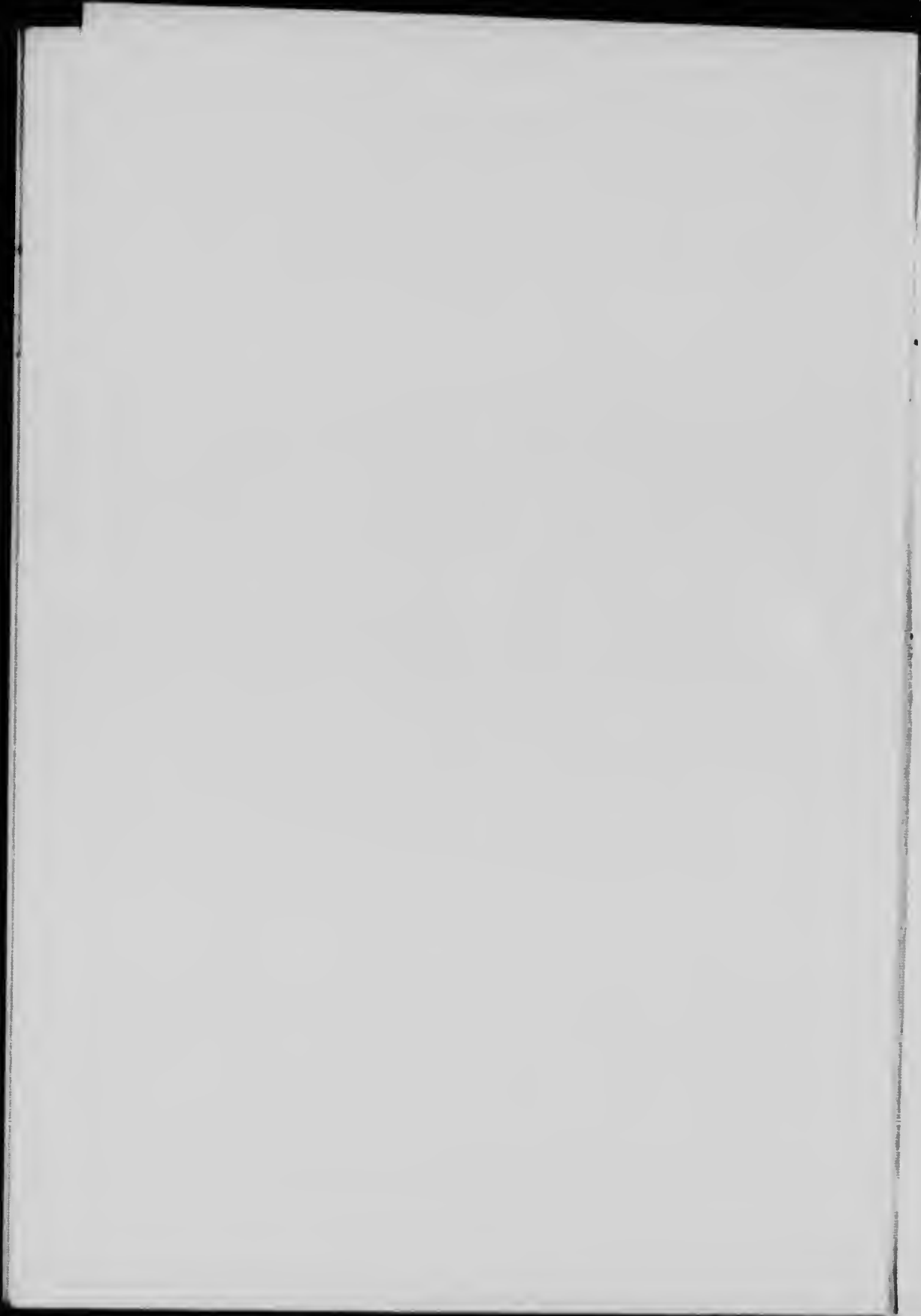
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**Poems of
Memory and Environment**



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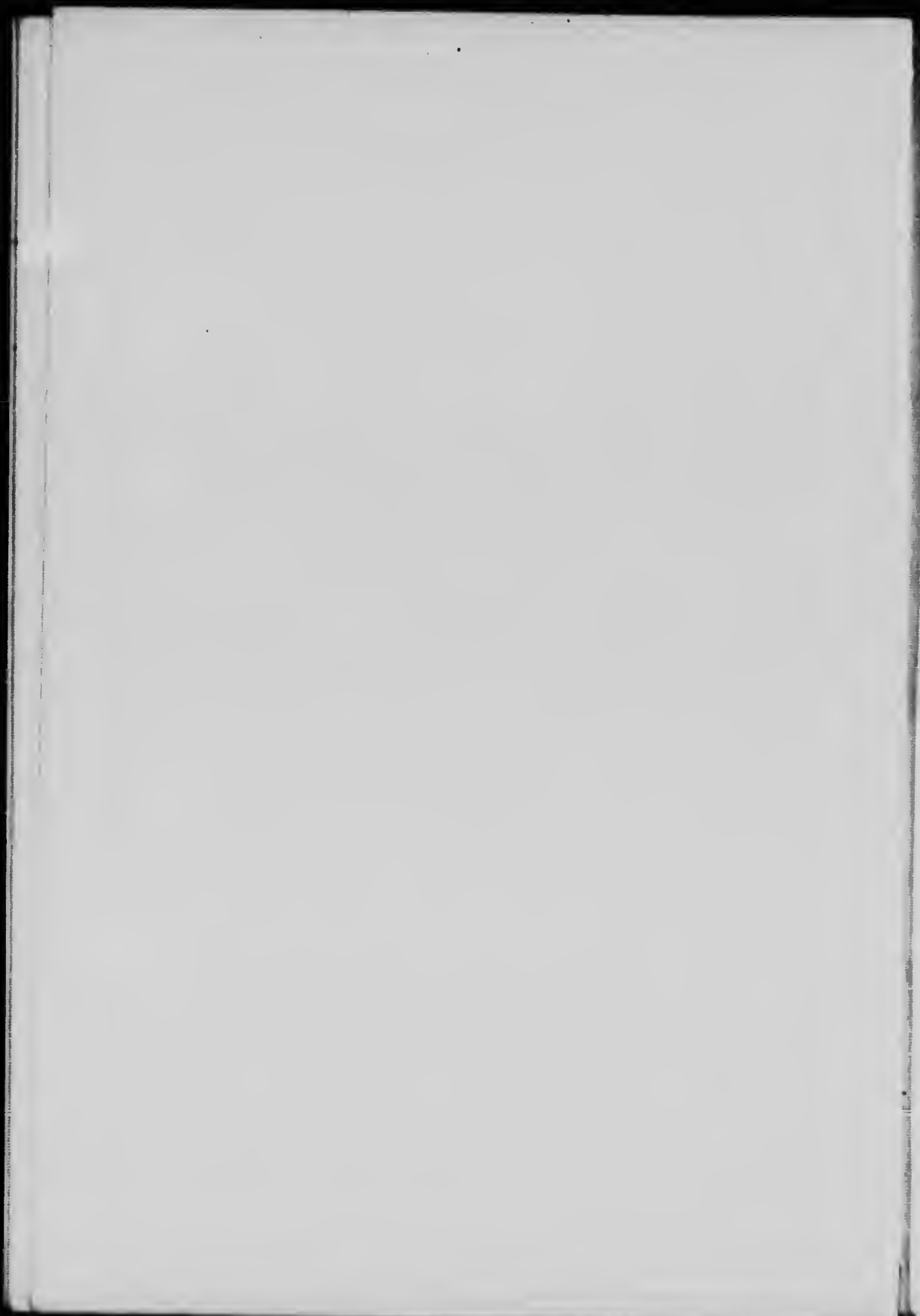
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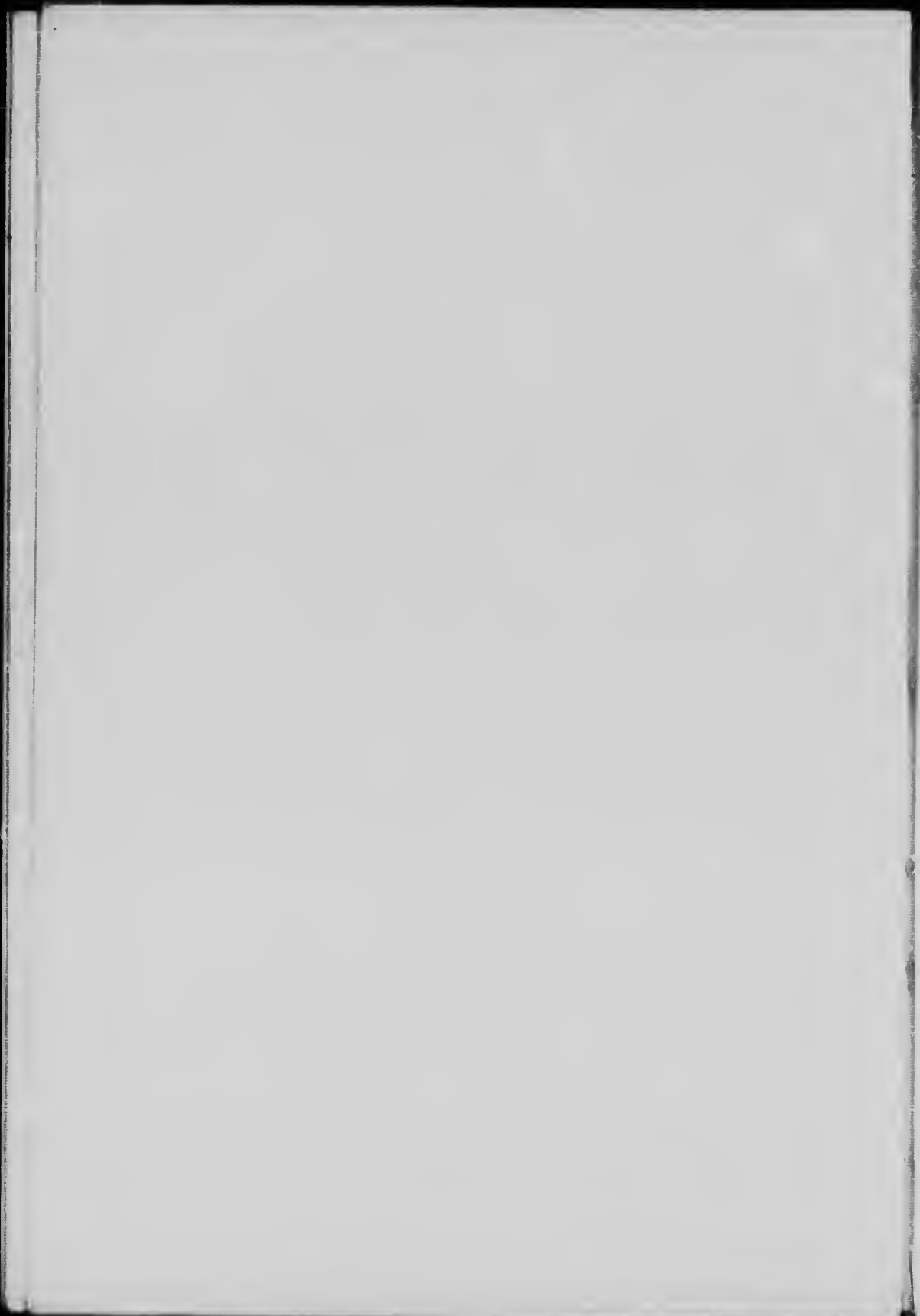
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**Poems of Memory and
Environment**



Morning

THE world is wakening with the cry
Of skylarks singing in the sky;
The sun is peeping o'er the hill,
The clouds of night are passing still;
The land in peace doth lie.

The kine are grazing on the plains,
Down in the valley green with rains;
Winds sway the maples as they pass,
The dew is glitt'ring on the grass,
Slow move the toiling wains.

Many such mornings on thee beam,
Canada, land of hope and dream!
Wide is thy sweep, and great thy store,
But thy sweet beauties please me more,—
True wealth to me they seem.

Southern Isles

O LAND of sunshine and glow,
'Mid southern seascapes fair!
O land of sweet-scented flowers
That grow everywhere!

Where southerly breezes blow—
Not winds of our northern clime—
Where frost and snow never go,
Nor mist, nor sleet, nor rime.

O clime of those fragrant isles!
How oft do we long for thy breath,
Sunk in the lonely hours
Of winters that seem like death.

O land of sunshine and glow,
'Mid southern seascapes fair!
O land of sweet-scented flowers
That grow everywhere!

A Winter Song

WHEN grey skies kiss the morn,
And arch the snow-bound land,
And wind-witches range forlorn
Over the trees they have banned.

Then, Spring, let my dreams be of you,
Of sunshine aglow thro' the day!
Of flowers that are no longer few,
And of smiles that drive Winter away!

The Bay

How often I have seen the bay,
At the breaking of the day,
Glitt'ring in the rising sun
Ere the tide its ebb has done!

Oft I've heard it sigh and call,
Ruffled by the wind all day,
Darting up the shingle wall;
Casting, seaward, silvery spray.

When the sun sinks in the west,
Falls its voice to murmur sweet;
Nor at midnight does it rest,
Still its wavelets shoreward beat.

England's Beauty

I THINK that England's beauty lies
Not only in her towers,
Her castles or her Gothic halls,
Nor in her rural bowers.

Her country scenes, her brooks and dells,
Her mountain, lake, or glen,
Give many a moment of delight
To charm her countrymen.

But beauty more lies in her ways—
She mothers all her men;
Her home is ever open wide,
As all her children ken.

Where'er her flag flies broad on high,
Good-will and freedom reign;
God bless the land I hold so dear,
And keep it free from stain.

Hunting

FROM Hutton Park the fox broke out,
 Close-hauled by dogs the best;
 A bonnier pack, a gamer pack,
 There's not from East to West.

The hunters follow, full thirty or more,
 In red coats, black and gray;
 And ladies, too, they are not few
 That join our sport this day.

Hark away! hark away! o'er hill and dale,
 Ploughland and grassland, too;
 The pace is a cracker, the fox is a whacker,
 Now for pluck and a view-halloo!

Hold tight! sit tight! the first jump we clear,
 By the next we have found our seats,
 And ride with ease, though we clip with our knees,
 And are ready for horsemanlike feats.

Good old fox! good old hounds! On a morning like
 this,
 With the sunshine aflood in the vale,
 You feel many a day in the bright month of May
 Before this one its glory might pale.

My Faithful Mare

SHE'S gone,—and a friend, a true friend, was she,
 Though not of human build;
 Yet high was my mare, my noble mare,
 In nature's most gallant guild.

How well she knew, when to many a meet
 We trotted our hunting way,
 She had to go smartly, and outpace the best,
 And gallop and trot all the day!

How free her moving, how sure her stride!
 As the dike with a bound she'd clear,
 At the cry of the horn, the hark! hark away!
 Her rider might cast away fear.

"A little 'un" they called her, but rare at the job,
 With a heart to beat many a bigger,
 And they wanted to buy her, but higher, still higher,
 I rose my prohibitive figure.

Not quite a thoroughbred, she; but still
 She had blood in her, sure enough.
 Blood always will tell, as it did in her,—
 Out of Prism by Macduff.

Farewell, Edenhall

(1901)

I LEAVE thee, leave thee, Edenhall.
Three years have past since first I came,
But well I know that days to come
Thy sweet remembrances will claim.

As thus I write a word of thee,
Thy beauty tears my heart in twain;
In other lands my sun may shine,
But thy sweet mem'ry ne'er shall wane.

A lovely revel of delight
Is in thy mountains, lakes and trees;
No sunlit glow or moonlit night
Shall ever show me sights like these.

Ah, Edenhall! Farewell, farewell;
And Cumberland I'm leaving, too.
Though three-score years pass o'er my head,
I'll every day remember you.

After the Storm

TOWARDS dawn there came a lull; the storm, spent out,
In angry agitation moved the waves,
And scattered clouds were driven across the moon,
Closely pursued by flocking myriads more.
A swarm of seabirds, swooping from the sky
With hungry cries, hovered around the wreck
Of a lost ship—drifted upon the strand—
Searching with beak and claw for storm-left prey.
Once more above the horizon comes the sun,
To view with solemn eye destruction's work;
Then hour by hour the wily, treacherous sea
Sinks calm to rest, and little wavelets clap
Their hands together, as in childish glee,
And, in the growing brilliance, scatter gems
Like diamonds, rubies, and all precious stones.
Anon a ship glides by in pomp of triumph;
The storm she has baffled, and a viet'ry won,—
But won at what a price! Her topmast gone.
Torn sails and battered bulwarks tell their tale.
But ah! there's more to tell:
Two weeks the raging storm had buffeted
Our gallant bark, that strove its way to find
Around the Horn, and almost strove in vain;

Then, when 'twas worst, there came a mighty wave,
And swept to darksome death our fair-haired boy
Of sixteen summers. Loved of all was he,
Life o' the ship and favorite of the crew,—
We scarce believed we ne'er should see him more.
Smile on, O treacherous sea, deceive us still,
Look calm and innocent as prattling babe,
But yet we know that oft thy touch is death.

Slumberland

A VOICE comes to my drowsy ear,
'Tis thrilling, sweet, and low;
A voice that sweeps my very soul
And makes my dull heart glow.

Then drifts it far away,
It sounds still faint but clear;
'Tis hers, my angel of a day,
Who lives no longer here.

Night's curtain opes at last,
Drawn by a mighty hand;
My happy dream is past—
I'm back from Slumberland.

The Angel's Whisper

SHE lay upon her little bed,
Her soul, so pure and good,
Looked through her eyes, as anxiously
Around her bed we stood.

"And am I going to die?" she said;
"Tell me where I shall go."
"To heaven above, where all is love,"
We gently whispered low;
But oh, our hearts were full of tears,
The while we strove to calm her fears!

It seemed to us so hard that she
Should leave this world so young;
Our saddened hearts belied the words
That rose upon the tongue;
But on her face a smile there grew
As if heaven's glory came in view.

"Yes I remember Him who said,
'Let children come to me';
I shall not fear the dark and cold
If Him I can but see,
For He will always be my friend
And guide me to my journey's end."

We marvelled much to hear her speak
In such assuring tone;
For first she seemed afraid and sad
To face the dark alone—
That lies between this path of dust
And that fair heaven we take on trust.

And then, with eyes still closed, she smiled;
Then opened them, and seemed
As if she saw some glorious sight,
Beyond what e'er was dreamed!
Breathless we gazed by that bedside.
As, with one peaceful sigh, she died.

A Mermaid

O LITTLE, little wavelet,
Splashing on the shore,
Sparkling in the sunlight,
Rolling evermore!

Come your sisters playing
With the seventh wave,
Bigger sisters saying
That they know a cave

Where the mermaids, riding
From the lucent tide,
Comb their locks of seaweed
As the waves they ride.

Lo! while I was looking
At the wavelets' play,
Rose a beauteous mermaid
In the light of day.

Eyes of mystic gleaming,
Woven seaweed hair,
Shiny, glistening shoulders,
Bosom soft and fair.

Mermaid, mystic mermaid,
Have you lost your way?
Have the 'wildering wavelets
Led you all astray?

But my mystic mermaid
Never deigned reply,
But, instead, sank quickly
From my eager eye.

Sank into the billow,
To return no more;
So I wander vainly,
By that wondrous shore.

The Shipwreck

THE wind doth rage most wildly,
The rain it patters down;
Fierce roars both sea and firmament,
All nature seems to frown.

There's danger on the water,
There's danger on the land,
For who could stand that cruel wind,
That tears both sea and strand?

High on the cliff, the coastguards
Gaze o'er the weltering sea;
For a laboring ship they see there—
What vessel may it be?

“Ho! boatswain, launch the lifeboat!
For see, she madly drives;
And the crew upon the rigging
Are climbing for their lives.”

“Aye! aye!” respond the boatmen;
“We are ready to save or die!”
And away on the maddened water
They go their fate to try.

"Pull hard, my hearty laddies,
The stoutest of England's brave;
Pray heaven your craft may get there,
Those storm-tossed men to save."

"Too late!" a saddened whisper,
Passed o'er the gazing crowd,
For a giant wave broke o'er the ship,
While roared the thunder loud.

And we looked across the billows
For that laboring ship in vain,
For she had sunk beneath the waves,
Never to rise again.

Back comes the fruitless lifeboat,
And sad its boatmen brave,
For well they know those storm-tossed men
Have found a seaman's grave.

Next morning, just at sunrise,
Two corpses washed ashore—
A cabin boy, and a mariner
Of sixty years and more.

Canada

ANOTHER song, dear Canada, we cheerful bring to thee,
 We sing thy varied beauties that stretch from sea to
 sea:
 The pine-clad, soaring Rockies; the prairies' golden
 sweep;
 And many a sounding waterfall where roaring waters
 leap.

We sing thy wide lake spaces, all dotted with thy ships,
 From where the sun arises to where it redly dips;
 We sing thy wealth of forests; the farmer's goodly
 store,
 And many a league of growing wheat where wheat ne'er
 grew before.

For when the seer, in olden time, turned a prophetic
 eye
 Upon the Land of Promise for the Chosen by and by,
 He painted nothing brighter than what around we see,
 And the dreams of many a poet are all fulfilled in thee.

There's room within thy borders for many a million
 more;
 People of many a land and tongue are welcome to our
 store;

For the Heaven that bends above us is as free to them
as us—
The Briton, the Galician, the German and the Russ.

And if no tale of riches in forest, field, and mine,
And in the lavish waters, was e'er so great as thine,
Forget not in thy fulness the Hand from whence they
came;
Still let thy temples be inscribed with God's most holy
Name.

The Orphan Boy

A BOY, with melancholy tread,
Trudged o'er the stretch of sand;
His face seemed full of anxious dread,
As one by nature banned.

Fair shines the sun, but in his heart
Is sad and brooding sorrow;
"Cheer up, my child, look not so sad;
All will be right to-morrow."

He shook his head: "My faithful dog
Will ne'er come back to me.
We buried him, two days ago,
In a grave beside the sea."

No friends had he, this orphan boy;
His father died at sea,
His mother to her grave had gone
When he was only three.

His uncle was a fisherman,
Who sailed the neighb'ring sea,
And left the boy with his spaniel dog
And a crone of seventy.

A dreary life it was, at best,
In their lonely cottage home;
And now no more his dog and he
Along the sands will roam.

He wanders aimless on and on,
To where the stretching sand,
Uncovered by the ebbing tide,
Spreads wide on every hand.

To where a rugged face of rock
Rises abrupt and sheer;
So steep it is, it well might make
The boldest climber fear.

That wand'ring boy, full well he knew
The tricky, crawling tide,
For many a day he had been there,
And paced those sands so wide.

But now he is distraught, nor sees
The tide ebbs out no more;
The sea is flowing quickly in,
And covering the shore.

Fast, fast he runs, but ere he gains
That face of rugged rock,
His feet are wetted by the sea,
And seabirds round him flock.

With desperate steps he tries to climb
Above the rising wave;
The task was hard: the precipice
But little foothold gave.

THE ORPHAN BOY

All out of breath he gains a crag,
And rests a little space;
The surging waters rise amain,
They give him little grace.

Hand over hand he tries once more,
But still the tide doth rise;
At last he thinks his end has come,—
“O, save me, Lord!” he cries.

As if in answer to his prayer,
There comes a boat in sight;
The boatman’s rowing quick and well,
He sees the boy’s sad plight.

“Thank God, I’m not too late,” he said,
As nearer still he came;
And soon his nephew in the boat
Reclined his wearied frame.

For ’twas his uncle’s lot that day
To save that orphan boy;
And often does the story still
His ready tongue employ.

And those who see that precipice,
And mark its beetling side,
May well feel glad they’re not hemmed in
By an incoming tide.

Life

WE have sailed the quiet waters,
We have sailed on the angry seas,
We have trod the up-hill places,
Through the quiet shade of trees.

On the whole we march unfriended,
The steeps we climb alone;
We may reach the top, or stumble,
With none to hear us moan.

Alone we must fight our battles,
Raising no cry for cheer,
For the world looks on with a cynic laugh
At the heart that sinks with fear.

But if with a will we conquer,
The world gives us loud acclaim,
And loudly sounds our praises
With the brazen trump of fame.

Sadness

A TIME comes—a sad time—
 When the heart seems dead within one,
 And mournful thoughts roll through the mind,
 Burying those that are brighter;
 But let us bear this mental stress—
 No life is ever without it;
 For a sea may rage for a day or more,
 Then calmly smooth its billows:
 So nature ruled our lives to be,
 And we must live them patiently.

Song of the North Wind

O, SING me a song of the North Wind,
 A joyous and frolicsome song;
 I am tired of the calm of the tropics,
 All day for the Northland I long.

O, sing to me, dearest, and tell me,
 Of the wind that blows keen o'er the hill,
 That races along o'er the ocean,
 The sails of the boatman to fill.

Away 'mid the pines of the Northland,
 I can fancy I hear it roar,
 While the ripples laugh ever around us,
 And break on an alien shore.

Song of Winter

I HEAR the wind about the house;
It whistles high, it whistles low;
It moans along the corridors
A mournful song of long ago.

O wind that comest from the north,
What is the tale that thou dost tell?
"I come from tombs of bygone years,
That in the snow I've buried well."

The ground lies white about the house,
The snow comes down—a feathery shroud—
The north wind shakes the frozen trees,
And racks them till they groan aloud.

The sky is dark above the earth,
It seems the world is at an end;
All joy seems past: I feel like one
Without a lover or a friend.

Love

SWEETHEART dear of mine,
 'd must I be without thee;
 O, turn not thy face away,
 One tender look give me!

O, go not far away,—
 'Twould break my heart in twain;
 Put thou thy hands in mine,
 Let not my love be vain!

Once, when thou wentest far,
 Thy dear face haunted me;
 It came to me in dreams;
 In sleep I still saw thee.

My all I give to thee—
 My heart, my very life!
 Why not give thine to me?
 Be, dear one, sweetheart—wife!

Sunset and Color

A BUTTERFLY wavers light across the stream,
 Like a wing'd flower; in gorgeous pomp of hue,
 Purple, and gold, and green, its colors seem
 To mimic those that in the west I view,
 Where sunset blazes like a glorious dream.

A miracle of splendid, rose-diffusing light,
 The sun sinks slowly o'er the floral wold.
 Patches of blue above; turquoise, and silver bright;
 Bands of rich purple; colors manifold,
 The pearl, the topaz, and the chrysolite.

A white-breast, perched on yonder bough,
 Sings forth amid the glow her evening song,
 And my lone heart with music doth endow;
 And thoughts of thee, sweet love, away so long,
 Stream o'er my soul; would thou wert with me now!

A Calm at Sea

To the horizon's verge
The waves lie sleeping,
While we, upon the deck,
Our watch are keeping.

O, blow, ye breezes, blow!
Awake the billows;
Your play will not disturb
Our seamen's pillows.

The sails, across the mast,
Listless are drooping;
While, all around the ship,
Seagulls are trooping.

Only their peevish cry
Our stillness varies;
We'd welcome other birds:
Send Mother Cary's!

O, blow, ye north winds, blow!
Truce to this waiting;
This calm, as if of death,
We all are hating!

