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## THE LAND OF THE NORTH.

BY

R. G. HALIBURTON, F. S. A.

"For fiery, fierce and fickle is the South,  
But loving, dark, and tender is the North."

Leaves were flying,  
Falling and sighing,  
Fading and dying,  
Under the maple trees;  
Under the trees I heard,  
Was it the leaves that stirred?  
Voice of a fay or bird  
Saying to me,  
Singing this pitiful song to me,  
'Away! away!  
We must not stay;  
Away,  
Across the sea!  
And every note  
My heart it smote.  
Till I wept at the wail of the little birdie,  
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I heard,  
That sang to me thus with the voice of a  
bird.

'Farewell to the North, the stern, cold  
North,  
The home of the brave and the strong,  
To the true, the trusting, tender North,  
Dear land of love and song!  
Hark! Winter drear  
It comes a-near,  
We dare not linger long.

There's a path in the air, man may not  
know,  
That guides us o'er the main;  
And a voice in the winds, man may not  
hear,  
Will call us home again,  
When the winter dies,  
And the west wind sighs  
To hear the linnet's strain.

In the South, the fierce, the fickle South,  
No voice of song is heard;  
Though the oriole, like a sunbeam, flits  
With many a radiant bird  
Through the mangrove's shade,  
No leafy glade  
By tuneful notes is stirred.

Hark! Through the sleeping forest rings  
The campanola's chime.\*  
It calls in vain for the matin hymn  
That wakes the Northern clime;  
How can we sing  
Home songs of spring,  
Or the notes of summer time?

We silent seek the lonely homes  
Of a long-forgotten race;  
Through voiceless streets our wings are  
heard,

\* A Southern bird whose silvery note so closely resembles the ring of a bell, as to have earned for it the name of the Campanola,—(the little bell).  
It is a fact well known to naturalists, that our song-birds, during their migrations to the South, lose to a great extent the gift of song.

And many a stream we trace  
From its unknown source,  
In its downward course,  
Till it dimples the ocean's face.

At length the weary wanderers  
A whispering murmur hear,  
Like the pent up moan of a mother's heart,  
Or the sigh of a sister dear.  
'Tis a voice from home;  
Glad spring has come!  
'Tis the sigh of the North we hear.

Homeward over the salt sea waves,  
We rest mid sunny isles,  
Where the earth and the sky are ever  
bright,  
And the ocean ever smiles;  
But the North whispers 'come  
To your home, sweet home!'  
And we fly from the sunny isles.

We rest on the spars of the stately barque,  
And songs of the North we sing,  
Till the mariners weep in their dreams  
with joy,  
As they hear the voice of spring,  
And the linnets' strain  
Steals o'er the main,  
And the song which they heard us sing;

We have come to the North, the stern  
cold North,  
The home of the brave and strong,  
To the true, the trusting, fender North,  
Dear land of love and song!

Under the oak trees lying,  
Budding leaves I see,  
Winter is dead,  
Tassels of red  
Burst from the maple tree ;  
And the robins and linnets are echoing  
back  
The song of the little birdie,  
' We have come,  
We have come  
To the land of our home,  
From far across the sea ;  
We have come,  
We have come,  
And the wood whisper ' come,'  
And my heart it says ' come' to the little  
birdie,  
For I knew 'twas the spirit of song I  
heard,  
That sang to me thus with the voice of a  
bard.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
Nov. 28, 1888.