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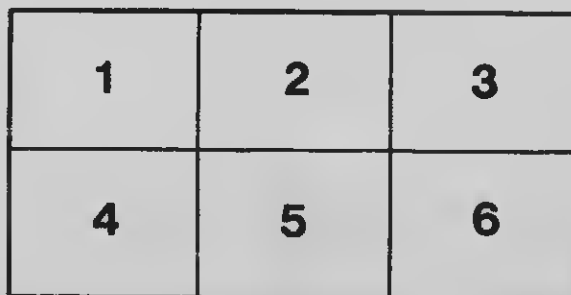
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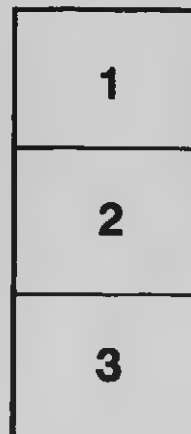
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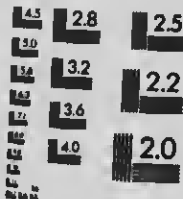
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OKANAGAN

By D. E. HATT, M. A.



OKANAGAN



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PROLOGUE

Muse of the Okanagan, seldom sought,
To lofty strains of song I tempt Thee not,
But help me sir, the common life of man
From that far time when human feet began
To tread Thy Vale, and that more distant day,
Ere man arrived, when Forest Nymphs held sway.

The graceful contour and the varied height
Of Thy fair Hills, aglow with golden light,
Thy level Lake now mirrors: show to me,
In even narrative simplicity
Summits of song uprising, that shall make
Copy, though crude, of Thy beloved Lake.

And though what time the maddened gale shrieks by
The angry Lake foams toward an angry sky,
And where the wholly pure in heart might dream,
Passions of men provoke the wrath Supreme,
Calm Thou the storm, hid human passions cease,
Let Lake and Song at last both mirror Peace.

PART I--WHEN NYMPHS HELD SWAY

Earth-quake and huge eruption yielded place
To storm and flood, and Nature's rugged face,
Smoothed by erosion, smiled, and grasses grew,
And forest trees, and flowers of every hue;
In headlong brooks and gentler flowing rills,
The Lake drew tribute from surrounding hills.

The crystal waters teemed with leaping trout
And golden-throated songsters flashed about,
The lordly buck led forth his fearless herd
To luscious pasture; never heast nor bird
Had dread of human foe, for man was not
When Heaven first smiled upon this lovely spot.

Fair Forest Nymphs held undisputed sway
O'er hill and vale, in that enchanted day:
Poetic Fancy, chastely wed to Truth
Engat them dowered with immortal youth,
Fit playmates of that loveliest creature, Light,
Whose twin is Beauty—Angel more than sprite.

When rose the morning star to greet the dawn,
And waking doe awoke her tender fawn,
Soft zephyrs breathed sweet Morning-Song among
The vibrant boughs, and wakened birds took tongue;
Then woke the Nymphs and from their secret bower
Thus sang to greet the rosy dawning hour.

HERALD IT ROSY DAWN

See how the arrows of light
Piercing the armor of night
Crimson the dawn.
Rally the shadows in vain,
They, like their leader, are slain,
Day comes in triumph to reign,
Herald it rosy dawn.

Kissed by thy wakening beam
Flushes each fountain and stream,
Oh lovely dawn!
Wake, wake, slumber no more,
Darkness and dreaming are o'er,
Life's growing day lies before,
Herald it rosy dawn.

The singing ceased, and in the growing dawn
Stood forth the Queen of Nymphs revealed upon
Her sylvan throne; the freshened morning breeze
That gossiped with the wakened forest trees
Now sank to silence, as in upraised hand,
Singing, she lightly poised her magic wand.

AGLOW ARE THE HILLS

Ablaze, ablaze, in the sun's first rays,
Stands the harbinger of dawn,
Aglow, aglow, are the hills below,
While the vale still slumbers on;
Agleam, agleam, is the mountain stream,
And the birds in their boughs awake,
Ablush, ahlush, in the early hush,
Is the face of the mirrored lake.

Aloft, aloft, the breezes soft,
Now whisper to the pines,
Afar, afar the morning star
Fades as the night declines;

Arise, arise the darkness dies,
The banners of day advance,
Appear, appear, from far and near,
'Tis time for the Nymphs to dance.

Down came the magic wand in rhythmic stroke
And, instant, wondrous strains of music woke;
Their filmy garments draping form most fair,
While slender vine caught back their flowing hair,
Floated the Nymphs forth as the summons rang,
And in the mazy dance they swayed and sang.

LIGHTLY, SPRIGHTLY DANCING

Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Now at thy call appearing,
Filling the forest with glee,
Dancing when day is nearing;
Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Filling the dawn entrancing,
Sliding, gliding, happy and free,
Lightly, sprightly, dancing.

Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Playmates of Light and Beauty,
Weaving our garlands of glee,
Gladness our only duty;
Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Filling the dawn entrancing,
Laughing, chaffing, happy and free,
Lightly, sprightly dancing.

Thus danced the Nymphs and sang their harmonies
Upon that flowered spot amidst the trees,
Then mimicking the echoes in their mood,
They sang with oft-recurring interlude,
Beyond expression blest the ravished ear
Of man had it been privileged to hear.

ECHO AWAY

O list—list,
In the vale—vale,
Where the mist—mist
Lieth pale—pale,
A mimicking cry—cry,
Answering clear—clear,
It is I—I, I—I,
Here—here, here—here.

O hear—hear,
From the steeps—steeps,
Loud and clear—clear,
How it sweeps—sweeps,
That mimicking cry—cry,
Answering clear—clear,
It is I—I, I—I,
Here—here, here—here.

Echo away—away, away—away, away—away,
Echo away—away, away—away, away—away.

PART II—NYMPHS AND NATIVES

How keen was their delight whose eager eyes
First gazed upon this Western Paradise,
As fair as that which Holy Adam trod,
And all as much the handiwork of God;
Had Hebrew Saint this Valley first explored
His cry had been, "The Garden of the Lord!"

Care-free the natives lived, and mid these hills
Loitered or hunted at their own sweet wills,
The earth, without their labor, yielding food,
Berries and roots and herbs in plenitude,
Streams swarmed with fish, in every grassy glade,
And on the slopes, the deer fed, unafraid.

Nature to them her hidden ways revealed,
Their pains were eased, their wounds were quickly
healed,

And, as her secrets ever they explored,
Her most delicious sweets were their reward;
No cause the Forest Nymphs had to complain
Of such invasion of their fair domain.

Amid the forest trees, with eyes downcast,
A lovely daughter of the woodland passed
Disconsolate, the bliss for which she pined
She knew not where to seek, nor how to find.
The Wood-Nymphs, sympathetic, hovered near
And whispered words of comfort in her ear.

Rhythmic her movements were and fair her face,
And all her form bespoke a gentle grace
Of spirit; her dark tresses, loosely tied,
Fell o'er her shoulders; oft she paused and sighed,
And while soft strains of music breathed along
The growing lines she sang this plaintive song.

LONELY AM I

Soft is the sunlight o'er valley and hill,
Sweet is the music of streamlet and rill,
Yet am I lonely, life is a sigh,
Lonely, so lonely am I.

Fair are the flowers that garland the ground,
Sweet are the songsters that warble around,
Yet I am lonely, ever I cry
"Lonely, so lonely am I."

Tell me, Ye Wood-Nymphs, must I be lone,
Midst all these beauties, shudder and moan,
Must I be lonely, longing to die,
Lonely, so lonely am I?

She passed, attended by the Nymphs unseen,
E'er came to view a Chief of noble mien,
Sturdy of limb and moulded to the form
That scales the heights and braves the fiercest storm;
The glowing heat that warmed his ardent breast
Flamed forth as thus he sang his eager quest.

WHERE SHALL I SEEK?

Answer, ye trees, with arms spread in blessing,
Under your shadow my passion confessing,
Lo I am listening, will ye not speak?
Where shall I seek, where shall I seek?

Answer, ye hills, that tower around me,
Where is the maiden whose magic hath bound me?
None is so gentle, guileless and meek;
Where shall I seek, where shall I seek?

Answer, O Sun, that now shinest o'er me,
 Where on the way that lieth before me
 Soft winds of heaven are fanning her cheek,
 Where shall I seek, where shall I seek?

The nymphs constrain the maiden to retrace
 Her footsteps, and the lovers, face to face,
 While flowers fling their fragrance to the breeze
 And songsters warble in the forest trees,
 Beneath the spell of passion pure and strong
 Pour forth their hearts, thus, in responsive song.

THOU SHALT BE MINE

"Vision of splendor, why wearest thou
 The shadow of grief on thy beautiful brow?"

"Lonely and sad, I mourn as a dove,
 No one to love me, no one to love."

"Wilt thou be mine, ever be mine?"

"Thine, thine will I be."

"Thou shalt be mine, I shall be thine.

Mine, mine shalt thou be."

"Fairest of creatures, mine shalt thou be
 While shines the sun on mountain and lea."

"High is my joy as heaven above,
 Someone to love me, someone to love."

"Now thou are mine, ever art mine."

"Thine, thine let me be."

"Thou shalt be mine, I shall be thine.

Mine, mine shalt thou be."

Rejoiced, the Nymphs behold the happy scene,
 And dance with smiling faces round their Queen;
 Transported to the regions of pure bliss,
 The lovers seal their vows with rapturous kiss.
 Unseen, the Nymphs now form a magic ring,
 And waft the twain away, the while they sing:

Echo away—away, away—away, away—away,
 Echo away—away, away—away, away—away.

Soft echoes breathed beneath the listening trees,
 Like fragrance born afar on summer breeze,
 Then ceased. With stirring tones to echoes dear
 Resounding through the forest, far and near,
 Came, singing, flower of his noble race,
 A Chief, caparisoned as for the chase.

THE CHASE

Up at the dawn, let us begone,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase,
There's light in the skies, comrades arise,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.
'Tis breaking of day, let us away,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Afar, afar o'er hill and dale
We'll follow still the freshened trail,
And should the fiercest beast appear
We'd front him with the bow and spear,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Alert, alert we follow on,
To evening shade from early dawn,
And should a foeman cross our path
Let him beware relentless wrath,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Up at the dawn, let us begone,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase,
There's light in the skies, comrades arise,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.
'Tis breaking of day, let us away,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

So lived, amid these hills, the Native Race,
Their sole concern in life Love and the Chase;
Children of Nature, learned in all her lore,
With plenty for to-day nor thought of more;
Beloved of Nymphs, nor gifted to foresee
That discord soon would mar life's harmony.

INTERLOGUE

Forsook the Queen of Nymphs her restless cot
To seek, at midnight hour, her favored spot
Beneath the trees, whose myriad-needed crown
Half stayed the moonlight as it sifted down,
And there, in tones subdued, melodiously,
Thus uttered forth her deep soliloquy.

SOLILOQUY OF THE QUEEN OF NYMPHS

Peaceful has been our life amid these hills
Vocal with song of birds and splashing rills,
No hint was there of tempest soon to break—
Like the calm surface of the mirrored Lake,
When, sudden, all its flashing splendors pale
And Fury rides upon the raging gale.

Oppressed am I with terrors undefined
That prey forever on my sleepless mind,
So come I forth alone to meditate
Upon the laws of life ordained by Fate;
Let lesser minds find rest in slumber deep,
I ponder problems that are foes to sleep.

Oft have I seen the swift-descending shrike,
And heard the rattler warn in act to strike.
Must discord mar the music's stately strain
In Nature's symphony, Pleasure wed Pain?
Must man front brother man like maddened brute?
Oh, then ye Nymphs, hush every tuneful lute.

What strife shall be upon these lovely slopes
Must we relinquish all our cherished hopes?
Nay, though at dawn of day I lead my band
To some more peaceful, though less lovely land,
We shall return, when gentler breezes blow,
And skies are clear; kind Fate has willed it so.

Thus have I seen the nightly tempest sweep,
In lightning flash and thunder, down the steep,
While heaven's open windows poured the rain
Until the arid soil grew moist again;
A jeweled dawn breathed through the halmy air
And song-birds trilled and flowers were everywhere.

Let come the times of stress if fairer dawn
Break on the world when storm and night are gone.
The Nymphs withdraw, to wait a fairer day,
Nor grudge rude Force its temporary sway.
We shall return, what time we cannot tell,
And till that morning dawns, Sweet Vale, farewell!

PART III—THE NYMPHS IN EXILE

Scarce had the Nymphs departed when a band
Of men, gold-lured, came from an alien land—
The grieving Muse forsakes a rifted lute
And Nature's myriad harmonies are mute
When higher things appeal to men in vain,
To beauty blind, with one ambition, gain

They ransacked every mountain in their greed
Of gold, nor ever offered humble meed
Of praise to Him who strewed the precious dust
To be a legacy, not satiate men's lust;
As those who delve for pirate plunder they
Irreverently filched earth's wealth away.

Shovel and pan were worked with fevered zeal
For glittering gold the gravel might conceal,
Earth's flesh was pierced in eager hope of gain
From some deep-hidden wealth in secret vein,
That fabled source of wonderful renown,
Whose overflow gold-bearing sands brought down.

Oft there was anger, bringing bloody strife,
And careless toll of precious human life,
Until the Natives, angered to the soul,
Sought vengeance, taking toll of life for toll;
Then grew the stoutest-hearted men alarmed,
And journeyed but in bands and fully armed.

Meanwhile the exiled Nymphs, importunate,
Prayed ever for their overthrow, to Fate,
Who, hearing, bade the grudging gravel cease
Its slender tribute, and made such increase
Of danger as men could not long endure;
Thus they departed and returned no more.

PART IV—THE DAWN OF A BETTER DAY

Grant, Muse, a lute unrifted while I sing
The days heroic when the Cattle King
First spread his growing herds o'er all the land,
Meeting the Natives with an open hand,
Beneath whose rule a better day now dawned,
Justice his only law, his word his bond.

At close of day around the camp-fire bright,
The saddle-horses hobbled for the night,
The herd in slumber and the watches set,
In pleasant mood the cattlemen oft met,
Their hearty music made the welkin ring
The very hills rejoiced to hear them sing.

Their Leader, genial as his heart was bold,
Brawny and big—cast in heroic mould,
With spurs and woolly chaps and leathern quirt
And broad-brimmed hat and beaded buckskin shirt,
His black-snake whip coiled in his heavy hand,
Sang thus to his admiring cowboy band.

ECHO YE HILLS AROUND

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

Free is our life as the mountain breeze,
Our home is a camp-fire under the trees,
Trout from the stream and bunch of deer,
Juicy steaks from the fresh-killed steer,
Wandering, pasturing everywhere,
Free is the life we live.

Bold are our hearts and our arms are strong,
Sleepless our eyes when the watch is long,
Let him beware who blocks our way,
Danger is rife where lightnings play,
Fierce is the lion robbed of his prey,
Free is the life we live.

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

Where all was still hill shouts to hill
Our loud Haloo—haloo,
Then faint but clear again we hear
Haloo—haloo—haloo.
If foothold fail on narrow trail

The canyon's dismal gloom
Yawns underneath as deep as death
To seal and veil our doom.

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

The music echoed through the hills around
And many a distant cliff threw back the sound.
Responsive chords in every cowboy's breast
Lent to sincere applause peculiar zest,
And undiminished still their clamor rang
Until their Chief stood forth once more and sang.

THE HERD ASLEEP

The stars gleam bright and a perfect night
Lays its spell on vale and hill,
The herd are asleep in slumber deep
And the sough of the pines is still,
The coyotes cry but they come not nigh
For they know the watch we keep,
And the rifle's bark in the dawn or dark
When we guard the herd asleep.

Rough men are we and our life is free
As the winds of our mountain home,
Not for us a bed nor a pillowed head,
And our roof is the starlit dome,
We will ride or fight either day or night,
And our word as our oath we keep,
So molest us not and you won't get shot
When we guard the herd asleep.

When came the time that merriment must end
And sleep, of man and beast, alike, the friend,
Be sought, their Leader with unwonted zest
Began the song the cowboys love the best;
They, as with one accord took up the strain,
And sang with him their favourite refrain.

**THERE ARE NO MAVERICKS
HERE**

We are men of the mountain,
Bred to the open air,
Reckon us in when you're countin'
As able to do our share,
For we'd punch a snarling cougar
As quick as we'd punch a steer,
For we all bear the brand
Of the Okanagan Land,
And there are no Mavericks here.

While we follow the cattle,
Over the dusty trail
Often we hear the rattle
That makes a stout heart quail,
But we'd face a striking rattler
As quick as we'd face a steer,
For we all bear the brand
Of the Okanagan Land,
And there are no Mavericks here.

Here's to our life in the open,
Here's to our spurs and cinch,
Same to our horse, and here's hopin'
They never will fail in a pinch,
And we'd rope a raging grizzly
As quick as we'd rope a steer,
For we all bear the brand
Of the Okanagan Land,
And there are no Mavericks here.

The singing ceased and all sat still a space
A look of earnest thought on every face,
Then, with alacrity, began prepare
Their simple couches in the open air,
And slumbered soundly till the dawning ray
Brought light and labor of another day.

Thus roamed the Cattlemen o'er hill and dale
And followed still along the open trail.
Some, with affection, looked upon the face
Of soft-eyed women of the Native Race,
Whence sprang a sturdy breed of mingled blood,
Trained to the town but wedded to the wood.

Meanwhile came men whose sweet, home-making
wives
Fostered and nurtured more domestic lives
And children played and sang with beasts and birds,
And life was filled with gentle deeds and words,
While infant orchard grew upon the slopes
And men toiled on and cherished highest hopes.

PART V—THE NYMPHS RETURN

Upon a fertile slope hard by a wood
A group of flowers through the summer stood,
Them autumn clad in robes of sombre brown,
And long they stood ere winter cut them down.
At length he made his fiercest breezes blow,
And where they fell heaped high his drifted snow.

Brief is his triumph in this sunny land
Where rigors are by kindly Nature banned.
Soon, confident of triumph, Spring appears
To challenge him whom every flower fears,
And, boldly summoning her magic powers,
She breaks his spell and wakes the sleeping flowers.

Aroused from slumber in its snowy bed
Each flower now lifts up its dainty head,
Then, leaving sombre garments, all in white,
They rise, and sway, a fascinating sight,
And as they sway in concert thus they sing
A song of love and grateful praise to Spring.

HAIL TO THEE SPRING

Sweetly we sing, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!
Friend of the flowers, Foe of the cold,
Thy magic powers never grow old,
Gladly we sing, Hail to thee Spring!
Hail, Hail, Hail!

Let the notes ring, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!
Herald of Summer, Child of the Sun,
Great Overcomer, Conquering One,
Our notes shall ring, Hail to thee Spring!
Hail, Hail, Hail!

While thus the flowers are singing low and sweet,
With waving hands, but still unmoving feet,
Appears the Queen of Nymphs, and waves her wand
Above the sweetly-singing Flower Band,
And, instant, all are free, then in a ring
They dance and frolic with delighted Spring.

Dancing we sing, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!
Lovely thy features, Beautiful One,
Friend of all creatures under the Sun,
Dancing we sing, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!

The Nymphs, returned from exile, with their Queen,
Now hail with boundless joy the lovely scene
That lies before them, homes and orchards fair,
With peace and gladness reigning everywhere,
Weaned from the forest to the orchard trees,
She now unfolds their higher destinies.

YE SHALL BE BLOSSOMS

Ye shall be blossoms and garland the trees,
Wafting your fragrance afar on the breeze,
In her fair bosom each shall enfold
Promise of treasure greater than gold.

Ye shall be blossoms, and when blossoms fall
Let each discover a task great or small,
Cheering the Orchardist, guarding the fruit—
Better is this than the dance and the lute.

Ye shall be blossoms, let each choose her tree,
And copy the blossom she wishes to be,
Spring is advancing, we must not delay,
Nature is calling, now hasten away.

The Nymphs, obedient to their Queen's behest,
Now dart away upon their eager quest,
Each one to find her home within the tree
She fancies most, or thinks it best to be;
Returning with the blossoms each has found,
They sing, in merry mood, and dance around.

THESE WE PROMISE YOU

All the world is fresh and fair,
Fragrance fills the balmy air,
Blossoms, blossoms, everywhere,
Plenty promise you.

Apples golden, apples red,
Peaches—sweetness perfected—
Cherries, pears, plums, apricots,
These we promise you.

Earth resounds with music rare,
Now is Nature's heart laid bare,
Blossoms, blossoms, everywhere,
Plenty promise you.

Apples golden, apples red,
Peaches—sweetness perfected—
Cherries, pears, plums, apricots,
These we promise you.

And never men beheld on plants or trees
Flowers or blossoms lovelier than these,
Their beauty wedded to a golden heart,
Gifted to sing by magic fairy art;
Men heard their promise of the fruit to be
And lavished love and care on every tree.

Then sang an Orchardist this cheerful song
Of pleasant labor all the summer long
Among the trees responsive to his toil,
The genial climate and the fertile soil,
And as he sang and labored unaware,
The Nymphs made all his trees their constant care.

MY TREES

When Winter's cold is ended and Spring is
drawing near
I dream of bees and clover till roused by
chanticleer,
A hearty breakfast finished, I scorn to sit at
ease,
So forth I fare, with pleasure, prepared to
prune my trees.

The pleasant days of springtime will quickly
pass away,
So I must up and at it to labor while I
may,
And when the frosty weather no more the
soil can freeze
I hitch my waiting horses and plough
among my trees.

The little cares and worries are sometimes
hard to bear,
But life's not worth the living without the
spice of care,
When hope says "Keep on smiling," my
warming heart agrees,
And with a cheerful courage I spruce my
budding trees.

The blossoms come in clusters on every
spur and shoot,
The branches all are loaded with green and
growing fruit,
Then is the time to labor as busy as the
bees,
And forth I go determined to thin my loaded
trees.

Then when the sun grows hotter and clouds
forget the sky,
The plants are drooped and withered, the
soil is hot and dry,
I seek my dusty orchard, despite the scorch-
ing breeze,
And open up the ditches to irrigate my
trees.

Weeds are a common nuisance, they grow
on every hand,
A deadly foe to orchards and cumberers of
the land,
I keep the harrows going, careless of aching
knees,
And with a cheerful courage I cultivate my
trees.

I covet not great riches such as some men
possess,
I have my little orchard, ten acres, more or
less,
If this were taken from me naught else on
earth could please,
For I could never tell you how much I love
my trees.

The singer passed upon his cheerful way,
And Summer, also, passed, bringing the day
Of Harvest Home, and shouting filled the air,
As groups of happy harvesters drew near
To gather in, a treasure trove indeed,
The ripened fruit, of honest toil the meed.

GATHER THE GOLDEN STORE

Matrons and maidens, men and boys—
Gather the golden store—
Share together the harvest joys
Found in the out-of-door;
Thrilling life from the balmy air
Enters at every pore,
Health and plenty are everywhere,
Gather the golden store.

Gather the golden store
Till all the harvest is o'er,
With laughter and song,
The whole day long,
We gather the golden store.

Weary the waiting for trees to grow—
Gather the golden store—
Years were long and the seasons slow,
But now the waiting is o'er,
Boughs are bending beneath a weight,
They never have borne before,
Great the harvest, the joy is great,
Gather the golden store.

Gather the golden store
Till all the harvest is o'er,
With laughter and song,
The whole day long,
We gather the golden store.

As moved the happy harvesters about
With many a merry jest and noisy shout,
Came all the Nymphs around their joyous Queen
And mingled with the peaceful harvest scene;
Men felt the Presence that they could not see,
And wondered what this mystic thing might be.

Then fell a hush on all their noise and jest,
And deep emotion stirred in every breast;
The Nymphs stood silent, grouped about their Queen,
Who drew all eyes, though still by men unseen;
Then spake She, and Her voice was sweet and clear
As bugle note, while all grew tense to hear.

ADDRESS OF THE QUEEN OF NYMPHS

Queen of the Forest Nymphs was my proud name
E'er to this Vale men of rude manners came,
Forgetting good, and drove to exile me,
And all my Nymphs, but now returned are we,
Once more in this enchanted spot to dwell,
Amid the scenes the Nymphs all love so well.

Now Queen of Orchards am I, and, with me,
My Nymphs shall make their care each orchard tree
To you I grant the boon, a moment's space
Of looking on each Orchard Nymph's fair face:
Behold us, Creatures of the world unseen,
These are your Helpers, and I am their Queen.

My magic has enabled you to see,
Behind the veil that men call mystery,
Life's hidden forces, here personified
As Orchard Nymphs, with all your toil allied,
The plunderer may load himself with spoil,
But wealth he never knew requites your toil.

Lost in amazement at the wondrous scene,
All did obeisance to the Orchard Queen,
And to her lovely Nymphs, unknown till then
As unseen sharers in the toils of men.
Then wonder ceased, at what was here revealed,
And grew, that it had ever been concealed.

Then, ere the Nymphs departed from their view,
A wave of deep emotion thrilled them through,
And gratitude to that great Source of Light
Whose highest things are hid from mortal sight,
And, marvelling at all His wondrous ways,
They joined with Nymphs and sang this hymn of
praise.

TO HIM BE PRAISE.

To Him Who was before all thought,
By Whom created things were wrought,
And without Whom there could be naught,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Who gave the sun's clear light,
The moon and stars to cheer the night,
And all fair things that charm the sight,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Who made these lovely bowers
Among the hills, the birds and flowers,
And gave us all that we call ours,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose springtime melts the snow,
Whose summer makes the harvests grow,
From Whom all autumn blessings flow,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose law is love alone,
Who calls those humble ones His own
That cleave the wood and lift the stone,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose wisdom has decreed
A full supply for every need,
Knowledge of Whom makes free indeed,
BE PRAISE.

The vision faded as the anthem ceased,
A moment, from the magic spell released,
The Harvesters stood, lost in lofty thought,
As loath to leave this most enchanted spot,
Then, slowly turning, went their several ways,
One thought pervading all—**TO HIM BE PRAISE.**

EPILOGUE

So many centuries have come and gone
Since over Eden stole the earth's first dawn,
And Adam's Eden is so far away
From us who tread the Western World today,
To you our hearts have turned in eager quest,
Fair Okanagan, Eden of the West.

Nor has our quest been futile. Now, as then,
God, in His garden, walks and talks with men,
And those who hearken hear, and those who look
See Him revealed in Nature's open book,
The meanest tasks such lofty thoughts refine,
And drudgery becomes almost divine.

Who root out thorns and thistles from the soil,
Their faces wet with sweat of honest toil,
Who plant and tend and harvest, as men should,
Yet love the Beautiful, revere the Good,
Are not bondservants, chained to tasks abhorred,
But partners in the labors of the Lord.

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