

G. M. Dawson's Poems.

Copied in 1940 by

L. Winslow Spragg







Poems - mainly first copies & scraps of the 1  
written on telegraph forms or backs of envelopes  
at odd moments, by the way, his mind was  
always full of beautiful thoughts, & recognitions  
of high things in the daily details

Oh God, in the obscurity enlighten me,  
And may I be a voice in this great mystery  
To speak thy word among the sons of men,  
To trace the purpose of the history  
Of day and night, of life and death,  
Of love and loss and all the long account  
That out of darkness flows to darkness once again.

On this dead crater's broken rim  
The cold mists of the upper air  
Fold and unfold their silent wings  
Drift, and deploy  
Awhile shut in, with crumbling rocks  
And Alpine castles blossoms set between  
A floating castle of the void.  
Then far below, the forests green  
The twinkling lakes and over all  
The steady (steadfast) sun.  
Nature has rest and for this moment  
Stays her fires.



Handwritten text at the top of the page, appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher but seems to contain a list or series of items.

And may I be a voice in the great world  
To speak the word among the men of men,  
To trace the history of the history  
Of day and night, of life and death,  
Of love and loss and all the long account  
That out of darkness flows to darkness once again.

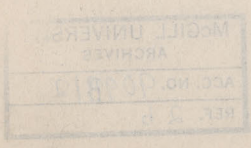
On this dark evening, a broken rim  
The cold mist of the after air  
Tide and ebb of their silent wings  
Swift, and swift  
Swift and in, with crashing wings  
And Alpine courses distant yet profound  
A flitting circle of the world  
Then the below, the forest's green  
The swirling lanes and over all  
The world (repeated) can  
Nature has love and the love account  
Says her face.

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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2a



Through all the dust and smoke of life  
 The noise and incidence of strife  
 This much is sure and clear  
 There is, there must be far or near  
 Another side of this grim shield  
 A further, better, truer state  
 A means to satisfy the soul  
 A (some) counterpart to make the whole.

We know here but the edge of things  
 As deep as space, as long as time  
 We see but steps before us laid  
 That ever call for strength to climb  
 The summit reached, and there must be,  
 Some easy slope will lead us down  
 To flowery valleys still unseen  
 Where rest and peace alone are known  
 So may we hope that just and true  
 This Good, will - - - -



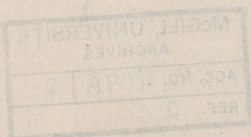


Through all the dust and smoke of life  
The noise and incidence of earth  
This moon is seen and clear  
There is, there must be far or near  
Another side of this grim shield  
A further, better, truer space  
A means to satisfy the soul  
A (seem) counterpart to make the whole  
  
We know here but the edge of things  
As deep as space, as long as time  
We see but steps before we find  
That ever call for strength to climb  
The summit reached, and there must be,  
Some easy slope will lead us down  
To flowery valleys still unseen  
Where rest and peace alone are known  
So may we hope that just and true  
This good, will - - -

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REF. 2 b



Great God, I ask not honour or renown  
But inasmuch as I have travelled far  
Beneath the sun, and studied long  
And looked towards thy ~~son~~ star  
By night and day, I crave that I may bear  
~~Bear~~ some message to the labouring world  
To make more light the toil of life  
To give some reason for all seeming wrong  
And lift the sigh of labour into song.  
Night follows day and day succeeds to night  
But all the storied pages of the past  
Still give no clew. The first is as the last  
But dawn and eventide, but dark and day  
And man divine in inspirations, made in clay  
Seeking and finding not. Then dull and cold subsiding  
Slowly to the parent mould.  
Oh Head of all created things give ear and speak  
Thy wisdom to uphold the weak.  
We live but in half knowledge, on the ruin  
And edge of things that pass from deep to deep  
Full of uneasy dreams that fall in troubled sleep.  
Grant that we wake to thy full orb'd day  
What time the clouds of life shall pass away  
We follow knowledge close from gain to gain  
But never touch the clew and source (?) of all.





Great God, I ask not honour or renown  
 Not inasmuch as I have travelled far  
 Beneath the sun, and searched long  
 And looked towards thy holy seat  
 By night and day, I crave that I may bear  
 Heart some message to the labouring world  
 To make more light the path of life  
 To give some reason for all seeming wrong  
 And lift the sign of labour into song  
 Night follows day and day succeeds to night  
 But all the effort passes at the last  
 Still give no sign, the first is as the last  
 But dawn and twilight, but dark and day  
 And man divides in aspiration, made to sing  
 Seeking and finding not, then still and still subsiding  
 Slowly to the perfect world  
 On head of all created things give ear and speak  
 The wisdom to withhold the word  
 To live but in half knowledge, on the main  
 And edge of things that pass from day to day  
 Full of weary dreams that fall in troubled sleep  
 Grant that we wake to thy full ordered day  
 What time the clouds of life shall pass away  
 We follow knowledge close from pain to gain  
 But never reach the slow and narrow (?) of all

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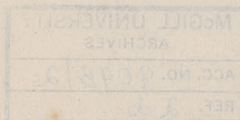
You are that note from early dawn  
 That sounds through life however long  
 The pristine music of the race,  
 We can but name the morning song.  
 The world is old and I am old  
 Grey hairs grow thick, some honours fall  
 But that one day when you and I  
 Were one, is still the best of all.  
 So now come death, or chance what may  
 In downward slope of passing years  
 I hold the memory of a day.

I am engaged in mind with all that might have been  
 The beautiful illusions of the past  
 The dreams of youth, the thoughts unsaid, the chances  
 missed.

The present is a wilderness and only vast  
 All these are mine but nothing more  
 The active pushing tumult of the day  
 And who shall say that I, with my long dreams am all  
 unblest.

That which is best accrues not  
 Finds no place in all the dusty highway of the time.  
 Give me my dreams which lead through sylvan shades

That soar and mount to starry peaks  
 All else is vanity, the coarse fruition of the time





You are that nose from early dawn  
That reaches through life however long  
The pristine music of the race  
We can but name the morning song  
The world is old and I am old  
Gray hairs grow thick, some honors fall  
But that one day when you and I  
Were one, is still the best of all  
So now come death, or change what may  
In downward slope of passing years  
I hold the memory of a day  
  
I am engaged in mind with all that might have been  
The beautiful illusions of the past  
The dreams of youth, the chaotic unreal, the chances  
The present is a wilderness and only west  
All those are mine but nothing more  
The active pushing thrust of the day  
And who shall say that I, with my long dreams in all  
That which is best survives not  
Finds no place in all the busy highway of the time  
Gives me my dreams which lead through given spaces  
That come and mount to early fears  
All else is vanity, the course friction of the time

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REF. 2 d



But cogs and wheels that work below  
 To weave the woof ? sublime.

Sailing free, in the dead of the night, in the gale  
 With the white foam behind and no light -

All the spume of the sea blowing thick in the air -  
 a dim veil.

On the reef - with a crash, in the night

And the sea beating heavy and long on a wreck

Climbing dark on the side, rushing white on the slant of  
 the deck.

A cold bitter winter of wind that cries shrill up aloft,

The boats lost, far from land, no reply to the flares or  
 the guns.

Storm battered and broken the wreckage is spread

On the face of the deep that is guarding its dead.

- - - - -

Blown from far by soft winds over sea many days,

In a blue sphere of ocean and air.

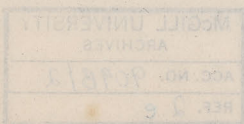
My time is short. The threads of Life,

A tangled skein, I cannot sort,

But count it gain to live -

To live and die. To see and know

And pass to the unknown -





has come and wheels that were below

To weave the web? I believe.

Sailing free, in the land of the night, in the rain

With the white foam behind and no light -

All the space of the sea blowing clear in the air -  
A dim veil.

On the reef - with a crash, in the night

And the sea beating heavy and long on a wreck

Climbing high on the steep, tossing white on the side of  
the deck.

A cold bitter winter of wind that enters through the rigging.

The boats lost, the trees bare, no light to the horizon or  
the sun.

From battered and broken the wreckage is spread

On the face of the deep that is gathering its end.

Blown from you by soft winds over sea and coast.

In a blue sphere of heaven and air.

My time is short. The threads of life.

A tangle again, I cannot see.

But count it gain to live -

To live and die. To see and know

And pass to the dawn -

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REF.	2 e



If I might live anew, and plan  
Throughout, and shape again  
So far as man may do  
The web of life - would I  
Or would I not pursue  
The self-same scheme?  
Would I be led away as heretofore  
Or rule my life anew  
And weave new dreams?  
I know not, for it ever seemed to me  
That I chose well and truly,  
That default was made, not so much  
Or at all by men, as by an  
Overruling fate.  
One must be godlike, or a god  
To rule with knowledge of the future every act,  
But still I cannot think that all  
Must end in failure, all must be in vain  
Thought is too subtle, too intense  
To die and have no place  
Love is too deep and hope too high to fail-  
Of their fruition, somewhere at some time,  
(Perchance) it is but to resolve to live again to live  
To grasp the clews of love, to escape  
Through all the realms of darkness to some life



If I might live again, and plan  
 throughout, and shape again  
 So far as man may go  
 The web of life - would I  
 Or would I not pursue  
 The self-made scheme?  
 Would I be led away as heretofore  
 Or would my life anew  
 And weave new dreams?  
 I know not, for it ever seemed to me  
 That I chose well and truly,  
 That default was made, not so much  
 Or at all by man, as by an  
 Overriding fate.  
 One must be realistic, or a fool  
 To raise with knowledge of the future's weedy soil  
 But still I cannot think that all  
 Must end in failure, all must be in vain  
 Thought is too subtle, too intense  
 To die and have no place  
 Love is too deep and hope too high to fail -  
 Of which friction, somewhere at some time,  
 (Forthness) it is not to resolve to live again to live  
 To grasp the sleeve of love, to escape  
 Through all the realm of darkness to some life

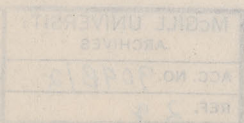
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REF. 2 8



Which is beyond, which must recur  
 Where lies fruition, when the words unsaid,  
 The songs unsung, the immatured  
                   dreams that glow to my dim  
 Eyes, like sunset on the world. Take form  
 Where all that has been wrong, or wrongly ordered  
 Will be well. -

Father,

Throughout the land the maples flame  
 The time has come, the leaf must fall  
 Though still the sky is blue, serene,  
 No storm, nor wintry blast at all  
 The time is ripe, and leaf by leaf  
 The garb of life is shed away  
 Not by the tempest's stress, but in  
 The dreaming azure eye of day.  
 So, ripe in knowledge, ripe in years  
 The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim  
 And we, though blinded still with tears  
 We know the time has come for him.





Which is beyond, which must rear  
 Where lies friction, when the words break,  
 The words break, the fractured  
 breaks that give to us  
 How, like a comet on the world, take form  
 Where all that has been woven, or wrongly ordered  
 Will be told.

Patience  
 Throughout the time the night time  
 The time has come, the leaf must fall  
 Though still the sun is high, serene,  
 No room, nor where, place as all  
 The time is ripe, and left by least  
 The end of life is shed away  
 Not by the sunset's stress, but in  
 The opening curve of day.  
 So, ripe in knowledge, ripe in years  
 The pulse beats low, the eye grows dim  
 And we, though blinded still with tears  
 We know the time has come for him.

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REF. 29



My father.

I am old and am nigh to the end

And I know that these eyes

Looking out on the world and the sun

May be closed by the finger of God

Any moment - my time may be done:

But the voices of children are glad

To my ears, and the news of the day

And the movement of men, good or bad

All the forces at work, or in play

All the progress of things and the song

Of the wind and the sea are not sad

I am weary alone of decay.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my  
feet,

And let my thoughts wander and wander wherever they may

Like to bees in a garden, or light summer butterflies play.

Now to linger a moment on this, or on that, float away  
with the stream

Coquette with a sunbeam, or hear the leaves speak in a  
sybilline dream,

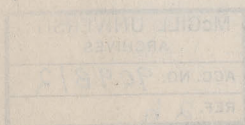
To live and to know that I live, as a part of a whole

I **I**nterwoven, apparent, incarnate the home of the soul

To grasp the light clues of the day and to follow them on

Or back into darkness of Egypt and days that are gone.

Kootanie L. June /39.





My father,

I am old and an agh to the end

And I know that these eyes

Looking out on the world and the sun

May be closed by the finger of God

Any moment - my time may be done:

But the voices of children are glad

To my ears, and the news of the day

And the movements of men, good or bad

All the forces at work, or in play

All the progress of things and the song

Of the wind and the sea are not sad

I am weary alone of decay.

To sit in the wood, with the sound of the brook at my  
feet,

And feel as though I were a wanderer wherever they may

Find to pass in a garden, or light some of the things they

How to linger a moment on this, or on that, like a way  
with the stream

So quiet with a shadow, or hear the leaves speak in a  
whispering breeze,

To live and to know that I live, as a part of a whole

Of the universe, apparent, inanimate the name of the soul

To grasp the light sides of the day and to follow them on

Or back into darkness of night and eyes that are gone.

Recorded in June 1900

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REF. 2 h



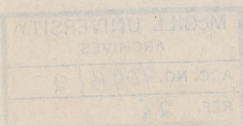
The times are out of joint, the gods' retire  
 The sistrum's jangle drowns the poet's lyre  
 Our Todd is gone, our Kingsford had to go,  
 We have our Wiggins, and our windy Bourinot  
 Workman is dead and Lampman sings no more  
 But Fraser's moose-calf takes the vacant floor  
 While for the soul, the only food we get  
 Are water ices, frozen by Frechette !

Father.

The end has come - the mind that sought to know  
 The very secret, and true soul of things,  
 Is now in all its courses spent and stayed  
 By dark intolerable death with sable wings.

And yet, beyond, it seems he must awake;  
 As in some ancient city, with the light  
 The note of unfamiliar bells upon the dawn  
 Speaks to the pilgrim coming overnight.

So, worn by age, he lies there - dead,  
 And all the weary lines of stress  
 That grew upon his face have fled.  
 Once more, and after half-success,  
 His brow is confident and clear,





The times are out of joint, the gods, I think  
The system's jungle grows the best's life  
Our food is gone, our Kingston has to go,  
We have our wings, and our wings beat  
Workmen is dead and I am a king no more  
But there's a mouse-eat-fear the vacant floor  
While for the soul, the only food we get  
Are water, food, frozen by frostbite!

Water

The end has come - the time that counts to know  
The very secret, and was kind of change,  
Is now in all its compass spent and stayed  
By dark intolerable death with subtle wings,  
And yet, beyond, it seems he must awake;  
As in some ancient city, with the light  
The note of unfamiliar bells upon the down  
Speaks to the pilgrim coming overnight.

So, worn by age, he lies there - dead,  
And all the weary lines of stress  
That grow upon his face have fled.  
Once more, and after half-success,  
His brow is confident and clear.

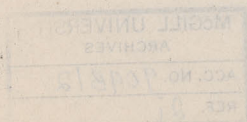
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REF. 21



And young and strong, amid white hair,  
But as in some past early year  
He lies there fronting destiny.  
And unperturbed and still  
Toil passed, and all before him clear,  
I am his son -

All fails - The tide of life runs down;  
The long hope of a better day sinks into night  
And in the West light fades in sombre tints of grey,  
Then welcome death - not with a keen delight  
But with that rest which lies in endless night  
Abiding sleep -

He had great love for this green world  
For growing things and for the light of day,  
He did not fear to die, but in his soul  
Abhorred death, and all its disarray  
And night, and loss, and lapse into decay.  
To plant, and tend; to pray and toil  
And seek increase from barren soil  
To see the germ, the leaf, the flower,  
And look for harvest's happy hour  
Was his strong life  
He was a tower of strength to us, who were his sons.





and young and strong, and white hair,

has as in some part of his

He has more freedom coming.

had experienced and still

Tell me, and all before his eyes,

I am the son -

All this - The view of life now seems

The long hope of a better day sinks into night

And in the west light fades in sombre stars of dawn,

Then welcome dawn - not with a keen delight

But with that vast which lies in endless night

aching sleep -

He had great love for this green world

For growing things and for the light of day,

He did not fear to die, but in his soul

He loved to live, and all his days

And night, and day, and night, and day

To plant, and tend, to grow and toil

And seek to know the heart of God

To see the earth, the land, the flower,

And look for Nature's happy hour

For his young life

He was a sort of something to see, and were his eyes.

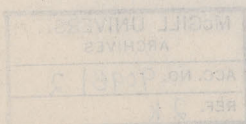
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REF. 2



He knew his task would be relieved  
When so God willed  
And that by other hands his garden  
Must be tilled - -

The end is very near,  
That end to which all come  
Where the eyes see not  
And the voice is dumb.  
Where life ebbs and the flow of life is death  
To prove that life is life,  
The hand that held, and measured  
Weighs no more, the mind  
That played about the secret soul of things  
Has lost its cunning  
All its course is stayed  
And dropping like the sun, the night  
Spreads wide and still its sable wings  
The dark intolerable night of death.  
And yet beyond it seems  
There must be waking, as in some great town  
With all new voices of the morn dawn  
And stroke of unfamiliar bells

Peaceful morn, as in some ancient city  
Where we sleep, and with the light





He knew his task would be relieved

When so God willed

And that by other hands his garden

Must be filled -

The end is very near,

That end to which all come

Where the eyes see not

And the voice is dumb,

Where life ends and the flow of life is ceasing

To prove that life is life,

The hand that held, and measured

Waters no more, the mind

That layed about the secret soul of things

Has lost its counting

All its course is stayed

And creeping like the sun, the night

Spreads wide and still its eagle wings

The dark intolerable night of death,

And yet beyond it seems

There must be waking, as in some great town

With all new voices of the new dawn

And echoes of unfamiliar bells

Successful now, as in some ancient city

Where we sleep, and when the lights

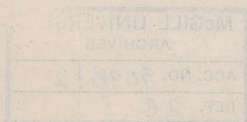
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Hear unfamiliar voices of the dawn  
 And music of strange bells.

Feb. 25th. 1900. Canada at Pardeburg.

We know today our tale of dead,  
 Spent on the sun-baked windy plain;  
 Our best, who left us without dread  
 But may not now return again  
 But pride is mingled with our tears,  
 The seed grows to the stately tree,  
 We know that in the tide of years  
 We sow for empire yet to be.  
 Our loss, our gain - nor sorrow felt  
 As rising in the East we see  
 The day flood all the waiting veldt.  
 But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives; -  
 Your loss is more than you can bear  
 For you, these young exultant lives  
 Gone out, is darkness everywhere -  
 We grieve with you, we stand to aid - - -  
 The silent beer, that lies, a clod -  
 He was a father or a son -  
 Upon his dry grey Transvaal sod  
 Among the rocks that we have won;





Hear unfamiliar voices of the dawn

And music of strange bells.

Feb. 20th. 1900. Canada at Parading.

We know today our life of death,

Spent on the sun-baked windy plain;

Our best, who left us without dread

But may not now return again

But pride is mingled with our tears,

The seed grows to the harvest time,

We know that in the life of years

We sow for empire yet to be.

Our loss, our gain - not sorrow fair

As rising in the East we see

The day flood all the waiting world.

But fathers, mothers, sisters, wives;

Your loss is more than for our best

For you, these young exalted lives

Have out, in darkness everywhere -

Be given with you, we stand to aid -

The silent best, that live, a cloud -

He was a father of a son -

Upon his dry grey Thebanal sod

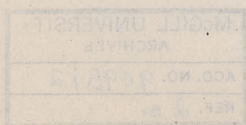
Along the rocks that we have won;

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His narrow soul was true and strong,  
 To fend us from his home and kraal  
 He gave his life - We know him wrong,  
 But find him worthy after all,  
 And when in days to come the song  
 Of later harvests shall be sung,  
 He will have part in that South land  
 As elder brother true and strong.  
 Each spring that rises on the veldt  
 Will cast its wreath of self-sown flowers,  
 Will breathe its fragrance and be felt  
 About his grave as (and) over ours.  
 Not all is lost if life be spent  
 For it is good to truly die  
 To give to that extreme extent  
 If so be freedom lives thereby  
 The things not seen, beyond the veil,  
 Have harvest also full and true  
 And loss (gain) we reckon but by tale  
 Is measured there - To each his due.

"Lassa" Yes, it is early morning there,  
 At Lassa, somewhere in Thibet,  
 We know the dawn is rising grey  
 Upon the slopes, and gardens wet





His narrow soul was first and strong,  
 To find us from his home and kind,  
 He gave his life - We know him wrong,  
 But find him worthy after all,  
 And when in days to come the song  
 Of later harvests shall be sung,  
 He will have part in that South land  
 As elder brother true and strong.  
 Each spring that rises on the veldt  
 Will bear its wreath of self-sown flowers,  
 Will breathe its fragrance and be told  
 About his grave as (and) over ours.  
 Not all is lost if life be spent  
 For it is good to truly die  
 To give to that extent  
 If so be freedom lives thereby  
 The things not seen, beyond the veil,  
 Have harvest also full and true  
 And loss (gain) we reckon but by sale  
 Is measured there - To each his due.

"Lassa" Yes, it is early morning there,  
 At Lassa, somewhere in Tibet,  
 We know the dawn is rising grey  
 Upon the slopes, and gardens wet

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In summer dew, with poppies gay,  
 The willows hang along the verge  
 Of ancient rivers, green and still,  
 And bells begin to strike and clang  
 In old Cathay from hill to hill.  
 And that is all we know  
 Of central Ind, alone and far  
 More unfamiliar than a distant star.

A man for whom all maids may pray

In purity of soul,

Young, and a god among the gods, erect and true

And whole

A type of all that stands for right against the

flood of time

The perfect form in evidence of nature's work

sublime.

To it doth scorn and I who write, admire

and give him place

What is my ~~haxe~~ love to womankind ggainst the

human race.

The web of thought, the facile pen, the subtile play

of mind,

These may be more in some estate that

fantasy may find,



In summer dew, with poplars gay,  
 The willows hang along the verge  
 Of ancient rivers, green and still,  
 And bells begin to strike and clang  
 In old Ouseway from hill to hill.  
 And that is all we know  
 Of central Ind, alone and far  
 Here unobscured when a distant star.

A man for whom all maidens may pray  
 In purity of soul,  
 Young, and a god among the gods, great and true  
 And whole  
 A type of all that stands for right against the  
 flood of time  
 The perfect form in evidence of nature's work  
 sublime.

To its birth as soon as I who write, admires  
 and give his place  
 What is my name here to be mentioned against the  
 human race.  
 The web of thought, the fabric fine, the subtle; lay  
 of mind,  
 These may be more in some estate than

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McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2 n

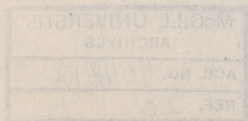


And there I rest, with great intent and motives  
 true and sane  
 But little more than shadowing the  
 sunshine and the rain  
 That beat upon this isle of life.

Pincher's Creek. Lord Roberts said the Pincher Creek men  
 fought well, who died at Kotpart.

Its waters fed from snowfields high  
 Along the western mountains dim  
 Run where the flower-decked foot hills spread  
 Upon the furthest prairie's rim,  
 And cattle, lowing in the dusk (dark)  
 Come down to seek its cooling flood.

Contorted beds of unknown age  
 My weary limbs shall bear  
 Perchance a neat synclinal fold  
 A night, may be my lair.  
 Dips I shall take on unnamed streams  
 Or where the rocks strike, follow  
 Along the crested mountain ridge  
 Or anticlinal hollow  
 Or gently with the hammer stroke  
 The slumbering petrification  
 That for a hundred million years





And there I rest, with great intent and motive  
 Wise and sure  
 But little more than answering the  
 sunshine and the rain  
 That beat upon this side of life.

Pincher's Greek. Lord Roberts said the Pincher Greek men  
 fought well, who died at Kohat.

Its waters fed from snowfields high  
 Along the western mountain rim  
 Run where the flower-socked foot hills spread  
 Upon the farthest granite's rim,  
 And beetle, looting in the dark (dark)  
 Come down to seek its cooling flood.

Converted beds of unknown age  
 My weary limbs shall bear  
 Forth a neat symmetrical fold  
 A night, may be my last.  
 Like I shall take on unnamed streams  
 Or where the rocks strike, follow  
 Along the crested mountain ridge  
 Or cañon hollow  
 Or gently wither narrow stroke  
 The shimmering reflection  
 That for a hundred million years

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REF. 20



Has been debarred from action  
 Where long neglected mountains stand  
 Just crumbling into shreds  
 And laying bare on every hand  
 The ~~Khundak~~ treasures of their beds  
 Or rivers rolling to the sea  
 By dull attrition assail

. . . .relics of the past

. . . . .

One day his absent truant head  
 Lead him so high and far,  
 He slid within the gate of heaven  
 That chanced to stand ajar  
 And there an angel caught him soon  
 To make a little star,  
 But he refused to shine or burn  
 He sputtered, winked and died  
 Before it moved, or made a turn -  
 Oh serves him right, St Peter cried  
 That boy would never learn !



Has been advised from action  
 Where long neglected mountains stand  
 Just eroding these strata  
 And laying bare on every hand  
 The thousand processes of their beds  
 Or rivers rolling to the sea  
 By all description special  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

One day his aspect brightened  
 Like him so high and far,  
 He said within the case of heaven  
 That changed to stand afar  
 And came an angel caught him soon  
 To make a fiveth year,  
 But he refused to mine or burn  
 Of splendor, winked and died  
 Before it moved, or made a turn -  
 Oh never him right, St Peter called  
 That day would never learn!

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2p



With his gold pan and his shovel  
 And little else beside  
 He lit his pipe, and left the camp  
 To cross the high divide  
 We wished him every kind of luck  
 And chaffed him on his craze  
 Then shouldered picks and scrambled down  
 To where we'd made a raise.  
 The last we saw of Roddie  
 He was near long Tom's old mine  
 Looked like a fly upon the snow  
 Above the timber line.

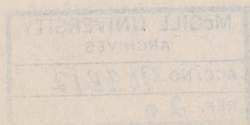
Well, all that month, the luck was bad  
 The creek was high, the wing-dam broke  
 And half our pile was whiffed away  
 For grip and tools and such, like smoke.

{ We often said, Rod's struck it rich  
 { He'd never stay so long unless

We often spoke of Roddie  
 We said he's struck it rich  
 Or he'd be back to do his whack  
 Upon the water ditch.

But then there ~~xxxx~~ was that letter

They brought him in the spring  
 That made him so uncommon glum  
 And wrong with every thing.  
 Well last there came a roaring flood - - -  
 . . . . .





With his gold pan and his shovel  
 And little else beside  
 He lit his pipe, and left the camp  
 To cross the high divide  
 We wished him every kind of luck  
 And chaffed him on his cross  
 Then shouldered picks and scrambled down  
 To where we made a raise.  
 The last we saw of Hobbs  
 He was near long Tom's old mine  
 Locked like a fly upon the snow  
 Above the timber line.  
 Well, that winter, the luck was bad  
 The creek was high, the wing-dam broke  
 And half our pile was melted away  
 For grip and tools and suchlike goods.  
 We often said, Bob's struck it rich  
 He'd never stay so long unless -  
 We often spoke of Hobbs  
 We said he's struck it rich  
 Or he'd be back to do his share  
 Upon the water again.  
 But then there came that letter  
 They brought him in the spring  
 That made him so uncommon glad  
 And wrong with every thing.  
 Well, last there came a roaring flood -

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2) Give me a woman of some ancient world-old race  
 From farther Hind or out of far Cathay:  
 Dark serious eye and young impassive face  
 Set in the mould of ages, where the play  
 Of joy, or ruth of sorrow, gives no trace  
 Though joy and sorrow fall, for such is life,-

1) (Here, in the effervescence of the time  
 Are maidens comely, offshoots of a motley crew  
 Frank laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue  
 Kind hearts, I doubt not - knowledge up to date  
 A thousand longings for the world to sate,

I would enshrine a thought in verse  
 That it may live though I shall die  
 To speak down all the after years  
 To stand above the mist of tears  
 Like some white mountain, seen afar  
 Beyond a scope of heaving sea  
 Nay, like the wreckage on the shore  
 To show this sea was ~~xi~~ sailed before  
 By other men in former days,  
 That ye may pass by light of day  
 Where I perchance am cast away  
 In tempest and in night.



Give me a woman of some ancient world-old race

From farther Hind or east of far Cathay:

Dark serious eye and young impassive face

Set in the mould of ages, where the play

Of joy, or rash of sorrow, gives no trace

Though joy and sorrow fall, for such is life.

Here, in the effervescence of the time

Are maidens comely, effluents of a molten crew

Track laughing faces, roses, eyes of blue

Kind hearts, I could not - knowledge up to date

A thousand longings for the world to cease.

I would enshrine a thought in verse

That it may live though I shall die

To speak down all the after years

To stand above the mist of years

Like some white mountain, seen afar

Beyond a keepe of heaving sea

Yet, like the wreckage on the shore

To show this sea was all sailed before

By other men in former days,

That ye may pass by light of day

Where I perchance am sent away

In lamp and in night.

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2r



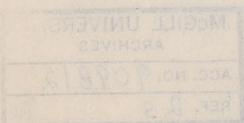
Up on the range where the red-barked pines  
 Are scattered along the hill  
 And the yellow grass in billowy lines  
 Is warm in the sun and still  
 Where mountains afar with crag on crag  
 Show purple and blue on the far sky line  
 Through the still hot air comes thin and clear  
 The distant sound of the lowing kine  
 Passing beautiful free and fair.

From field and mart, from mine and car  
 From our broad land from shore to shore  
 Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand, and rank on rank  
 For fatherland.

Our fathers made the land we love  
 Our sires have marched before  
 To beat the proud invader back, and drum him  
 From the shore.

He drew the pathways for the bison on the prairie  
 And in the sky he marked the way of birds, and winds and  
 rainstorms.

Two ills there are, he said, I cannot hinder -  
 However good the land is, still my people





Up on the range where the red-backed pines  
 Are scattered along the hill  
 And the yellow grass in billowy lines  
 Is warm in the sun and still  
 Where mountains after rain are on  
 Show purple and blue on the far sky line  
 Through the still hot air comes thin and clear  
 The distant sound of the lowing kine  
 Passing beautiful free and fair.

From field and meadow, from mine and our  
 From our broad land from shore to shore  
 Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand, and rank on rank  
 For fashioning.

Our fathers made the land we love  
 Our aires have watched before  
 To best the good invader back, and drive him  
 From the shore.

He drew the pathway for the bison on the prairie  
 And in the sky he marked the way of birds, and winds and  
 rainstorms.

Two lies there are, he said, I cannot hinder -  
 However good the land is, still my people

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 909812
REF. 25



Must wear in living, must grow old and feeble  
 Till summer, and till winter is a burden  
 Till hunting, and till battle is no pleasure  
 And in after time will come a stranger people  
 Whose medicine is stronger than my knowledge.

I tell you now the story of the sand-hills  
 As it was known in days to - - -  
 When made the world of plain-men  
 The country of the Blackfeet and Dakota  
 He built the mountains strongly to the Westward  
 And drew the forest round the north and Eastward  
 But left the country boundless to the Southward  
 For that way lay the pathway of the summer  
 And the winds that eat the snow away in winter  
 Of the buffalo, and antelope, and wildfowl.

{ There were other people, other plainmen  
 { Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you  
 { And in warring ye are brave, and shall be mighty.

Then he led the rivers through the plains, and filled them  
 Saying, run ye ever through the land and fail not.



That year in living, least grow old and feeble  
 Till summer, and till winter is a burden  
 Till hunting, and till battle is no pleasure  
 And in other time will come a stranger people  
 Whose medicine is stronger than my knowledge.

I tell you now the story of the sand-hills

As it was known in days so

When made the world of Indian-men

The country of the Missouri and Dakota

He built the mountains strongly to the westward

And drew the forest round the north and eastward

But left the country boundless to the southward

For that way lay the pathway of the summer

And the wind that eat the snow away in winter

Of the battle, and antelope, and wildowl.

There were other people, other fishermen

Ye shall war with them, but they shall not destroy you

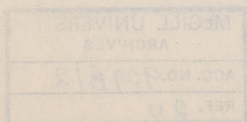
And in warning ye are brave, and shall be mighty.

Then he led the rivers through the plains, and filled them

Getting, ran ye ever through the land and fall now.



Up out of the sea, my maid so fair  
 And over the ship's black side came she  
 I call her mine, though the tide of life  
 Has carried her far, and away from me  
 { For the world grows old, and my youth is dead  
 { But her gracious presence is with me still  
 For her memory stays, and is mine alone  
 With the touch of her hand, and the breath of a sigh  
 Had I known her better, these might have flown  
 But now they are mine if I live or die  
 Still I sometimes feel if it might have been -  
 Had her lips been mine, and her life and mine  
 Been one forever, ~~for good or ill~~  
 Would I not give up my rosy dream  
 For the fruit of knowledge of good and ill  
  
 Through this dim portal, cold, in stone,  
 I turn me and must walk alone  
 My choice was made - - -  
 There are two ways to worship God  
 I chose this high austere retreat  
 And left the path where busy feet  
 Of men and women come and go  
 Abjured the warm, full day of life.





Up out of the sea, my maid so fair  
 And over the ship's black side came she  
 I call her mine, though the tide of life  
 Has carried her far, and away from me  
 For the world grows old, and my youth is dead  
 But her gracious presence is with me still  
 For her memory stays, and is mine alone  
 With the touch of her hand, and the breath of a sigh  
 Had I known her better, these might have flown  
 But now that she mine if I live or die  
 Still I sometimes feel it it might have been -  
 Had her lips been mine, and her life and mine  
 Been one forever, ~~for good or ill~~  
 Would I not give up my rosy dream  
 For the fruit of knowledge of good and ill  
 Through this dim portal, cold, in stone,  
 I turn me and must walk alone  
 My choice was made -  
 There are two ways to worship God  
 I chose this high austere retreat  
 And left the path where busy feet  
 Of men and women come and go  
 Admired and warm, full day of life.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 20



She has no soul nor knoweth grief,  
 But like a thistle-down she flies,  
 When ripples flow upon the lake,  
 In soft warm winds and sunny skies.  
 When bough joins bough with gossamer  
 Beneath the sun on summer morn.

She is a fay, a fond illusion,  
 The lovely phantom of an hour  
 By sunbeam painted on the ocean  
 The pose, the colour of a flower,  
 A noonday dream without fruition -  
 I know not what,- A witching form  
 To holy heaven or perdition  
 Without a part in life's strong flood  
 That turns a thousand mills of care ;  
 She has no lot in tears and blood.  
 A light false phantasm of the air . . . . .  
 The humblest worker in the furrow  
 Or fisher lad upon the sea  
 All sun-embrowned, and horny handed  
 Is truer, holier than she.

May / 89.



She has no soul nor answer cries,  
But like a whistle-down she flies,  
When ripples flow upon the lake,  
In soft warm winds and sunny skies.  
When boughs join bough with bough,  
Beneath the sun on summer morn.

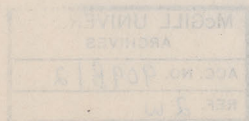
She is a lay, a fond illusion,  
The lovely phantom of an hour  
By shadows painted on the ocean,  
The rose, the colour of a flower,  
A nobody or even without fiction -  
I know not what, - A whispering form  
To holy heaven or perdition  
Without a part in life's strong flood  
That turns a thousand mills of care;  
She has no lot in tears and blood.  
A light false phantom of the air,  
The humblest worker in the furrow  
Or fiercer foe upon the sea  
All sun-browned, and berry handed  
Is truer, better than she.

May / 09.



God's peace upon the mountain land  
 God's peace and rest  
 The clouds brood low, among the shattered peaks  
 Each rugged crest, floats its white banner to the sky  
 The hills are seamed, and old and grey,  
 Writ with deep rough-mannered runes  
 Graved with lines from their Graver's art  
 But sheltered on their sides, a thousand furry things  
 Renewing youth.

Oh lovers' drink each other's breath  
 And kiss and clasp and laugh at death  
 For this is linked life's golden chain  
 And you shall live and love again  
 In unborn time.  
 Cling closer Phrynae ! let me feel  
 Your kisses, warm, respond to mine  
 I know that in the after time, the wide full day which  
                   is to be  
 All that is best of thee and me  
 Will stand exultant in the holy dawn  
 Of right and truth. The long night gone  
 With but a dim inherited regret  
 Soft pity for the sorrows long ago  
 But we, we love, and touch the foretaste of it all  
 And each in other know, the promise of the day.





God's peace upon the mountain land  
God's peace and rest  
The clouds brood low, among the shattered peaks  
Each ragged crest, floats its white banner to the sky  
The hills are solemn, and old and grey,  
With wild deep rough-appeared runes  
Graves with lines from their giver's art  
Has enlivened on their sides, a thousand fairy things  
Remains young.

Oh lovers, drink each other's breath  
And rise and leap and laugh at death  
For this is linked life's golden chain  
And you shall live and love again  
In unborn time.  
Oiling closer phrases! let me feel  
Your kisses, warm, respond to mine  
I know that in the after time, the wide fall day which  
is to be

All that is best of time and me  
Will stand exalted in the holy dawn  
Of right and truth, the long night gone  
With but a dim indistinct regret  
Soft pity for the sorrows long ago  
But we, we love, and touch the foretaste of it all  
And each in other know, the promise of the day.

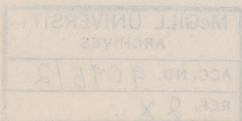
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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2W



One kiss from you would be to me  
The price of empire - I could die  
For but a ribbon from your hair -  
A ribbon or a flower to wear.

How those we love we pity most  
We see in guise of every day  
The surging upward of the soul  
Within its envelope of clay  
We note the path of rapid years  
In growing furrows, whitening hair  
But find no word of full reply  
To loose the gird of petty care  
There still is longing unexpressed  
Some latent wealth divine of love  
Some dream of an idyllic rest (best)  
Or undersigh for things above  
Which finds no voice or answer here  
No image in the changing year  
No concord in our little day.

9 Sept. /88.





One kiss from you would be to me  
The price of empire - I could die  
For but a ribbon from your hair -  
A ribbon or a flower to wear.

How those we love we fly most  
We see in kisses of every day  
The surging upward of the soul  
Within its envelope of clay  
We note the path of rapid years  
In growing furrows, whitening hair  
But find no word of fall or grief  
To loose the bird of fancy free  
There still is longing unexpressed  
Some lesson wealth giving of love  
Some dream of an ideal rest (best)  
Or underneath for things above  
Which finds no voice or answer here  
No image in the changing year  
No record in our little day.

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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2X



The Lost Cause.

I sing the cause that lost,  
For which men died, and women wept  
And died of grief for sons and lovers dead.  
For victory shouts abroad  
Nor counts the cost  
The hearthstones bare and swept  
The void that gulfs the day, descending red.  
Time rights not wrong like this,  
The tale is made to suit the age,  
Or afterward, if truth prevail  
The years have left it, page by page  
Till life and love and knowledge fail  
There is no angel, fain to kiss  
The feet of those who fought and fell  
No god-like one to speak and say  
You fought and lost, but all is well.  
I raise alone a feeble voice  
Against the dominant and strong  
Against the serried ranks of hell  
And ask, How long, Oh God, how long !



The Last Dance

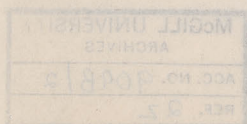
I sing the ebbes that last,  
 For which men died, and women wept  
 And died of grief for sons and lovers gone.  
 For victory should be shared  
 For counts the cost  
 The hardships bare and sweat  
 The void that waits the day, descending red.  
 Time rights not wrong like this,  
 The tale is made to suit the age,  
 Or afterward, it crushes well  
 The years have left it, pass by years  
 Till life and love and knowledge fall  
 There is no angel, fair to rise  
 The feet of those who fought and fell  
 No god-like one to speak and say  
 You fought and lost, but all is well.  
 I raise alone a feeble voice  
 Against the dominant and strong  
 Against the world's wrongs of hell  
 And ask, how long, Oh God, how long!

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REF.	24



## A Memory of Doom.

I drink to a smile that is gone  
Like a glow of the West from the sky  
In this wine, which for aught I know may  
Have grown red in the light of that day.  
An Eon ago some frail bloom  
That was lapped by the wave of the hill  
That was plucked in the dawn, for a tomb  
Laid away with the dead, till the doom.  
So my heart holds the tenuous  
Shrunken form of a love of the past -  
Of the past that is dead, nor more near  
To the touch, than the lip of the wave  
That kissed the brown feet of the maid  
The daughter of Ra, in the Eld.  
  
For the years have dropped swiftly away  
As a river that flows to the sea,  
And my pulse beats but slowly today.  
But that day when she smiled upon me  
Though I knew not, was fate for a life  
That is one in the tale of the whole  
That in nowise returns to its goal  
But spreads on to the ending of all.





A Memory of Jack.

I think to a smile that is gone  
 Like a glow of the West from the sky  
 In this wine, which for aught I know may  
 Have grown red in the light of that day.  
 An hour ago some trail bloom  
 That was lapped by the wave of the hill  
 That was placed in the dawn, for a comb  
 Laid away with the dead, till the noon.  
 So my heart holds the pennons  
 Shrunken form of a love of the past -  
 Of the past that is dead, not more near  
 To the town, than the lip of the wave  
 That kissed the brown feet of the maid  
 The daughter of her, in the tide.  
 For the years have dropped swiftly away  
 As a river that flows to the sea,  
 And my pulse beats but slowly today.  
 But that day when she smiled upon me  
 Though I knew not, was fate for a life  
 That is one in the tale of the whole  
 That in advice returns to its goal  
 But spreads on to the ending of all.

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ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 22

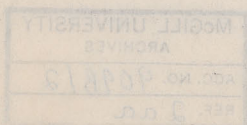


## At a Camp Fire,

In the coals that glowed red  
 In the fire at the campment,  
 Beneath the great pines  
 In the still autumn night,  
 I saw the fair face of a woman, efulgent  
 And I dreamed as I gazed at its  
 Tremulous light.  
 But there came a cold breath  
 From the heart of the forest,  
 The fire fell away, and where beauty had been  
 By a sudden mutation, the stroke of a moment  
 The image was gone, and a death's head was seen,  
 Then I knew that the fate of a life was repeated  
 In brief there before me, in silence, alone  
 That the vision had passed, that the wish was defeated  
 That one heart more was stilled and was turned into stone.

Land of Osiris, Egypt, one long scroll  
 From the blue sea to Ethiopia far  
 Writ over with the lives and deeds of man  
 A ritual and papyrus of the dead  
 The Nile, man's foot prints on its border in the dawn.

Great Ra ! Thy temple is but one vast tomb





At a camp fire,

In the smoke that flowed red

In the fire at the campment,

Beneath the great pine

In the still autumn night,

I saw the fair face of a woman, bright

And I dreamed as I gazed at its

Translucent light.

But there came a cold breath

From the heart of the forest,

The fire fell away, and where beauty had been

By a sudden mutation, the stroke of a moment

The image was gone, and a death's head was seen,

Then I knew that the fate of a life was rejected

In brief there before me, in silence, alone

That the vision had passed, that the wish was defaced

That one heart more was chilled and was hurled into stone.

Face of Osiris, Egypt, one long scroll

From the blue sea to Khoris's far

Writ over with the lives and deeds of man

A ritual and prayers of the dead

The Nile, man's foot prints on its border in the dawn.

Great is ! The temple is but one vast camp

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	9098/2
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Thy priests are dead, the seed they garnered  
 Spread abroad in every land, bearing strange fruit,  
 Thy Nile still flows, but by its banks are broken shrines  
 And silence, and a race degenerate.

An accident that fell,  
 Some thousand years ago  
 Upon this little bit of potter's art  
 A flaw of colour,  
 Stray, but burnt in well,  
 That brought some trouble to a living heart  
 That still lies clear, writ in the shining glaze  
 As shone the sun upon the sea those days.  
 How true that every thing is written everywhere  
 What lacks is but the eye to mark and read  
 To follow all the slow advance of things  
 And see before to whither all things lead.

#### Seymour Narrows.

The mountains and the solemn firs  
 That stand dim ranked along the shore  
 The leagues on leagues of water ways  
 That cleave the hills  
 And this the gate that lies between two seas  
 Where twice each day the hurrying tides flow in.



Thy priests are dead, the seed they garnered  
Spread abroad in every land, bearing strange fruit,  
Thy Nile still flows, but by its banks are broken shrines  
And silence, and a race degenerate.

An accident that fell,  
Some thousand years ago  
Upon this little bit of pottery's art  
A flaw of colour,  
Grey, but burnt in well,  
That brought some wobbler to a living heart  
That still lies clear, art in the shining lines  
As shown the ear upon the sea those days,  
How true that every thing is written everywhere  
That lacks is but the eye to mark and read  
To follow all the slow advance of things  
And see before to which all things lead.

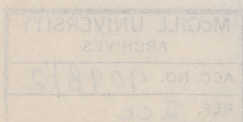
Seymour Chwast

The mountains and the solemn line  
That stand dim ranged along the shore  
The fountains on fountains of water ways  
That cleave the hills  
And join the gaps that lie between two seas  
When twice each day the hurrying tides flow in.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 2bb



Give us leave to fight our battles,  
 Let us stand alone and say  
 No proud braggart, be he giant,  
 Moves ~~our~~ one footlength in our way.  
 Let us stand as youthful David  
 Stood, before the man of Gath  
 Boasting in his finished armour,  
 But a stripling in his path.  
 It is hard to wrest his birth-right,  
 From a man already grown,  
 Even if alone and friendless  
 He is fighting for his own.  
 Still you cannot unaffected  
 Play a puny neutral part  
 While  
~~With~~ your foe, and our oppressor  
 Thrusts a spear against the heart  
 Of your offspring. If we perish  
 Dies the honour of your name,  
 We must stand and fall together  
 Fall or rise a common power,  
 And the war we hold must ever  
 Be an end, and mean the same  
 Let us stand then, true, determined,  
 Strong ~~against~~ all common wrong -  
 Seeking not a cause for battle - - -





Give us leave to fight our battles,  
 But we stand alone and say  
 No proud bragging, be his name,  
 Moves but one footstep in our way.  
 Let us stand as ye stand David  
 Good, before the man of Gath  
 Boasting in his finished armor,  
 But a scripping in his path.  
 It is hard to meet his dish-right,  
 From a man already grown,  
 Even if alone and friendless  
 He is fighting for his own.  
 Still you cannot overthrow  
 This a just natural law  
 With your too, and our oppressor  
 Through a spear against the heart  
 Of your offspring. If we perish  
 Dies the honour of your name,  
 We must stand and fall together  
 Fall or rise a common power,  
 And the war we hold most ever  
 Be the end, and wear the name  
 Let us stand then, true, determined,  
 Strong against all common wrong -  
 Seeking not a cause for battle -

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2cc



Life hath no joy  
 Naught but abiding sorrow  
 Death hath this word to say  
 Be there no morrow.

Dead ! and no longer in want, hour by hour  
 Of medicine, food and care  
 Quiet and still in the night so cold,  
 Silent and lying there.

God ! is it true that all love must fail  
 And hope on the verge of the realm of night  
 That friendship and use are all so frail  
 And our hold upon life is so weak and slight !

Yesterday, morning awoke in the East

As before, as of custom and need

Shall the sun now arise as of old nevermore

Shall the plant not grow up from the reed ?

Oh Father in heaven, I know not thy way

Nor thy course through the deeps or thy warrants or laws

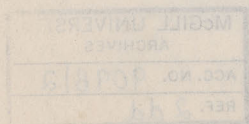
But here on the dust, kneel alone, can but cry

Or may pray to the of the silent First Cause.

Had the reaper but reaped when the corn stood well ripe

And yellow to harvest, my soul might have bowed

To thy law, to the fate which the ages have made thy  
 plain law.





Life hath no joy

Nought but abiding sorrow

Death hath this word to say

Be there no morrow.

Dead ! and no longer to want, hour by hour

Of medicine, food and care

Quiet and still in the night so cold,

Silent and lying there,

God ! is it that all love must fail

And hope on the verge of the realm of night

That friendship and love are all so frail

And our hold upon life is so weak and slight !

Yesterday, morning wakes in the East

As before, as of custom and need

Shall the sun now arise as of old yestereve

Shall the plant not grow up from the seed ?

Oh Father in heaven, I know not why say

For thy course through the ages or thy wonders of love

But here on the earth, Angel alone, can but cry

Or say pray to thee of the silent Christ come.

Had the reaper but reaped when the corn stood well ripe

And yellow to harvest, my soul might have been

To thy law, to the law which the great harvest cry

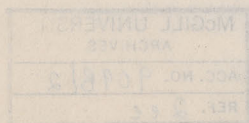
plain law.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 2 dd



## Murder of "Sitting Bull".

Oh savage chief ! The long live sweep,  
 Of God's great prairie mourns the dead,  
 Beyond the western verge the deep  
 Is all aglow with fiery red.-  
 And every swelling crest of snow is red, blood red.  
 But, one or two, dark sullied spots of blood and clay  
 Appeal to heaven, appalling blots ! this winter day.  
 'Tis winter now to thee and thine, and death to all  
 The last of the despairing wars  
 Thy people held against the stars  
 Is fought, and thou and they must fall  
 Perchance for man, in this eclipse  
 In some strange guise there comes new light  
 Perchance more eloquent than lips  
 Thy grave may plead for truth and right  
 But I who hold the dream of thy free West  
 And mourn its changing times, and those oppressed  
 I mourn for thee grim chieftain and for thine  
 - - - - -  
 For thy wide summer of a thousand leagues  
 That ran from eastern forest to the snow  
 That wraps the Rocky  
 Thou hast a narrow grave, with all despite  
 That weak may suffer from the hand of might





Harbor of "Sister Bell".

On savage chief ! The long live sweep,

Of God's great promise mourns the coast,

Beyond the western verge the deep

Is all aglow with fiery red.

And every swelling crest of snow is red, blood red.

But, one or two, dark silted spots of blood and clay

Appear to heaven, appalling signs ! this winter day.

The winter now to ches and China, and earth to all

The last of the century were

The people hold against the arms

In fought, and show and they must fall

Perchance for men, in this eclipse

In some strange gates there comes new light

Perchance more eloquent than lips

The grave may plead for truth and right

But I who hold the dream of my free West

And mourn its ceasing vines, and those oppressed

I mourn for thee who shalt remain and for mine

For thy wide summer of a thousand leaves

That ran from western forest to the snow

That wraps the rocky

That heat a narrow grave, with all despite

That work may suffer from the hand of night

McGILL UNIVERSIT.
ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2 ee



Thine was no generous foe  
 To ask for quarter - - - - -  
 - - - - -

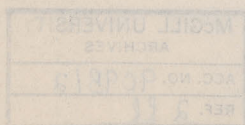
The Sea Lion.

Strong and alone, you survive, and far  
 Amid the spume of cold blue seas  
 ? That beat across Bar.  
 Against the ebbing tide, the breeze  
 Blows darkly up the island strait  
 1892 ? Between the silent ranks of trees  
 That hear your roar, and stand and wait  
 Like you, forgot of time are these  
 But virile, still, and old.

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

Daily Graphic. Feb. 12 /94.

These are the men who were to die,  
 Who, riding out at close of day  
 Rode out forever,  
 For the night fell,  
 And as the dust that followed fell and lay  
 Among the scrub  
 So when the dawn rose, they lay dead,





There was no generous fee

To ask for quarter - - - - -

### The Sea Lion

Strong and strong, you survive, and for

And the space of cold blue seas

That boat across Bar.

Against the oblong tide, the breeze

Blows darkly up the inland straits

1882? Between the distant lands of trees

That hear your roars, and stand and wait

Like you, forget of time and stress

But virile, well, and old.

Capt. Wilson and party leaving Forbes Camp.

Daily Graphic. Feb. 13/02.

These are the men who were to die,

Who, riding out at close of day

None but forever,

For the night fall,

And as the day that followed fell and lay

Among the scrub

So when the dawn rose, they lay dead.

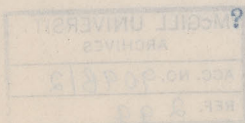
McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 2 ff



They were no saints, that little band  
 Of laughing men who left us yesterday,  
 But rough bush-riders, bred of reckless boys  
 Cheeks tanned by sun and coats bedaubed with clay.

The Valley of the Strymon.

The men that tilled these fields lie dead,  
 And earth is cold on hand and head  
 That worked and saw  
 And garnered frugal gain  
 Where still yon river wends across the plain  
 To melt in the blue sea.  
 They had no voice - with simple toil  
 They broke and turned that very soil  
 That blooms today  
 As prodigal again  
 As when the sun, and drifting summer rain  
 Passed in that time before it knew the plough  
 Of its own harvest were the armed men  
 That lit the beacon fires to further Ind -  
 Of Greece, that rose, and passed  
 In scattered leafage dropping on the wind  
 That Alexander might prevail and last  
 One ~~roman~~ marble shaft above the sea of time.





They were no sailors, that little band  
 Of laughing men who left us yesterday,  
 But tough bush-rangers, bred of reckless boys  
 Cheered by sun and sea and paddled with ease.

The Valley of the Styx

The men that filled these fields its zone,  
 And such is sold on hand and head  
 That warred and saw  
 And gathered their gain  
 Where still the river veers across the plain  
 To melt in the blue sea.  
 They had no voice - with single toll  
 They plied and turned that very soil  
 That blooms today  
 As prodigal again  
 As when the sun, and drifting summer rain  
 Passed in that time before it knew the plough  
 Of its own harvest and the sower's hand  
 That lit the season from the farmer's hand -  
 Of those, that road, was passed  
 In scattered festal droppings on the wind  
 That Alexander might prevail and last  
 One emperor might shift above the sea of time.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 299

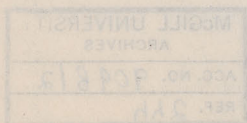


But all that gathered Moslem horde  
 Engendered in the waiting day  
 From the grim waste, the harvest stored  
 And eked by sparing everyway,  
 That splendid horde of men that broke  
 And fell in even rows on the plain  
 Before the guns they could not reach  
 As man may never see again  
 What of their death or where to lay -

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

Life is a bubble on the sea,  
 The ocean of eternity  
 It floats a while in glittering pride,  
 It may o'er many billows ride.  
 There comes a moment, none knows why,  
 No cloud o'erspreads the summer sky:  
 Some little breath, some hidden thing,  
 Perhaps a spirit on the wing -  
 Touches the orb - it melts away -  
 The sea receives its little spray -  
 No mark, no memory, left behind:  
 The everlasting sea, the wind - Flow on.

G.M.D. Mch.13th. 1870.





But all that gathered motion holds  
 endangered in the waiting day  
 From the grim waste, the harvest stored  
 and eared by spurring every way,  
 That splendid horse of men that broke  
 And fell in every row on the plain  
 Before the guns they could not reach  
 As men may never see again  
 What of their death or where to lay -

Sixteenth Gloria March

Life is a bubble on the sea,  
 The ocean of eternity  
 It floats a while in glittering rills,  
 It may e'er many billows ride,  
 There comes a moment, none knows why,  
 No cloud's approach the summer sky;  
 Some little breath, some midnight  
 Perhaps a spirit on the wing -  
 Touches the orb - it sails away -  
 The sea receives its little spray -  
 No mark, no memory, left behind;  
 The wave-lapping sea, the wind - flow on.

G. M. P. Nov. 18th, 1870.

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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2hh



The Sea and its Song.

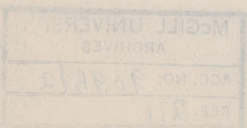
Outer Coast of Vancouver Island. 1885.

To rest on fragrant cedar boughs  
 Close by the Western ocean's rim  
 While in the tops of giant pines  
 The livelong night the sea-winds hymn,  
 And low upon the fretted shore  
 The waves beat out the evermore -  
 { Tis thus that life is full content  
 { And still the world is young and wide  
 This night, the stars, by heaven sent  
 And I and whatsoe'r betide.  
 No discord breaks the perfect whole  
 The sea repeats but one refrain  
 Sings, Sleep,- sleep,- sleep, oh weary soul,  
 Sleep - ask not if thou wake again.

Scattered fragments in the deep.

In winter and in summer.

Sun and storm. In fury of the  
 tempest or in trance of sleep  
 Where only the slow pulse of nature  
 ever beats, and how we laboured  
 with fierce breath of steam  
 up that vast gorge in the lone  
 depth of night resounding with





The Sea and the Song  
Outer Coast of Vancouver Island, 1933

To rest on fragments cedar, bushes  
 Close by the Western ocean's rim  
 While in the top of giant firs  
 The livelong night the sea-waves hum,  
 And low upon the fringed shore  
 The waves beat out the evermore -  
 The thus and life is full content  
 And still the world is young and wide  
 This night, the stars, by heaven sent  
 And I and Watson's bed  
 No discord breaks the perfect whole  
 The sea repeats but one refrain  
 Sleep, Sleep, - sleep, - sleep, on weary soul,  
 Sleep - see not if thou wake again.

Scattered fragments in the deep.

In winter and in summer,

Sea and rock. In fury of the

crust or in echoes of sleep

where only the slow pulse of nature

ever beats, and how we labored

with fierce breath of steam

up that vast gorge in the fens

depth of night resounding with

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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REF.	211



our clamour, while the snow swam  
 down in silence, passed athwart  
 the blaze of light and sank  
 into some depth below unseen -  
 Oh the long years that this great  
 valley graven in the hills hath  
 held its peace, or spoken only  
 in the warring of the torrent or  
 the fall of some great rock  
 from cliff to cliff.

Back to the ocean,  
 Back from hill or plain,  
 By each long way, to join the deep again  
 Loud in the torrent - silent, dropping slow,  
 The tides of life pass down from high to low  
 Eternity receives them calm and vast  
 But still there is no end, no past.

The Irrigation Ditch. ✓

Slipping along in the thicket of alder  
 And willow that grows when the water is low  
 Flowing all silently checquered with shadows  
 Cool on the clay and the stones of its bed.



our diamond, while the snow swam  
 down in silence, passed upward  
 the blaze of light and sank  
 into some depth below masses -  
 On the long years that this great  
 valley craves in the hills back  
 held its power, or spoken only  
 in the wearing of the torrent or  
 the fall of some great rock  
 from cliff to cliff.

Back to the ocean,  
 Back from hill or plain,  
 by each long way, to join the deep again  
 head in the torrent - silent, dropping slow,  
 The slices of life pass down from high to low  
 Ecstasy receives them calm and vast  
 but still there is no end, no  
 part.

The Irrigation Lichen.  
 Slipping along in the track of snow  
 And willow that grows when the water is low  
 Flowing all silently shepherded with shadows  
 Cool on the clay and the bones of its bed.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2 JJ



Frail stems of blossom stand bending and nodding  
 Over blurred shadows that pulse with the stream  
 Roots creeping down in the damp earth about them  
 Dim with the tremor of heat, is the hillside  
 And in the parched valley ablaze with the sun  
 Shrills the cicada among the grey bushes.

1. When the long war of water and of fire shall pass  
 And earth sail on a silent pulseless mass.  
 When all life's mighty silence sank away  
 Death's utter stillness ever holdeth sway.

2. When thy long beams, oh sun, shall fall in vain  
 But turn the mountain shadows on the plain  
 Arid, - no living thing to drink thy ray  
 Nor wind to feel its touch and bound away  
 As was its wont through vernal groves

(then)

3. Where now thy labour, man, thy daily toil  
 Thy lifelong struggle with the stubborn soil:  
 And where the hopes, the fears that filled thy days  
 Midst these grey silent ruins thou didst raise  
 These tombs thy hands have left so long.



Trail stems of blossom stand bending and nodding  
 Over blurred shadows that pass with the stream  
 Hoops crapping down in the camp earth about them  
 Him with the tremor of host, in the hillside  
 And in the parched valley splashes with the sun  
 Grills the circles among the grey banners.

1. When the long war of water and of fire shall pass  
 and earth sail on a silent planet's mass,  
 When all life's mighty stirrer shall away  
 Death's utter stillness ever holdeth sway.

2. When thy long beams of day shall fall in vain  
 But turn the mountain's shadows on the plain  
 And - no living thing to drink thy ray  
 Nor wind to feel its voice and bound away  
 As was its wont through vernal groves

(then)

3. Where now thy labour, now, that daily sell  
 Thy life-long struggle with the stubborn soil:  
 And where the hopes, the fears that filled thy days  
 What then shall greet thy pains when close of days  
 These things thy hands have left so long.



Ere long, the time will come when I must go  
 And if tonight, what need to rue that it be so.  
 No time seems fit to die, when life is strong  
 But if by slow decay all sense is still,  
 The day and its events grown weary-long  
 'Tis then no sacrament - an oft told tale.  
~~Struck now~~ - remain undone half finished tasks  
 My sacrifice upon God's altar high.  
 New hands take hold to weave and build again  
 So soon as light mounts new in yon dark sky  
 My path goes forth in the departing night  
 And whitherward, I trust, oh Lord, to Thee.

Pitiful, pitiful sad-hearted one  
 Essay thy little round, sun after sun.  
 Dark, grim and pitiful, millions untold  
 Toiling and weeping till hope hath grown old  
 Toiling, sad-hearted, till evening is come  
 And the lips that could murmur of sorrow are dumb.

1832.



Erlong, the time will come when I must go  
 And if tonight, what need to me that is so.  
 No time seems fit to die, when life is strong  
 But if by slow decay all sense is still,  
 The day and its events grow weary-long  
 'Tis then no sacrament - an old coin said.  
 Sinner now - remain beyond half finished seas  
 My sacrifice upon God's altar high.  
 Few hands can hold to weave and build again  
 So soon as light moments now in your dark day  
 My path goes forth in the departing night  
 And whitherward, I trust, oh Lord, to Thee.

Piffal, piffal, piffal see-hersee one  
 Easy thy little round, son after sun.  
 Dear, firm and piffal, millions J'accuse  
 Telling and weeping till hope hath given us  
 Telling, see-hersee, till evening is come  
 And the lips that could murmur of sorrow are dumb.

1888.

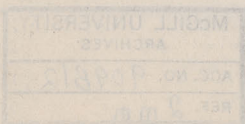


Great God and the father of mankind  
 The spring of life, the hand of fate;  
 I bow to Thee in humble mind  
 And kneel before thy golden gate  
 That bars the sun, this close of day.

One star above the mountain crest,  
 The dark and utmost verge of earth, (all)  
 That drops full swift into the west  
 Upon the footsteps of the day.  
 A thousand stars that start behind  
 From out the ancient realm of night.

The growing darkness fills the land  
 And stills the thousand tongues of day  
 'Tis only on my knees I dare (Vernon, B.C. 1890)  
 To look afar, or scan the way  
 Which I must tread, to look and pray.  
 And when above the path I turn  
 To where the lights of heaven burn  
 My lips refuse to utter prayer.  
 No plummet metes dark nature's deep  
 Through which the swift millenium's sweep  
 I know not, cannot understand.  
 But stricken silence may express

The reverent awe I must (confess ? )





Great God and the Father of mankind  
 The spring of life, the hand of fate;  
 I bow to Thee in humble mind  
 And kneel before Thy golden feet  
 That bear the sun, this bliss of day,  
 One star above the mountain crest,  
 The dark and stony verge of earth, (all)  
 That crops fall swift into the west  
 Upon the footsteps of the day,  
 A thousand stars and stars behind  
 From out the ancient realm of night,  
 The knowing darkness fills the land  
 and still the thousand tongues of air  
 Its only or my knees I cast (Yemen, B.C. 1880)  
 To look afar, or seen the way  
 Which I must tread, to look and pray,  
 and when above the lawn I lay  
 To where the lights of heaven burn  
 My lips refuse to utter prayer,  
 No plummet notes dark waters' deep  
 Through which the swift millennial's sweep  
 I know not, cannot understand,  
 Not without witness may I pass

The journey was I must (London ?)

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2mm







The Green Wind

On the edge of the Western land,  
 The soft south wind that sweeps along  
 A thousand rolling ridges of sea  
 And faints and sleeps upon the land,  
 Leaving the sparkling wave its crew  
 To race and break upon the strand,  
 (No longer able to pursue,  
 To search the rocky caverns through  
 In quest and sport,  
 Its passage halting in the pine  
 Across a thousand barren valleys;  
 It touches lightly, here a rose  
 And there a spot of grass, that sprays  
 And ripples, and above the cliff  
 (Banner)  
 Of that grey rock the needle shows,  
 Then rises ever, unster, and still  
 Beyond the covert of the rock,  
 Along the swelling of the hill,  
 Till in the drowsy hollow, pressed  
 The sounds of grass, and growing things  
 There cease, and there the silent wind  
 The soft south wind! - The soft south wind.  
 On broken of ocean's restless sea  
 That sweeps the brow, and wags the mind,  
 The distant sound of waves that roll

(And the  
 thousand)

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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 200



In measured cadence on the shore,  
 Beats out the monologue of time  
 And sing from ever, evermore.  
 White ebon locks, grow white with rime  
 Of age, and life becomes but lore  
 Or miser's hoard of memory past,  
 Till peace comes on the soft south wind  
 Not long - at last - - -

Linnaea Borealis,

Just as a wee maid when she stands  
 With downcast eyes and folded hands  
 To say her oft conn'd task  
 So blushing on some mossy bank, where days are long  
 Long and woods are dank,  
 Or crowded thick 'twixt lichen'd stones  
 Where some old glacier laid his bones  
 Their nodding bells are swung.  
 Fairer than all where all are fair,  
 Within the flowery band  
 And breathing out a fragrance rare  
 Where the tall ranked pine trees stand  
 In the lone distant northern land.



In measured cadence on the shore,  
 beats out the kenelops of time  
 And sing from ever, everywhere,  
 White upon faces, glow white with time  
 Of age, and life becomes but lore  
 Or miser's hoard of misery past,  
 Till passes come on the soft south wind  
 Not long - - - at last - - -

Finneas bewails

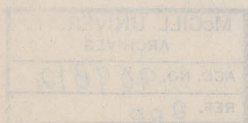
Just as a sea maid when she stands  
 With constant eyes and folded hands  
 To say her oft-conn'd name  
 So blinks on some misty bank, where cold the long  
 Long and woe are dark,  
 Or crowded palace 'twixt lightened stones  
 Where some old minister laid his bones  
 Their melting hair are wavy,  
 Hairer than all white off the fair,  
 Within the tawny head  
 And drawing off a tresser hair  
 Where the tall ranks find grass stand  
 In the lone distant northern land.

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ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 200



I turned the leaves and slowly turned  
 The yellow paper rough and old,  
 And marked the page was fairly writ,  
 And that was blotted, and half told  
 What haste or weariness or joy  
 That hand had felt in its employ  
 And restless, as my eye ran o'er  
 That fragment of the joy and grief  
 Of one who hoarded (?) life no more  
 Careless I turned another leaf.

My love, Dear            loved so long ago  
 You chose your path and went another way  
 I was not rich nor great, and told you so  
 But in my love to you could never stray.  
 Within me rose, I knew, some tide of the divine  
 Long purpose of the world, some pulse of that great heart  
 That rules. Had you been mine  
 It seemed we might have lived a life apart  
 Have breathed some air all consecrate and true,  
 Inviolate and pure; your love to me and mine alone to you  
 But that may be no more, time past is dead.  
 When last your hand left mine, that hour  
 We two were parted, never watershed  
 That turned two drops upon the mountain ridge





I turned the leaves and slowly turned  
 The yellow paper rough and old,  
 And marked the page was fairly white,  
 And that was blessed, and half cold  
 What haste or weariness or joy  
 That hand had felt in its employ  
 And restless, as my eye ran o'er  
 That fragment of the joy and grief  
 Of one who numbered (?) life no more  
 Gazeless I turned another leaf.

My love, dear love, so long ago  
 You chose your path and went another way  
 I was not then nor then, and told you so  
 But in my love so you could never stray.  
 Within me then, I knew, some side of the divine  
 Long purpose of the world, some piece of that great heart  
 That holds. The you had mine  
 It seemed as if you had lived a life spent  
 Have breathed some air, all consciousness and time,  
 Invited and loved; your love to me and mine alone to you  
 But that may be no more, time past is dead.  
 When last your hand felt mine, that hour  
 We two were parted, never re-joined  
 That turned the circle upon the mountain ridge

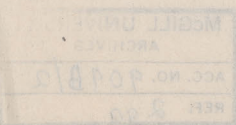
McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 2pp



Of some great continent was greater bar  
Our lives diverged, and ever wider space  
Spread all between, and far  
Far from our childhood's place  
We drift and drift, and you  
To me it seemeth left in moving sands  
Are lost. While I, touching the barren rocks  
Go onward through grey lands  
To that great sea that locks  
The habitable world in one embrace  
God grant we there may some day meet and face to face  
For there but one love for me and one for you  
And in some flux of time this must return  
As truth is true -

And the leaves have ceased to fall  
Lest their rattling down from limb to limb  
Should break the spell that holdeth all.  
The mist is out on the river, silent it moves and slow  
And flows as it had flowed ever, and will forever flow.

The days are short and the nights are chill  
When the leaves in slumber lie  
They blush in sleep on yonder hill  
And resting deep in hollows lie,





Of some great continent was greater bar  
 Our lives diverged, and ever wider space  
 Spread all between, and far  
 Far from our childhood's place  
 We drift and drift, and you  
 To me it seems left in empty space  
 Are lost. While I, swimming the barren rocks  
 Go onward through grey lanes  
 To that great sea that looks  
 The habitable world in one address  
 God grant we there may some day meet and face to face  
 For there but one love for me and one for you  
 And in some flux of time this must return  
 As truth is true -

And the leaves have ceased to fall  
 Lost their meaning even from limb to limb  
 Should break the spell that holds them all  
 The mist is out on the river, silence is broken and rise  
 And flows as it has flowed ever, and will forever flow  
 The days are short and the nights are chill  
 When the leaves in slender file  
 That black in sleep on yonder hill  
 And waiting deep in hollows lie

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	299



Hat.

Roof of the forge and working house of thought

I shield from sol's fierce ray

? Far through the forest, by hard scratching

And many devious ways.

Thou summer rag at best, I have thee here

A prey to autumn and to winter wind

The days are chill, the snows are almost here

While I go southward to a land less drear

A new felt tile, must cover in my mind.

My love, if thou dost hold the wine of two men's lives in  
thy dear hands,

I pity thee, for thou hast ta'en what thou can'st not  
restore.

If thou bear'st one away in thy sweet heart

Then must thou spill the other in the sand.

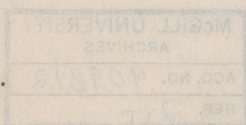
But blame me not, if I do pray thee for my soul

Oh ! leave me not to mourn the empty cruise, the evening  
of my days

Long time in secret has the fragrance grown,

It is my all. I pray thee for my own.

1882.





May

rest of the party and waiting house of thought  
 I shield from our's I know say  
 Far through the forest, by here watching  
 And many devices ways  
 Then summer the at best, I have time here  
 A prey to autumn and to winter wind  
 The eyes are still, the snow are almost here  
 While I go elsewhere to a land less green  
 A new fair time, must cover in my mind.

my love, if thou dost hold the wind of the man's life in  
 my own hands,  
 I pray thee, for thou hast in what thou canst not  
 measure.  
 If thou bear'st one way in the world's heart  
 Then must thou still the other in the hand.  
 Has blame me not, if I do pray thee for my soul  
 Oh! leave me not to meet the only desire, the evening  
 of my days  
 Long time in secret has the fragrance grown.  
 It is my all. I pray thee for my own.

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2cc



Some little nest is lonesome  
 Some little heart is sad,  
 Some little head is moping  
 All in the sunshine glad.  
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief  
 And the wrong without redress  
 Is babbled about by every leaf  
 And the day is weariness.  
 That all that love should be in vain !  
 That flight from the sunny south  
 And the courting in April's sun and rain .  
 Oh ! the grief, the bitter grief  
 And the wrong with no redress  
 Whether it fall on bird or man  
 The thought is madness, nothing less.

G.M.D. Jan. /73.

The mist is upon the river  
 And the moon, the waning moon  
 Looks down on the dimed mirror  
 Where the ice will gather soon.  
 The Pleads and Orion are high o'er the forest dim  
 And nature lies in the hush of night  
 From singing her autumn hymn.



V

Some little heart is longing  
 Some little heart is sad,  
 Some little heart is longing  
 All in the sunshine glad.  
 Oh! the grief, the bitter grief  
 And the wrong without redress  
 Is dabbled about by every leaf  
 And the day is weariness.

That all that love should be in vain!  
 That flight from the sunny south  
 And the courting in April's sun and rain.  
 Oh! the grief, the bitter grief  
 And the wrong with no redress  
 Whether it fall on bird or man  
 The thought is madness, nothing less.  
 O. M. D. Jan. / 18.

The mists upon the river  
 And the moon, the waning moon  
 Looks down on the dimmed mirror  
 Where the ice will gather soon.  
 The Pleiades and Orion are high 'o' the forest air  
 And nature lies in the hush of night  
 From singing her sweet refrain.

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	255



The firs are dark, and their ragged tops stand black  
against the sky

But the poplar woods are thin and bare, and the moon  
Beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lie.

Their hills are paved with their coined gold

Child of the sun and air

Each leaf a finished perfect thing

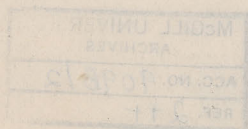
But there is no footfall there

For the very breath of night is still

Mosquito.

There is a sharpness in the prairie air  
The summer flaunts her banners on the sward  
There is a haunting presence everywhere  
Of twice a myriad, myriad whetted stings  
The air is full of murrur and of song  
That rounds the solemn stillness of the waste  
As gay the light mosquito oars along  
"In God and in his sword" his trust is placed  
Oh smudge, oh ! glorious smudge, let me entrance  
In thy sweet noxious cloud  
And nose and eyes all smarting with thy stench !  
There curse the winged crowd.

1874.





The fire and dark, and their ragged tops stand black  
against the sky

But the poplar woods are thin and bare, and the moon  
beams falling everywhere in their secret hollows lies.

Their hills are paved with their conical folds

Child of the sun and air

Each leaf a finished perfect thing

But there is no football there

For the very breath of night is still

responsive.

There is a sharpness in the prairie air

The summer flowers are dimmer on the earth

There is a haunting presence everywhere

Of twice a whirled, whirled whetted stage

The air is full of summer and of song

That reaches the solemn stillness of the waste

As far the light reaches one alone

"In God and in his world," his spirit is pleased

On swags, on ! without swags, let me be swag

In my sweet northern clime

Whose and eyes all smiling with my vision !

There comes the winter crowd.

1872.

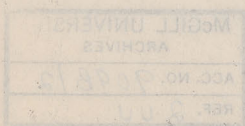
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Blue eyed, beside the melting snow  
 On lichened rock  
 Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow  
 Or gazing still on Heaven's blue  
 Turn ever nearer it in hue.

Oh God a key, a little key,  
 A pass-word for the iron door  
 That shuts the whole bright world from me  
 So strong I need not strive or press  
 That stands against all human stress  
 Deep founded on Eternity.

A grove of tall and silent pines  
 Where moss receives the tread,  
 Or where the shadow darker lies  
 Are piled the leaves of seasons dead.  
 A summer sun, or seeming calm,  
 But to a quicker ear the roar  
 Of jostling atoms as they crowd  
 At every leaflet's open pore.  
 How soon we cease to miss the news  
 The noisy chatter of the day  
 Of battles won and lost, of games  
 That knaves and dupes devise and play.





Blue eyes, beside the melting snow  
 On lichened rock  
 Forget-me-nots that sleep and grow  
 Or fading still on Heaven's blue  
 Turn ever nearer it in hue.

On her a key, a little key,  
 A pass-word for the iron door  
 That shuts the noisy bright world from me  
 So strong I need not strive or press  
 That stands against all human stress  
 Deep founded on Eternity.

A grove of tall and slight pines  
 Whose moss received the wind,  
 Or where the shadow darker lies  
 And find the leaves of seasons dead.  
 A summer sun, or summer calm,  
 Has to a quicker ear the roar  
 Of jostling atoms as they cross  
 As every leaflet's open pore.  
 How soon we cease to miss the noise  
 The noisy chatter of the day  
 Of business men and host, of games  
 That know and dance and give and play.

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REF. 200



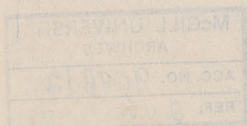
Thenoon the leafage of the time  
 The transient doers of today  
 That fill the armies of the dead  
 And year by year are swept away  
 And as they come, and pass with noise,  
 The peace of God continues here  
 And flux of time is meted out  
 In wooden cycles, year by year.

Peace River, Aug. 1879.

"A Russian Princess"

a Paris 1892.

Of savage times, a perilous great deep  
 Looks out through her young eyes  
 The primal Slav, the Wend, the Scythian,  
 And of the North the battle and the sleep,  
 The feasting, famine, heat and bitter cold  
 Of year-long marches in the twilight world  
 Songs, dirges  $\bar{\wedge}$  tales that never can be told.  
 The flapping tents of skin on sun-browned hills  
 Wind of the steppes and sandy river-beds;  
 Or stunted pines, where Arctic winter shrills  
 By huts half buried near the cattle sheds,  
 The woman of primeval fate  
 In this swift tide of later days,





Then on the last day of the time  
The transient hours of today  
That fill the minutes of the day  
And year by year are swept away  
And as they come, and pass with noise,  
The peace of God continues here  
And time of time is melted out  
In wooden cycles, year by year,  
Pecos River, Aug. 1898.

"A Russian Princess"

In Paris 1898,  
Of savage things, a picture hangs  
Looks out through her young eyes  
The primal Kiev, the land, the Russian,  
And of the North the Baltic and the deep,  
The feasting, fashion, hand and finger-bole  
Of past-long watches in the twilight void  
Some, digress & write that never can be told,  
The flapping bands of sail on sun-browned hills  
Wind of the saffron and candy river-banks;  
Or whence lines, where Arctic water swirls  
By hazy rail border near the castle under,  
The women of princely race  
In this white robe of linen eyes.

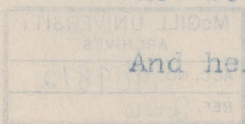
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ACC. NO. 909B/2
REF. 2 v v



Of Heaven and Hell she swings the gate  
 And counts not either blame or praise.  
 Low browed and stately, dark and tall,  
 (Her sires the Roman legions stayed )  
 She moves a queen amid them all  
 Barbarian and not afraid !

The Truant.

Oh I have been dancing the night, my lord,  
 All under the greenwood tree;  
 In the light o' the moon on the soft green sward  
 And I would you had been with me.  
 The music began, but you slept my lord  
 You cared nothing that I could see  
 But the rime and the time and the elves themselves  
 Were calling and calling to me.  
 I went not of will to the dancing green  
 With hazels (?) about in the dew,  
 But was wafted there in the cool night air  
 And far and away from you.  
 But still you slept on my lord, you slept,  
 Or so it beseemed to me,  
 Till the light of the dawn fell cold upon  
 The wood and the lawn and the lea.  
 And here am I back by your side, my lord,





Of Heaven and Hell she knows the gate  
 And counts not either blame or praise,  
 Low bowed and stately, dark and tall,  
 (Her eyes the human regions stray)  
 She moves a gazer's eye from all  
 Barbarian and not afraid!

The Trance.

Oh I have been conscious the night, my lord,  
 All under the greenwood tree;  
 In the light of the moon on the soft green sward  
 And I would you had been with me.  
 The music began, but you slept my lord,  
 You cared nothing that I could see  
 At the time and the time and the eyes themselves  
 Were calling and calling to me.  
 I went not of will to the dancing green  
 With hazels (?) whose in the eye,  
 But was walled there in the cool night air  
 And far and away from you.  
 But still; oh sleep on my lord, you sleep,  
 Or no is answered to me,  
 That the light of the dawn fall cold upon  
 The wood and the lawn and the sea.

Let me I back by your side, my lord,

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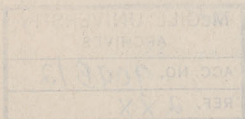
And glad to be back with thee,  
 But when shrill pipes sound to the dances round  
 Oh sleep not, but come with me.

July 30th. '93.

I cannot sound the depths of life and death,  
 They lie, as infinitely deep today  
 As when man first threw out  
 His little line to measure them.

My childhood, now I look far back -  
 A dream amid its misty years  
 Seems but a troubled dawn in which  
 Some gladness mingled with my tears.  
 I feel a great regret of love  
 For those who gave me birth and strove  
 To do their duty, dimly seen  
 Amid the stress of life.

A writer of books and a weaver of rhymes,  
 A man, no regard of seasons or times,  
 For a home, all the world, but alone and aloof  
 With no family, fireside, or sheltering roof.  
 A stranger mid travellers; all are no more  
 Where eternity fretting the border of time (shore)





And glad to be back with thee,  
 But when shall I find thee  
 On sleep not, but come with me.  
 July 30th, '98.

I cannot sound the organs of life and death,  
 That lie, as infinitely deep today  
 As when men first threw out  
 His little line to measure them.

My childhood, now I look far back -  
 A dream and the misty years  
 Seem but a crowded dawn in which  
 Some kindness mingled with my tears.  
 I feel a great regret of love  
 For those who gave me birth and love  
 To do their duty, daily seen  
 And the reverse of life.

A writer of books and a weaver of rhymes,  
 A man, no reporter of seasons or times,  
 For a name, all the world, but alone and silent  
 With no family, friends, or sheltering port.  
 A stranger and traveller; all are no more  
 Words existing, leaving the number of time (hours)

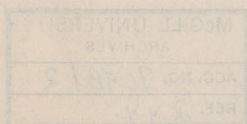
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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2XX



No friend to clasp hand with, no wish to fulfill  
No fear to contend with, no good or no ill  
With one question recurring, the problem of all  
Unspoken, unanswered, till death some day fall.

Across Siberia Eastward.

We came by the long land marches,  
By forest and steppe and plain  
We peopled a silent country  
Of rivers and drought and rain;  
Of snow and ice and winter,  
But with fish and flesh and fur.  
We made fire and song in the silent land  
And danced in the night there, hand in hand,  
For the country was new and lone.  
And the wise men kept the ancient rite  
The signs of day and the stars of night  
The spells and the tokens, the count and tale  
From father to son and from year to year  
Till we came to the sounding sea.





No friend to stand hand with, no wish to fulfill  
 No fear to contend with, no good or no ill  
 With one question recurring, the problem of all  
 Unspoken, unanswered, still death some day fall.

Across Siberia Eastward.

We came by the long land marches,  
 By forest and swamp and plain  
 We passed a silent country  
 Of rivers and crooked and rain;  
 Of snow and ice and winter,  
 But with fish and fowl and fur.  
 We made fire and song in the silent land  
 And danced in the night there, hand in hand,  
 For the country was not one lone,  
 And the wind ran left the ancient rise  
 The signs of day and the signs of night  
 The spoils and the tokens, the count and tale  
 From father to son and from year to year  
 Till we came to the sounding sea.

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REF. 244







On God : upon this side of day,  
 Thy sun descending in the west,  
 I know not in what word to pray  
 But ask that all mankind be free,  
 The clouds in needless raining part,  
 Forbid the eye to search the deep  
 Or range into the silent stars  
 That their appointed watches keep,  
 May all mankind be blest - the more,  
 May every living thing fulfill  
 In peace according to his part  
 Upon the way that is thy will,  
 I pray because I needs must ask,  
 I know without that all is well  
 And each appointed to his task,  
 Thy will shall be fulfilled.

McGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
ACC. NO. 9098/2
REF. 222



## A Knell.

Sad is life and sad is living,

Sad is dying, sad is death.

Slowly on the days are passing

Slowly, measured breath by breath.

Slowly dying, slowly dying,

Spreading silence, coming death,

Striving mind, and groaning body

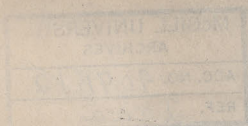
Straining upward, bearing down;

Wed so close, yet tied so lightly ,

What when all the bonds have flown ?

Silence waiteth, silence broodeth,

All devouring and alone.





A knell.

And is life and death is living,

And is dying, and is death.

Slowly on the way the passing

Slowly, measured breath of breath.

Slowly dying, slowly dying,

Spreading silence, coming death.

Surviving mind, and remaining body

Remaining upward, passing down;

Was so close, yet time so tightly.

What when all the bones have flown?

Silence within, silence without.

All everything and nothing.

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ACC. NO.	909B/2
REF.	2aaa