

MEMORABILIA: CHARLES MAIR 1838-1927

ROBERT HAZLEMERE

He said, "Roberts is a poet", and he said,
 "My real home is in Ontario",
And coughed, and coughed, and shook his tired head;
 And ruminated, "Yes, I hope to go
Back there again." But soon the thought had fled.
 He looked at me and sighed, and turned his silvered head.

"Then", thought I, "this is what all men come to;
 The fitful dream before the final call."
Not knowing that the poet's mind had gone through
 Again and yet again the darkened hall
Of memory now passing from the sunlight
 Of early Spring to the long Summer's fall,
Wherein the fruit and corn were long since gathered,
 And birds had taken their long southern flight.

Now that the sun has gone and twilight comes,
 Above the hill a brighter star is seen;
Nearby an old and lonely partridge drums
 As daylight leaves the quickly changing scene.

He said, "Good-bye! Come soon!" The wind seemed chill;
 The day is dead, and his low voice is still.