

It's scarred form bends beneath the weight of years;
A few lone twigs show the green foliage worn,
When, like a mighty king, it met the morn
Gleaming with the cool night's delicious tears;
Last of the forest sovereigns, it appears
Its sturdy trunk, with branches bare and torn
By the fierce storm that leaves the land forlorn:
And full of the great wind's triumphant cheers,
There, as a beacon, in a much changed land
It stands with form aslant, and when the wind
Is soft and low, and summer days are long,
And Nature pours from out her lavish hand,
The gifts that all who seek may easily find,
It gives the earth some bird's entrancing song.

Hy Mott

From the
Buller's