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ELEGY ON MOUNT BATES.

The siren whines the knell of parting days
The lowly perks wind slowly back to Lee's
The water-track is parked across the way
The world is left to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the hill,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the windmill's weight is groaning still,
And from the mess waft stories loudly told.

Beneath those rugged roofs, that lime-tree's shade,
Closed in by bush so dark, foreboding, deep,
Each in his narrow bed so roughly made,
The Highland boys in peaceful stillness sleep.

Let not the Aircrews mock their useful toil,
Their little toys with which the leagues they count,
Nor other trades hear with disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Mount.

Nor you, ye proud, indict those on the mound,
If History for their work no trophies gave,
For through the long night hours they watched and found,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is hid
A band of men whose hearts are wild afire
With patriotic zeal, at duty's bid,
To carry on through rain and wind and mire.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They keep the noiseless tenour of their way.

But soon for them the blazing hearth will burn,
And busy housewife ply her evening's care,
And children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.

With sincere apologies to Gray.