

The Owl.



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"A FEELIN' 'AT COMES O'ER YE."



THING 'at has often struck me,
Ez bein' almighty queer,
Is the feelin' 'at comes o'er ye,
In the spring-time o' the year ;
The yearnin' 'nd the longin',
(Fur what, it 's hard to tell)
'At changes all yer natur',
Jes' holds ye in a spell.

Fur instance, when ye see the green
Jes' a-pushin' through the earth,
Yer heart is filled with tenderness,
'Nd a flood o' joy 'nd mirth
Sets all yer pulses jumpin',
'Nd yer blood a rushin' fast,
'Till ye feel so 'tarnal happy,
Seems a'most too good to last.

Then when early in the mornin',
All the birds begin to sing,
A sort o' refreshin' sunshine,
Falls over everything,
'At does away with sorrow,
Ends quarrelin' 'nd strife,
'Till, trouble disappearin',
Ye jes' fall in love with life.

I suppose this change is sent us,
Fur to make the world more bright,
To show us we kin git along,
Ef we on'y take things right ;
To show there's sumthin' pleasin',
In every passin' day,
'At Natur' knows her biz'ness,
Though she don't run things our way.

THEODORE F. MILTON.