

What joy 'twould be if song could burst them wide
 And with a flood of music, wave on wave,
 Fill all the silence that my dumbness made,
 With ringing measure, not mere rhythmic sound—
 Poor soulless echo of my own poor pride—
 But with the rushing music sweet Love gave
 Pour Love's own song, thro' lips by Love unbound.

A SUMMER DAWN

Maple Cove, Vancouver Island

O changing, everlasting changing sea!
 This moment, wondrous dreamlike mystery;
 Thin, filmy mist of rainbow-tinted hue,
 Lifting, as light and warmth of sun pierce through;
 Rising from out a deeper depth of mist,
 This instant by the sunbeams lightly kissed,
 There comes a fairy Island wrapped in haze,
 Each moment growing clearer as I gaze;
 The heavens above throw down a cloak of blue—
 Deep blue, with scattered diamonds flashing true
 The sunlight tangled in each tiny wave,
 Dancing onward the shadowed beach to lave;
 Now comes thy swinging sea song, sweet and clear,
 Caught by the listening pines, which, as they hear,
 Send back in whispers what they've learnt from thee—
 Dawn's Summer song of throbbing ecstasy!

SONG

O, I know a garden full of dainty flowers,
 Where I love to linger through the sunny hours
 Of the month of roses, the balmy month of June,
 When the nodding flower-bells ring in perfect tune
 To the singing of my heart, among the flowers.
 There tall lilies shimmer, snowy-white and sweet,
 And there great roses glow, reflecting light and heat;
 Cool green mignonette perfumes the fragrant air,
 But the Flower that's fairest tends the others there,
 And my heart is calling, calling to thee, Sweet!
 Dear one, come and make your garden quite complete!
 Come, for I am waiting by the old oak seat!
 All the flowers are sweet, but none so sweet as thou;
 Love's red, red rose, I bring to bind upon thy brow,
 Bid me crown thee Queen—then the garden is complete.