

CANADIAN JUNE

Oh, come away in dreams while June is young,
While still the scent of lilacs haunts the dusk;
Backward the press of strife and folly flung,
Thieves of the corn and harpies of the husk
Be all forgot; and in some elfin clime
Pluck, while the moon is bright, the rose of time!

Oh, come away in memory! By a wall
At garden's end the loaded lilacs grew,
Cloudy with mist the air, and scarce at all
The little dewy stars might venture through.
You tiptoed where a moonbeam gave you light,
And we two laughed to share our spoil that night.

Oh, come away in dreams where lingers youth,
By hawthorn dens beyond the daisied plain,
And we shall find enchantments all be truth,
Drunk with the mead of honey-dew and rain,
Rebuilding in the moon and perfumed night
The half-forgotten house of our delight.