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A MAY CAROL.



HE gates of morn are opened wide,
The stars in dawn-flushed skies are dying,
Blushing and veiled, May, like a bride
Comes from the East, sweet perfumes sighing.

Mild charms in her features meet,
His power unto her Love delivers ;
Her, maid and youth, her, all things greet
Chaste meads, the tuneful groves and rivers.

She sends her messengers, the Hours,
From shore to shore her sway extending ;
Upon their path the awakened flowers
Their various fragrances are blending.

The vocal birds their tribute bring,
And when day's choir is hushed and slumbers,
The waft and hum of insect wing
Replace the more harmonious numbers.

Oh, mingled bloom of swamps and swards !
Oh, lush, green robe of vale and mountain !
May's priceless worth you speak in words
That laugh in leaf and flash in fountain.

Oh, sapphire depths of sun-lit sky !
Oh, stars which on Night's brow now burn !
Who, who, would say, while May flits by,
That blissful man was "made to mourn" ?

Like lilac buds, in every breast
Break hopes that all the future brighten,
And, like May's music, never rest
Joy's chimes that all earth's burdens lighten.

M.