

Later Canadian Poems.

A Forgotten Grief.

In the silence of the morning, while the dews are yet leaf-hidden,

And all the rare pale lilies lift their faces to the sun,
And the birds are singing madly, all unbidden, all unchidden,

And the morning glories echo the sweet chorus when 'tis done,—

My Heart and I sit singing too for very joy of being—

So bright the yellow sunlight through the leafy boughs above—

For very joy of knowing, and for very joy of seeing,

My Heart and I sit singing too for very joy of love.

And one by one the bright-winged hours dally and fly over,

And not a cloud in all the golden day can we espy,

For all the world's in love with us, the world that loves a lover,

And we're in love with all the world, my happy Heart and I.

And the lambent air is thrilling with a passionate desire :

“To love and live, to live and love, and this is all,” we sing ;