

# THE OWL.

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## THE VISION DANCE.



AR from this cold Canadian land, and over wastes of sea,  
I view this night, as in a dream, the scenes of infancy,  
The shutters of my soul are set, and though chill breezes blow  
I stroll through meadows garbed in green instead of drifted snow.  
Let North winds howl and West winds growl,  
And dull skies frown demure—  
Oh, what care I? My friends I spy  
Now dancing by the Suir.

The bright Suir flows from Templemore through Thurles and through Cahir,  
Nor France, nor Spain, nor any clime boasts river half so fair;  
With splash and flash it whirls and whisks by shamrocked field and grove,  
Then winds in pride through Waterford to Ballyteigel cove.  
The stalwart boys in corduroys  
Find there for grief a cure:  
Were there but two they still would do  
Their dancing by the Suir.

When evening comes with deepening shades that bring respite from toil,  
The lads and lasses of the vale flock out in merry file;  
Adown the haw-thorn lane they trip; their mirth the valley fills,  
Till sportive echo wafts it off to wake the Galtee Hills.  
For one short hour near that sweet bower  
What would I not endure?  
My hope is still an eve to fill  
With dancing by the Suir.