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MAY'S PRIVILEGE.

[Written for the University Review.]



OME, winsome May,

Command thy shine and rain

To touch the willing earth with vernal stain; Come, and call forth unto the warm, sweet day From clammy prison cells and chains of night The hungry buds to drink thy lifesome light.

Come, vocal May,
Come with thy train that high
On leafing maples pour their melody,
Or wheeling from the flock-filled fields all gay,
Throng glens apart on aptest echo calling
'Mid hymning woods and singing waters falling.

Come, sunny May,
Protend thy laughing beam
What time the stricken mists melt on the stream
And bees to pollened blossoms wing their way;
While music, light and sweetness are thine
Oh, weave and waft them round Queen Mary's shrine.

MAURICE CASEY.