

THE OWL.

Nay, have your will, ye wayward throng !

I may not rule this rush of song.

O Mary Mother, at thy name

My soul bursts kindling into flame.

I would not set,

For this free measure,

A bound to fret

Its flooding pleasure,

But let it fill its native course,

Unruled of path, unchecked of force,

A torrent stream that sweeps away

All landmarks set to fence the heart.

What matter ? In the wild bird's lay,

Who lists for sequences of art ?

Lily of heaven, all hail to thee,

Joy of the holy Trinity !

Hail, Flower as truly God-bedight

As is the lily clothed with light.

Hail, Rose of heaven,

Whose quickening breath

Is God ! Hail, heaven

Of Life to death !

The millioned flowers that now break sod

Do liken us the grace of God,

Winning to heavenly life and light,

In thee, its full, unstinted way,

Thou Garden of God's heart delight,

O'erteeming sweets to every ray.

O, well to thee we dedicate

This opening of the summer state,

When earth, renewed through every vein,

Blossoms to beauteous life again.

So, in the finer

World unscen,

A spring diviner

Clothed with green,