

WAITING FOR THE MAY.



AH my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorne brambles
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for, their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows
Or the water wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moon-lit evenings, sun bright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

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