

# University of Ottawa

## REVIEW

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### A SONG OF LONGING.



FAST fall the shades of vesper,  
The leafless branches sway,  
The waking breezes whisper,  
Day's brightness fades away.  
I know the vales are snow-white.  
No cheerful song is heard ;  
My happy heart is so light  
I miss nor flower nor bird.

I hear the joy-bells ringing  
And this they seem to say—  
In softest music singing—  
“ We meet on Christmas day.”  
And though the world be hoary,  
And though cold skies be dull,  
They wear for me a glory  
That nothing can annul.

Although the year is dying.  
To me its death is life,  
And end to lonesome sighing,  
And peace to weary strife ;  
While every pulse is thrilling,  
Like blossoms kissed by May,  
With utter joy, care killing—  
We meet on Christmas Day.

Oh, sister eyes will brighten,  
And brother hearts will burn,  
And parent brows will lighten,  
Because of my return !  
No rapture shall I smother,  
No impulse fond gainsay,—  
Oh, loved ones—father—mother—  
We meet on Christmas Day,

OTTAWA, December 12th, 1898.

C.