

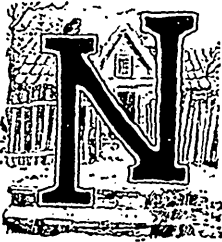
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HYMN FOR MAY.



OW, in the joyous month of May,
When trees 'gin feather all their spray
Of leafy green, and, after snow,
From bud to bloom the flowers outblow,
My heart, awake
With these, full fain
Would freshly take
A summer strain,
Clear-caught perchance at happy rote
From music of the wild bird's throat ;
And with all glad, untrammelled things
Which own a voice to sing their glee,
Waft heavenward up, on love's swift wings,
Mother of Love, a hymn to thee.
Be calm, my heart ! Thou art too quick
With happy throbs. Too fast and thick,
A fluttering crowd of young devotions
Starts up with thought-bewildering motions.
For in my breast
Is life untethered :
As in the nest,
When, newly feathered,
With young life thrilling, swift and keen,
To every plumelet fresh and sheen,
The twittering brood who seek to sing,
But stammer o'er the parent note,
Shake eager out the downy wing,
And yearn on summer airs to float.