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ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

" Well may we mourn when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more !"

—MATHEW ARNOLD.



THE time is past, when gazing on the sun
Still robed in glory, setting in the West,
Though deepest crimsons dim to shadowy dun,
One well might utter : Rest ;
Thy splendors will survive thy death, and glow
Anew in verse that shines and knows not night,
Whence living pictures we can hang arow
In fondest memory's sight.

Or, when the breath of Summer nerves the flowers
To light the sward with loveliness, so frail
That ere the passing of the season's hours
Their transient glories pale ;
We yet might bide their loss, content to find
The blooms we loved set in our poet's lay,
To live a blightless life shrined in each mind,
And make our winters gay.