


Our Canadian Poets.

ODE TO MAY.


 SING and rejoice!
 Give to gladness a voice:
 Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
 Rejoice with the flowers,
 And the birds 'mong the bowers;
 And away to the green woods away.
 O, blithe as the fawn,
 Let us dance in the dawn
 Of this life giving glorious day;
 'Tis bright as the first
 Over Eden that burst—
 O welcome, young joy giving May!

The cataract's horn
 Has awakened the morn,
 Her tresses are dripping with dew;
 O hush thee and hark.
 'Tis her herald the lark
 That is singing afar in the blue;
 Its happy heart's rushing,
 In strains mildly gushing,
 That reach to the revelling earth,
 And sink through the depths
 Of the soul till it leaps
 Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All Nature's in keeping,
 The live streams are leaping
 And laughing in gladness along;
 The great hills are heaving;
 The dark clouds are leaving;
 The valleys have burst into song.
 We'll range through the dells
 Of the bonnie blue bells,
 And sing with the streams on the way;
 We'll lie in the shades
 Of the flower-covered glades,
 And hear what the primroses say.

O crown me with flowers,
 'Neath the green spreading bowers,
 With the gems and the jewels May brings,
 In the light of her eyes,
 And the depth of her dyes,
 We'll smile at the purple of kings!
 We'll throw off our years,
 With their sorrows and cares,
 And Time will not number the hours
 We'll spend in the woods,
 Where no sorrow intrudes,
 With the streams and the birds and the flowers.

—ALEX. McLACHLAN.