

# The Rockwood Review.

## WOOD VIOLETS.

Violets, blue violets  
In the woods of June ;  
Swaying on each slender stalk,  
Comrades of my woodland walk,  
In the shadow and the sun  
Hooded like a cloistered nun ;—  
Whispering in murmurous talk,  
As the gypsy wind goes by,  
Secrets of flower-mystery.  
Blooming in the tangled shade  
Sweet as any peasant maid  
Half abashed and half afraid,  
With her wondering blue eyes  
Dewy in the summer noon,  
And her head bent listening-wise  
To the veery's plaintive tune :  
Violets, blue violets  
In the woods of June.

Violets, yellow violets  
In the woods of June ;  
Standing tall and bright and bold,  
Strewing o'er the leaf-green mould  
Beads of yellow shining gold,  
Nodding to the bumble-bee  
With coquetish courtesy:  
Blithe and gay and debonair,  
Beaming in this shady place  
With a radiant star-like grace,  
Making all the greenery fair :  
Vanishing, alas, too soon,—  
Violets, yellow violets  
From the woods of June.

Violets, sweet violets  
In the woods of June;  
Baby violets all in white,  
Gowned and tucked up for the night,  
And blinking with their sleepy eyes  
To the murmured lullabies,  
Sounding through the woodland dim,  
Of the thrushes vesper hymn,  
They are so little and so fair,  
You must seek for them with care,  
Shrinking from the careless gaze  
All along the lonely ways,—  
By the marge of mossy brooks  
In the shadiest haunted nooks  
Of forest glade, and dark lagoon ;—  
Violets, white violets  
In the woods of June.

—K. S. McL.