

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

A MAY SONG.

O cool May morning,
The earth adorning,
With bud and blossom
And sunshine rare,
Blue skies unclouded,
The trees green shrouded
With young leaves tender
And fresh and fair.
Just newly budded,
With sunbeams studded,
They like strange jewels
Green-golden shine.
To dance they waken,
By fresh winds shaken,
Pure winds more potent
Than strongest wine.
The grass springs quickly
And deeply, thickly,
 carpets roadside
 field and lawn,
 long and tangled
And dew-bespangled,
Appears all silvered
And bright at dawn.
The birds are singing,
Their sweet calls ringing,
From morn till evening,
Through grove and wood,
The robin voicing
His own rejoicing,
The swallows telling
That life is good.
The purple grackle
With croak and cackle,
On slim bough swinging,
Or settled low,
His black coat glinting,
Outshines his cousin
The solemn crow.
From sunrise early,
When mists are pearly,
Till peaceful twilight
The oriole,
His dear mate greeting,
Keeps on repeating
His joyous love notes
With heart and soul.
And soft but thrilling,
Is heard the trilling
Of chipping sparrows
So small and gay,
The trees surrounding

The house are sounding
With mingled bird cries,
That speak of May.
White blossoms showy
Make orchards snowy,
And load the breezes
With odors sweet,
And varied flowers
Fill woodland bowers,
Or deck the pathways
Beneath our feet.
The trilliums stately
That stand sedately,
Like queens white vested
Or clothed in red,
Or young princesses
In pink streaked dresses,
Each lifting proudly
Her lovely head.
Just perfumed faintly
And frail and saintly,
In waxen beauty,
The squirrel-corn
In bush is hiding,
Low down abiding,
Full well protected
By branch and thorn.
Like garments airy
For elf or fairy,
The Dutchman's breeches
Bright tipped with gold,
Spring up together
In sunny weather,
Near dog-tooth violets
Alert and bold.
Star flowers milky,
And gold threads silky,
Fields violet sprinkled
With blue and white,
And widely spattered
Like money scattered,
The dandelions
Do please our sight.
O cool May morning,
The earth adorning,
With bud and blossom
And sunshine rare,
We mount thy treasures,
We taste thy pleasures,
They sooth all worry
And calm all care.

D. W. K., May 16th, 1896
