

## The Rockwood Review.

### MARCH.

Dun clouds race over the windy sky,  
And the woods are black, and the fields are bare,  
Far to the northward, weird and high  
Ghost-like the clang of the wild geese cry,—  
BUT THE LION LIES CLOSE IN HIS LAIR.

The griding ice-floes dip and strain ;  
We hear the sound on the wintry air,  
And the fingers of rain on the window pane  
Bert and pause—and begin again,  
BUT THE LION LIES STILL IN HIS LAIR.

Down from the hills with invisible feet  
Rush the freed brooks over brae-side and glen,  
Out of snow caverns tumultuously fleet,  
Down through the valleys melodious and sweet,—  
AND THE LION SLEEPS ON IN HIS DEN.

In sudden strange silence the fierce winds drown,  
The sunset dies in a crimson flare,  
Quenched in the cloud-wracks gathering frown,  
As a fiery ship in the sea goes down,—  
AND THE LION STIRS IN HIS LAIR.

And the waking comes! Over forest and moor,  
A whisper—a presage of fear and doubt,—  
And the strong winds break with a thunderous roar  
Into blackness and ruin and wrath on the shore,—  
AND THE WILD MARCH LION IS OUT!

K. S. McL.