

# **The Rockwood Review.**

## **SUNDOWN IN MID-MAY.**

The smell of the warm wet earth after the April rain,  
And the lispings of frogs, broken off and renewed again  
As the foot of the stroller advances, and passes the pool in the lane :—

The rosy clouds of sunset, with a rift of heavenly blue,  
Pierced for the level sunbeams to bring a message through  
Of the old days gone and over, and the coming of the new :—

The bees in the maple blossoms that tassel the leafless boughs,—  
The crowing of cocks in the farmstead, the lowing of waiting cows,  
The milkmaid's musical call, with her hand at her level brows,

Shading her eyes, and calling co-bos to Cherry and Spot,  
Buttercup, Spot and Brownie, up from the pasture lot  
Stepping in rhythmic measure of the summers unforgot ;—

These are the sounds I hear at the close of the quiet day,  
Softened and sweet in the distance, broken and far away,  
Looking from my high window at sundown in Mid-May.

Sweet is the shadowy landscape sinking to rest and sleep ;—  
No sound of the far-off battle clanging o'er valley and steep,  
No moan of the wounded and dying—no murmur of them that weep :—

But the earth lies still and silent under its solemn trees,  
Nor hears the din of fighting men across the alien seas,  
Nor heeds the roar of English guns for British victories.

The graves are green in churchyards here, and green the flowery plain—  
Their graves are on the rocky veldt beyond the Indian main,  
Our Soldiers of the Empire who will never come again.

—K. S. McL.