

THOSE PERISH, THESE ENDURE

SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

On the pale borders of evening
 The hawthorn breaths are cool;
The frogs pipe in the sedges
 About the shadowy pool;
The cows, turned out from the milking, through
 The bars go one by one;
And the lusty farm-lad whistles free
 For soon his chores are done.

In troubled lands afar
 Red hates flare up and fade;
Temples and towers crumble down
 And children cower dismayed.
The streets are loud with shouting,
 The peoples bleed and riot;
The blood soaks into the reeking sod,—
 Then comes, for a little, quiet.

On scenes like these the moon
 Looks down with heedless face;
The sly, inexorable years
 Their horrors shall efface.
But still shall cows to pasture
 Trail leisurely one by one;
And frogs in the pale sedge go on piping
 After the set of sun;
And hawthorn breathe on the air;
And farm-lads homeward fare;
And men come gossiping in from the fields—
 The day's work done.