

MAY RHYMINGS.<sup>1</sup>

**A Dithyrambic Ode.** by E.C.K.<sup>2</sup>

Hark! to the rain —  
"Tis pouring again,  
It is flooding the hill-side, and soaking the plain;  
While the clouds, and the wind,  
And the damp fog together,  
Leave no vestige behind  
Of the sun-shining weather.

But the gloom matters nought,  
For the May month has brought  
Delicious wet weather so wishfully sought;  
To atone for the past —  
For the long spell of drought —  
Rain is falling as fast  
As 'tis eagerly caught.

And the sun-withered flowers —  
How they drink in the showers!  
Reviving, rejoicing these rain-dropping hours;  
While the shrub, and the shoot,  
And the clambering vine,  
Now refreshed to the root,  
Look most verdantly fine!

The farmer at night,  
With list'ning delight,  
Hears the rain on his roof patter down its might,  
Lulled asleep by the drops,  
He dreamingly sees  
The growth of his crops  
Through their Bacchannal *sprees*.

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<sup>2</sup> E.C.K. — Edward Cleveland Kemble (1828-1886), printer/editor of the *Star*. See [donduncan.org/kemble/](http://donduncan.org/kemble/) .

The 'stock' and the 'steed'  
Note the promising 'feed,'  
Forgetting to wander, for little they need;  
Though 'wet to the hide,'  
They will never complain,  
But contented to abide  
The result of the rain.

Though the weather's uncheery,  
Damp, dismal and dreary,  
Yet the blithe, little birds are making quite merry,  
And the curlew and plover  
O'er marshy flats hover —  
Little need they to go far  
Such flats to discover!

But the showers are ceasing,  
Earth's thirst-call appeasing —  
Ne'er looked our country more fresh or more pleasing;  
But the sky-dropping treasure  
Will vanish with May — May the land of our pleasure  
Look ever as gay.

*San Francisco, May 6, 1847.*

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