

Harvest

By John Charles McNeill (1874 - 1907)

Cows in the stall and sheep in the fold;
Clouds in the west, deep crimson and gold;
A heron's far flight to a roost somewhere;
The twitter of killdees keen in the air;
The noise of a wagon that jolts through the gloam
 On the last load home.

There are lights in the windows; a blue spire of smoke
Climbs from the grange grove of elm and oak.
The smell of the Earth, where the night pours to her
Its dewy libation, is sweeter than myrrh,
And an incense to Toil is the smell of the loam
 On the last load home.

heron 苍鹭
roost 栖息地
jolt 颠簸
gloom 暮光
spire 尖形
grange 农庄
grove 林子
elm 榆树
oak 橡树
libation 液体
myrrh 没药
loam 土壤