



Classic Summer Poems Collection

**CLASSIC SUMMER POEMS FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, MIDDLE SCHOOL,
AND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS**

Provided by

Pattern Based Writing: Quick & Easy Essay

- ❖ **THE FASTEST, MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO TEACH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENTS HOW TO WRITE MULTI-PARAGRAPH ESSAYS AND REPORTS!**
- ❖ **TRANSFORMS STRUGGLING MIDDLE SCHOOL AND HIGH SCHOOL WRITERS INTO ACCOMPLISHED AUTHORS - FAST!**

JUNE by Elaine Goodale Eastman

For stately trees in rich array,
For sunlight all the happy day,
For blossoms radiant and rare,
For skies when daylight closes,
For joyous, clear, outpouring song
From birds that all the green wood throng,
For all things young, and bright, and fair,
We praise thee, Month of Roses!

For blue, blue skies of summer calm,
For fragrant odors breathing balm,
For quiet, cooling shades where oft
The weary head reposes,
For brooklets babbling thro' the fields
Where Earth her choicest treasures yields,
For all things tender, sweet and soft,
We love thee, Month of Roses!



A MIDSUMMER DAY by Dora Goodale

WHAT is so sweet as a midsummer day,
When no sound greets the ear save a bird's
 happy lay,
Or the rustling of leaves as the wind passes thro';
When the earth is so green, and the sky is so blue!

When the swallows in ecstasy dart thro' the air,
When the breeze is so pure, and the flowers are so
 fair,
When the grain is so golden, the farmer so gay,
O what can compare with a midsummer day!

STRAWBERRIES by Dora Goodale

WHEN the fields are sweet with clover,
And the woods are glad with song,
When the brooks are running over,
And the days are bright and long,
Then, from every nook and bower,
Peeps the dainty strawberry flower.

When the dear, enchanting Summer
Tosses beauties at our feet,
She delights each weary comer
With her berries, fresh and sweet;
Springtide's blossoms, stored away,
Ripen for us all to-day.





RAIN IN SUMMER By Henry W. Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

**I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING by Walter Crane
(Mother Goose Nursery Rhyme)**

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

The Great Summer Blue by Meg Wiseman

I have been waiting for this moment
and now I'm beneath it,
looking up to it, spell bound.
Above is the great blue,
the first great summer blue
of the year,
and it pulls me,
surrounds me,
fills me with warmth.

The clouds have disappeared,
all is clear above and
beyond the great blue grows.

The warm rays of summer
spread out in the blue,
stretch and welcome us
and we are beneath it,
knowing with pleasure that
it's going to be sunny all day.

Collecting Water by Lisa Oyanna

When the summer comes
we hide on down
in the midday heat and
watch the land shrink
as the devils rise to play and blur
the horizon. But we have to drink.

A woman walks there
as the land bakes.
Her skin is black
her Iro and Gele are deep red,
the water jug, held with one hand
upon its rim, atop her head.
She sways along the path,
moving to the heat waves.

In her vessel is the water
for her children,
from the well five miles back.
She's one of many mothers
collecting water every morning.

THE VIOLET AND THE BEE by John B. Tabb

"And pray, who are you?"
Said the Violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,"
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
Of honey and wax.
Have you nothing for me?"



WHERE GO THE BOATS?
by Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating--
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.



CASEY AT THE BAT by Ernest Lawrence Thayer

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to six with just an inning left to play;
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest
With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast;
For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that
They'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did Blake,
But the former was a pudding, and the latter was a fake;
So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blaikie tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blaikie safe on second and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell,
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.



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And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped:
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered,
"Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

SUMMER IS COMING by Dora Goodale

"Summer is coming!" the soft breezes whisper;
"Summer is coming!" the glad birdies sing,
Summer is coming - I hear her quick footsteps,
Take your last look at the beautiful Spring!

Lightly she steps from her throne in the woodlands,
"Summer is coming, and I cannot stay;
Two of my children have crept from my bosom,
April has left me but lingering May.

"What tho' bright Summer is crownèd with roses?
Deep in the forest Arbutus doth hide;
I am the herald of all the rejoicing,
Why must June always disown me?" she cried.

Down in the meadow she stoops to the daisies,
Plucks the first bloom from the apple tree's bough,
"Autumn will rob me of all the sweet apples;
I will take one from her store of them now."

Summer is coming! I hear the glad echo,
Clearly it rings o'er the mountain and plain,
Sorrowful Spring leaves the beautiful woodlands,
Bright, happy Summer begins her sweet reign.



THE BROWN THRUSH by Lucy Larcom

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree—
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing—"A nest do
you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy—
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know, don't you see,
Unless we're as good as can be?"

DAISY By Emily Dickinson

The daisy follows soft the sun,
And when his golden walk is done,
Sits shyly at his feet.
He, waking, finds the flower near.
"Wherefore, marauder, art thou here?"
"Because, sir, love is sweet!"

We are the flower, Thou the sun!
Forgive us, if as days decline,
We nearer steal to Thee, --
Enamored of the parting west,
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,
Night's possibility!

SUMMER SUN by Robert Louis Stevenson

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

THE SWALLOW by Christina Rossetti

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done.
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer, and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.



THE GARDENER by Robert Louis Stevenson

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row,
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER by THOMAS MOORE

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE THROSTLE by Alfred Tennyson

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, love again."
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then _so_ new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again."
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

BED IN SUMMER by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

TO A BUTTERFLY by William Wordsworth

I've watched you now a full half hour
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!--not frozen seas
More motionless!--and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers:
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.



DAYBREAK by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

AT THE SEA-SIDE by Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

BIRDS IN SUMMER by Mary Howitt

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon;
That open to the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
"Come up! Come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer
air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne,
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

continued



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To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder hall aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper cloud-wings,--oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go,
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green and yellow and amethyst.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;

Lightly to soar, and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdened some fairy region old!
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

IN JULY by Evaleen Stein

Let us find a shady wady
Pretty little brook;
Let us have some candy handy,
And a picture-book.

There all day we'll stay and play and
Never mind the heat,
While the water gleaming, streaming,
Ripples round our feet.

And we'll gather curly pearly
Mussel-shells while bright
Frightened minnows darting, parting,
Scurry out of sight.

What if, what if,--heigho! my oh!--
All the "ifs" were true,
And the little fishes wishes,
Now, what would you do?



FIREFLIES by Evaleen Stein

Look! Look down in the garden how
The firefly lights are flitting now!
A million tiny sparks I know
Flash through the pinks and golden-glow,
And I am very sure that all
Have come to light a fairy ball,
And if I could stay up I'd see
How gay the fairy folks can be!



JUNE by James Russell Lowell

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green.
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,--
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

A Summer Shower by Dora Goodale

Mist upon the mountain top
Slowly settles down,
Rain is gathering, drop by drop,
Skies begin to frown;
In the field and in the lane,
Many a downcast flower
Droopeth, longing for the rain.
For the summer shower.

Now the rain begins to fall
From its cloudy bed,—
Listen! hear the thrushes call!
Clover lifts her head,—
Shrunken streamlets rise and swell;
From each leafy bough Jewels hang, and in the dell
Grasses bend and bow.

Mist upon the mountain top
Lightly sails away;
Rain has fallen, drop by drop,
Blue replaces grey;

In the field and in the lane,
Many a freshened flower
Smileth, brightened by the rain,
By the summer shower.



SUMMER by Dora Goodale

HEAVEN'S glorious blue,
So deep, so pure, so fair!
And Summer's sunny air
Sweet with a fragrance rare
From flowers beyond compare,
And all for you!

O happy, tender days!
O shades in forests deep,
And sweet, unbroken sleep,
And golden grain to reap,
And birds that always keep
Chanting their lays!

A SUMMER'S NIGHT by Dora Goodale

THE azure sky is rich and deep,
With fleecy clouds of snowy white;
The breezes sing you into sleep
So gently on a Summer's night.

The whippoorwill, with plaintive cry,
Rests from his eager, busy flight;
The dewdrops on the grasses lie
And sparkle thro' the Summer's night.

The moonbeams catch the first fair flush
Of budding June with beauties bright;
The creamy, half-blown roses blush,
Unfolding thro' the Summer's night.

THE TREE by Björnstjerne Björnson

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.



PLAYGROUNDS

by Laurence Alma-Tadema

In summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass:
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
And, when we're at the sea,
Let father stoop as best he can
He can't find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground
And all the puddles freeze,
I wish that I were very tall,
High up above the trees.

WINTER AND SUMMER by Anonymous

Oh, I wish the Winter would go,
And I wish the Summer would come,
Then the big brown farmers will hoe,
And the little brown bee will hum.

Then the robin his fife will trill,
And the wood-piper beat his drum;
And out of their tents on the hill
The little green troops will come.

Then around and over the trees
With a flutter and flirt we'll go,
A rollicking, frolicking breeze,
And away with a frisk ho! ho!

SERENADE by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps
My lady sleeps
Sleeps!



A GOOD PLAY by Robert Louis Stevenson

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"--
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

Daisies by Frank Dempster Sherman

At evening, when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

BIRDS IN SUMMER by MARY Howitt

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall
How one to the other in love they call!
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

"Come up! come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space;

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To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild, 'free flight
With the upper-cloud winds—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sunlit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

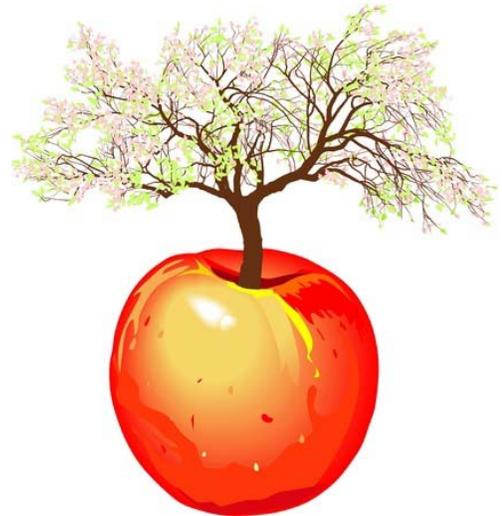
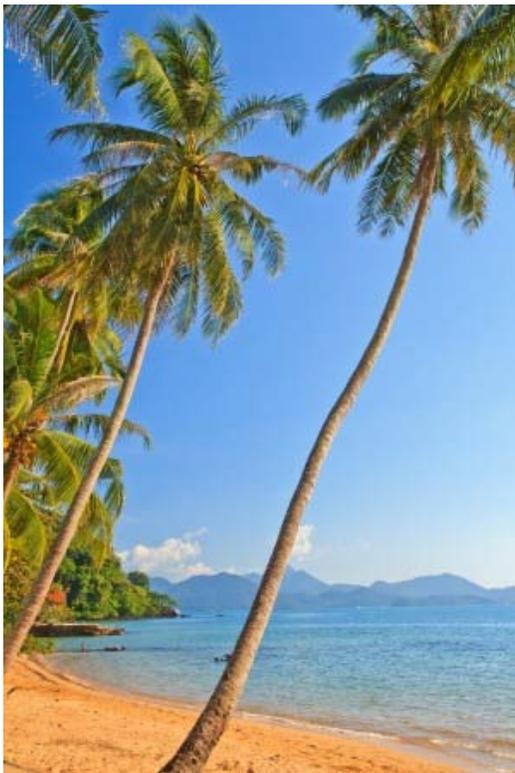
What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladdened some fairy region old!
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MIDSUMMER JOYS by Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr.

Give me the joys of summer,
Oh SUMMER QUEEN so fair,
With wealth of lovely flowers
And fruits and sun-kissed air!

Talk not to me of winter
With ice and frost and snow,
Nor changing spring and autumn
When howling winds will blow.

No, I will take the joys
Of SUMMER every time,
So to this Queen of Seasons
I dedicate my rhyme.



APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME by Elaine Goodale

The sky is rich in shimmering sheen
Of deep, delicious blue;
The earth is freshly, softly green,
Of one translucent hue;
The choir of birds in wood and field
Ring out a happy chime;
The trees their fairest foliage yield
In apple-blossom time.

The orchard rows are all ablush,
The meadows all aglow;
On every bough a vivid flush,
A drift of petalled snow;
The clustered bloom, with faint perfume,
Wreathes many a garland fire,
And many a rosy, nodding plume
In apple-blossom-time.

The fullness of our early dreams,
Tho' fresh and pure and sweet
When the glad earth with beauty teems,
Soon trembles to our feet;
Richer, tho' rarer, comes the fruit
To crown a golden prime,
Fulfilling pledges proffered us
In apple-blossom time.