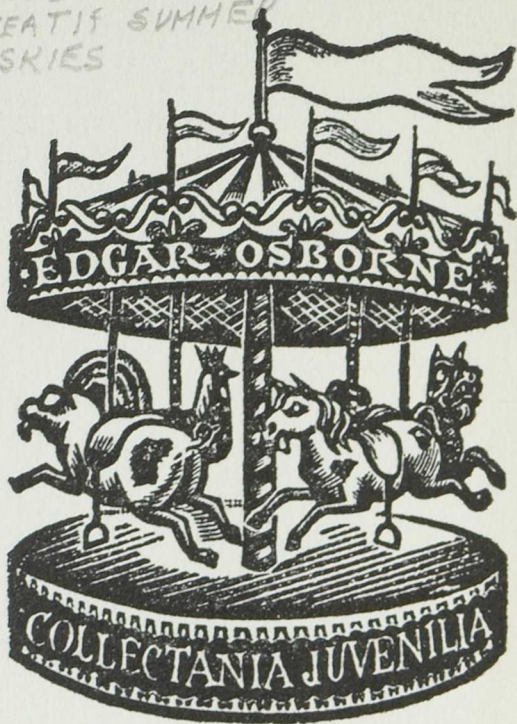


NEATH SUMMER SKIES.



Poems
with
Illustrations
by
ERNEST WILSON.

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NEAT IF SUMMER
SKIES



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NEATH
SUMMER SKIES.

Poems with Illustrations
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ERNEST WILSON.



“On Nature's face, who loves to look
In such a calm, sequester'd nook
Must gather lore from God's fair book.”

RICHARD WILTON.



The Summer comes.

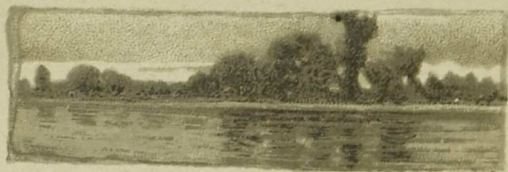
"She comes! she comes! with her flashing eyes,
And her cheek of passion's hue,
'Mid a train of aërial symphonies,
In a garment of cloudless blue,
She comes, and her spell is on earth and skies
Over land and over sea,
In her warm maturity,
She comes, the Summer comes!"



Come with us.

“Come with us, the children say,
Come with us and sing and play,
Where the birdies all the hours,
Sing their stories to the flow’rs
And the flow’rs their secrets tell
Unto all who love them well.

Come with us the children say,
Come and sing and dance and play!”



The Streamlet.

"Still glides the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange;
The water that was here, is gone,
But those green shadows never change.

"Serene or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

"So love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee."

TOM, HOOD.



Spring.

“When the wind blows
In the sweet rose tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,
'Tis not for anyone here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
O the spring, the beautiful spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.”



To

"Let me but bear your love
I'll bear your cares."

Shakespeare.

From

I. Jettie