

## Summer Poetry

### To Summer

by William Blake

O thou who passest thro' our valleys in  
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat  
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,  
Oft pitched'st here thy goldent tent, and oft  
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld  
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard  
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car  
Rode o'er the deep of heaven; beside our springs  
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on  
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy  
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:  
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.  
Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire:  
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:  
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:  
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,  
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,  
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.



## Sonnet 18: Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

by William Shakespeare



Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## Summer Morn in New Hampshire

by Claude McKay

All yesterday it poured, and all night long  
I could not sleep; the rain unceasing beat  
Upon the shingled roof like a weird song,  
Upon the grass like running children's feet.  
And down the mountains by the dark cloud kissed,  
Like a strange shape in filmy veiling dressed,  
Slid slowly, silently, the wraith-like mist,  
And nestled soft against the earth's wet breast.  
But lo, there was a miracle at dawn!  
The still air stirred at touch of the faint breeze,  
The sun a sheet of gold bequeathed the lawn,  
The songsters twittered in the rustling trees.  
And all things were transfigured in the day,  
But me whom radiant beauty could not move;  
For you, more wonderful, were far away,  
And I was blind with hunger for your love.



## Summer Sun

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Great is the sun, and wide he goes  
Through empty heaven with 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 Summer Sun Shone Round Me

by Robert Louis Stevenson

THE summer sun shone round me, The  
folded valley lay  
In a stream of sun and odour,  
That sultry summer day.

The tall trees stood in the sunlight  
As still as still could be,



But the deep grass sighed and rustled  
And bowed and beckoned me.

The deep grass moved and whispered  
And bowed and brushed my face.  
It whispered in the sunshine:  
"The winter comes apace."

## **Indian Summer**

by Henry Van Dyke

A soft veil dims the tender skies,  
And half conceals from pensive eyes  
The bronzing tokens of the fall;  
A calmness broods upon the hills,  
And summer's parting dream distills  
A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,  
Stand waiting through the placid day,



Like tattered wigwams on the plain;  
The tribes that find a shelter there  
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,  
And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest  
Of sunset passes down the West,  
I hear the whispering host returning;

On far-off fields, by elm and oak,  
I see the lights, I smell the smoke,--  
The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

## Summer Stars

by Carl Sandburg

BEND low again, night of summer stars.  
So near you are, sky of summer stars,  
So near, a long arm man can pick off stars,  
Pick off what he wants in the sky bowl,  
So near you are, summer stars,  
So near, strumming, strumming,  
So lazy and hum-strumming.



## Moonlight, Summer Moonlight

by Emily Bronte

'Tis moonlight, summer moonlight,  
All soft and still and fair;



The solemn hour of midnight  
Breathes sweet thoughts everywhere,

But most where trees are sending  
Their breezy boughs on high,  
Or stooping low are lending  
A shelter from the sky.

And there in those wild bowers

A lovely form is laid;  
Green grass and dew-steeped flowers  
Wave gently round her head.

## **I Know I Am But Summer To Your Heart**

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I know I am but summer to your heart,  
And not the full four seasons of the year;  
And you must welcome from another part  
Such noble moods as are not mine, my dear.  
No gracious weight of golden fruits to sell  
Have I, nor any wise and wintry thing;  
And I have loved you all too long and well  
To carry still the high sweet breast of Spring.  
Wherefore I say: O love, as summer goes,  
I must be gone, steal forth with silent drums,  
That you may hail anew the bird and rose  
When I come back to you, as summer comes.  
Else will you seek, at some not distant time,  
Even your summer in another clime.



## **Summer in the South**

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

The Oriole sings in the greening grove  
As if he were half-way waiting,  
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,  
Timid, and hesitating.  
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep  
And the nights smell warm and piney,  
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots  
Are yellow-green and tiny.  
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,  
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,  
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue  
And the woods run mad with riot.