

# A NATURE POEM FOR EVERY SUMMER EVENING

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28<sup>TH</sup> JUNE



## *I Love Flowers*

SIBYLLA FROM *DEATH'S JEST-BOOK*, ACT V, SCENE III

I love flowers too; not for a young girl's reason,  
But because these brief visitors to us  
Rise yearly from the neighbourhood of the dead,  
To show us how far fairer and more lovely  
Their world is; and return thither again,  
Like parting friends that beckon us to follow,  
And lead the way silent and smilingly.  
Fair is the season when they come to us,  
Unfolding the delights of that existence  
Which is below us: 'tis the time of spirits,  
Who with the flowers, and, like them, leave their graves:  
But when the earth is sealed, and none dare come  
Upwards to cheer us, and man's left alone,  
We have cold, cutting winter.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803–1849)



**8<sup>TH</sup> JULY**



## *Evening Rain*

What is lovelier than rain that lingers  
Falling through the western light?  
The light that's red between my fingers  
Bathes infinite heaven's remotest height.

Whither will the cloud its darkness carry  
Whose trembling drops about me spill?  
Two worlds, of shadow and splendour, marry:  
I stand between them rapt and still.

Laurence Binyon (1869–1943)



17<sup>TH</sup> JULY



## *Little Birds of the Night*

Little birds of the night  
Aye, they have much to tell  
Perching there in rows  
Blinking at me with their serious eyes  
Recounting of flowers they have seen and loved  
Of meadows and groves of the distance  
And pale sands at the foot of the sea  
And breezes that fly in the leaves.  
They are vast in experience  
These little birds that come in the night.

Stephen Crane (1871–1900)



**31<sup>ST</sup> JULY**



## *Haze*

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,  
Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,  
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,  
Last conquest of the eye;  
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,  
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,  
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,  
Breakers of air, billows of heat,  
Fine summer spray on inland seas;  
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,  
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,  
From heath or stubble rising without song;  
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862)



**20<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST**

## *The Butterfly Trainers*

Butterflies didn't always know  
How to spread their wings and go  
Gliding down the slopes of air  
On their spangled wings and fair;  
Never dared to leave the land  
Till the elves took them in hand,  
Made them bridle, bit and reins  
Out of shiny corn silk skeins;  
Drove them through the long blue hours,  
Introducing them to Flowers.

Rachel Field (1894–1942)