

# **SUMMER MORNING.**

**A POEM.**

**BY  
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## SUMMER MORNING.

MORNING again breaks through the mines of Heaven,  
And shakes her jewelled kirtle on the sky,  
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside are driven  
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws nigh,  
And catch her scattered gems of orient dye,  
The pearlèd-ruby which her pathway strews;  
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by.  
The uncoloured clouds wear what she doth refuse,  
For only once does Morn her sun-dyed garments use.

No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;  
The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung  
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour:  
The hookèd bramble just as it was strung,  
When on each leaf the Night her crystals flung,

Then hurried off, the dawning to elude;  
Before the golden-beakèd blackbird sung,  
Or ere the yellow-brooms, or gorses rude,  
Had bared their armèd heads in lowly gratitude.

From Nature's old cathedral sweetly ring  
The wild-bird choirs—burst of the woodland band,  
Green-hooded nuns, who 'mid the blossoms sing;  
Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall, and grand,  
Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.  
Hark! how the anthem rolls through arches dun:—  
“Morning again is come to light the land;  
The great world's Comforter, the mighty Sun,  
Has yoked his golden steeds, the glorious race to run.”

Those dusky foragers, the noisy rooks,  
Have from their green high city-gates rushed out,  
To rummage furrowy fields and flowery nooks;  
On yonder branch now stands their glossy scout.  
As yet no busy insects buzz about,  
No fairy thunder o'er the air is rolled:  
The drooping buds their crimson lips still pout;  
Those stars of earth, the daisies white, unfold,  
And soon the buttercups will give back “gold for gold.”

“Hark! hark! the lark” sings 'mid the silvery blue;  
Behold her flight, proud man! and lowly bow.  
She seems the first that does for pardon sue,  
As though the guilty stain which lurks below  
Had touched the flowers that drooped above her brow,

When she all night slept by the daisies' side;  
And now she soars where purity doth flow,  
Where new-born light is with no sin allied,  
And pointing with her wings Heaven-ward our thoughts would  
guide.

In belted gold the bees with "merry march"  
Through flowery towns go sounding on their way:  
They pass the streakèd woodbine's sun-stained arch,  
And onward glide through streets of sheeted May,  
Nor till they reach the summer-roses stay,  
Where maiden-buds are wrapt in dewy dreams,  
Drowsy through breathing back the new-mown hay,  
That rolls its fragrance o'er the fringed streams,—  
Mirrors in which the Sun now decks his quivering beams.

Uprise the lambs, fresh from their flowery slumber,  
(The daisies they pressed down rise from the sod;)—  
He guardeth them who every star doth number,  
Who called His Son a lamb,—“the Lamb of God;”  
And for His sake withdrew th' uplifted rod,  
Bidding each cloud turn to a silvery fleece,  
The imaged flock for which our Shepherd trod  
The paths of sorrow, that we might find peace:—  
Those emblems of his love will wave till time shall cease.

On the far sky leans the old ruined mill,  
Through its rent sails the broken sunbeams glow,  
Gilding the trees that belt the lower hill,  
And the old thorns which on its summit grow.

Only the reedy marsh that sleeps below,  
With its dwarf bushes, is concealed from view;  
And now a struggling thorn its head doth show,  
Another half shakes off the smoky blue,  
Just where the dusty gold streams through the heavy dew:

And there the hidden river lingering dreams,  
You scarce can see the banks which round it lie;  
That withered trunk, a tree, or shepherd seems,  
Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye.  
Even the very sheep, which graze hard by,  
So blend their fleeces with the misty haze,  
They look like clouds shook from the unsunned sky,  
Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze:—  
The vision fades as they move further on to graze.

A chequered light streams in between the leaves,  
Which on the greensward twinkle in the sun;  
The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,  
And like a silver stream his song doth run,  
Down the low vale, edgèd with fir-trees dun.  
A little bird now hops beside the brook,  
“Peaking” about like an affrighted nun;  
And ever as she drinks doth upward look,  
Titters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook.

What varied colours o'er the landscape play!  
The very clouds seem at their ease to lean,  
And the whole earth to keep glad holiday.  
The lowliest bush that by the waste is seen,

Hath changed its dusky for a golden green  
In honour of this lovely Summer Morn:  
The rutted roads did never seem so clean,  
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,  
For every bud looks out as if but newly born.

A cottage girl trips by with side-long look,  
Steadying the little basket on her head;  
And where a plank bridges the narrow brook  
She stops, to see her fair form shadowèd.  
The stream reflects her cloak of russet red;  
Below she sees the trees and deep-blue sky,  
The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,  
The very birds which o'er its brightness fly:—  
She parts her loose-blown hair, then wondering passes by.

Now other forms move o'er the footpaths brown  
In twos and threes; for it is Market-day.  
Beyond those hills stretches a little town,  
And thitherward the rustics bend their way,  
Crossing the scene in blue, and red, and grey;  
Now by green hedge-rows, now by oak-trees old,  
As they by stile or thatchèd cottage stray.  
Peep through the rounded hand, and you'll behold  
Such gems as Morland drew, in frames of sunny gold.

A laden ass, a maid with wicker maun',  
A shepherd lad driving his lambs to sell,  
Gaudy-dressed girls move in the rosy dawn,  
Women whose cloaks become the landscape well,

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