

Summer Tints

How sweet I've wandered bosom-deep in grain
When Summer's mellowing pencil sweeps his shades
Of ripening tinges o'er the checkered plain:
Light tawny oat-lands wi' their yellow blades
And bearded corn like armies on parade,
Beans lightly scorched that still preserved their green
And nodding lands of wheat in bleachy brown
And streaking banks where many a maid and clown
Contrasts a sweetness to the rural scene,
Forming the little haycocks up and down,
While o'er the face of nature softly swept
The lingering wind mixing the brown and green,
So sweet that shepherds from their bowers have crept
And stood delighted musing o'er the scene.

Written sometime between 1819 and 1820.

John Clare. Edited by R. K. R. Thornton. London: Everyman, 1997. 15–16.
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