

Summer Moods

I love at eventide to walk alone
Down narrow lanes o'erhung with dewy thorn,
Where from the long grass underneath, the snail
Jet black creeps out and sprouts his timid horn.
I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown
Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air,
Where bees search round with sad and weary drone
In vain for flowers that bloomed but newly there,
While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
Cries 'wet my foot' and, hid as thoughts unborn,
The fairylike and seldom-seen landrail
Utters 'craik craik' like voices underground,
Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil
And see the light fade into glooms around.

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