

**A SUMMER'S DAY,  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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A summer's day, and other poems by James Whitcomb Riley

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**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

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**AND OTHER POEMS**

**BY**  
**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

**WITH PICTURES BY**  
**WILL VAWTER**

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### A SUMMER'S DAY

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**T**HE Summer's put the idy in  
My head that I'm a boy again;  
And all around's so bright and gay  
I want to put my team away,  
And jest git out whare I can lay  
And soak my hide full of the day!  
But work is work, and must be done—  
Yit, as I work, I have my fun,  
Jest fancyin' these furries here  
Is childhood's paths onc't more so dear:—



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A SUMMER'S DAY

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And as I walk through medder-lands,  
And country lanes, and swampy trails  
Whare long bullrushes bresh my hands;  
And, tilted on the ridered rails  
Of deadnin' fences, "Old Bob White"  
Whissels his name in high delight,  
And whirrs away. I wunder still  
Whichever way a boy's feet will—  
Whare trees has fell, with tangled tops  
Whare dead leaves shakes, I stop fer breth,  
Heerin' the acorn as it drops—  
H'istin' my chin up still as deth,  
And watchin' clos't, with upturned eyes,  
The tree where Mr. Squirrel tries  
To hide hisse'f above the limb,  
But lets his own tale tell on him.  
I wunder on in deeper glooms—  
Git hungry, hearin' female cries  
From old farm-houses, whare perfumes  
Of harvest dinners seems to rise  
And ta'nt a feller, hart and brane,  
With memories he can't explane.

I wunder through the underbresh,  
Whare pig-tracks, pintin' to'rds the crick,



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A SUMMER'S DAY

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Is picked and printed in the fresh  
Black bottom-lands, like wimmern pick  
Theyr pie-crusts with a fork, some way,  
When bakin' fer camp-meetin' day.  
I wunder on and on and on,  
Tel my gray hair and beard is gone,  
And ev'ry wrinkle on my brow  
Is rubbed clean out and shaddered now  
With curls as brown and fare and fine  
As tenderls of the wild grape-vine  
That ust to climb the highest tree  
To keep the ripest ones fer me.  
I wunder still, and here I am  
Wadin' the ford below the dam—  
The worter chucklin' round my knee  
At hornet-welt and bramble-scratch,  
And me a-slippin' 'crost to see  
Ef Tyner's plums is ripe, and size  
The old man's wortermelon-patch,  
With juicy mouth and drouthy eyes.  
Then, after sich a day of mirth  
And happiness as worlds is wurth—