

**RILEY SONGS OF
SUMMER,
PP. 19-190**

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Riley songs of summer, pp. 19-190 by James Whitcomb Riley

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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PP. 19-190**

RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER



RILEY
SONGS OF SUMMER

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH PICTURES BY
WILL VAWTER



NEW YORK
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PUBLISHERS

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by

James Whitcomb Riley

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TO
LEE O. HARRIS
TEACHER, FRIEND AND COMRADE

869

THE SUMMER-TIME

*O, the summer-time to-day
Makes my words
Jes' flip up and fly away
Like the birds!
—'Taint no use to try to sing,
With yer language on the wing,
Jes' too glad fer anything
But to stray
Where 't may*

Thue the sunny summer weather of the day!

*Lordy! what a summer-time
Fer to sing!
But my words flops out o' rhyme,
And they wing
Furder yit beyent the view
Than the swallows ever flew,
Er a mortal wanted to—
'Less his eye
Struck the sky*

Ez he kind o' sort o' thought he'd like to fly!

*Ef I COULD sing—sweet and low—
And my tongue
Could twitter, don't you know,
Ez I sung
Of the summer-time, 'y Jings!
All the words and birds and things
That kin warble, and hes wings,
Would jes' swear
And declare*

That they never heerd sich singin' anywhere!

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