

RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649693849

Riley Songs of Summer by James Whitcomb Riley & Will Vawter

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY & WILL VAWTER

**RILEY SONGS OF
SUMMER**

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RILEY
SONGS OF SUMMER

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH PICTURES BY
WILL VAWTER



NEW YORK
GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS

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by

James Whitcomb Riley

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TO
LEE O. HARRIS
TEACHER, FRIEND AND COMRADE

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 I may
Thus 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' anywheres!*

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