



**“Summer”**

**By Christina Rossetti**

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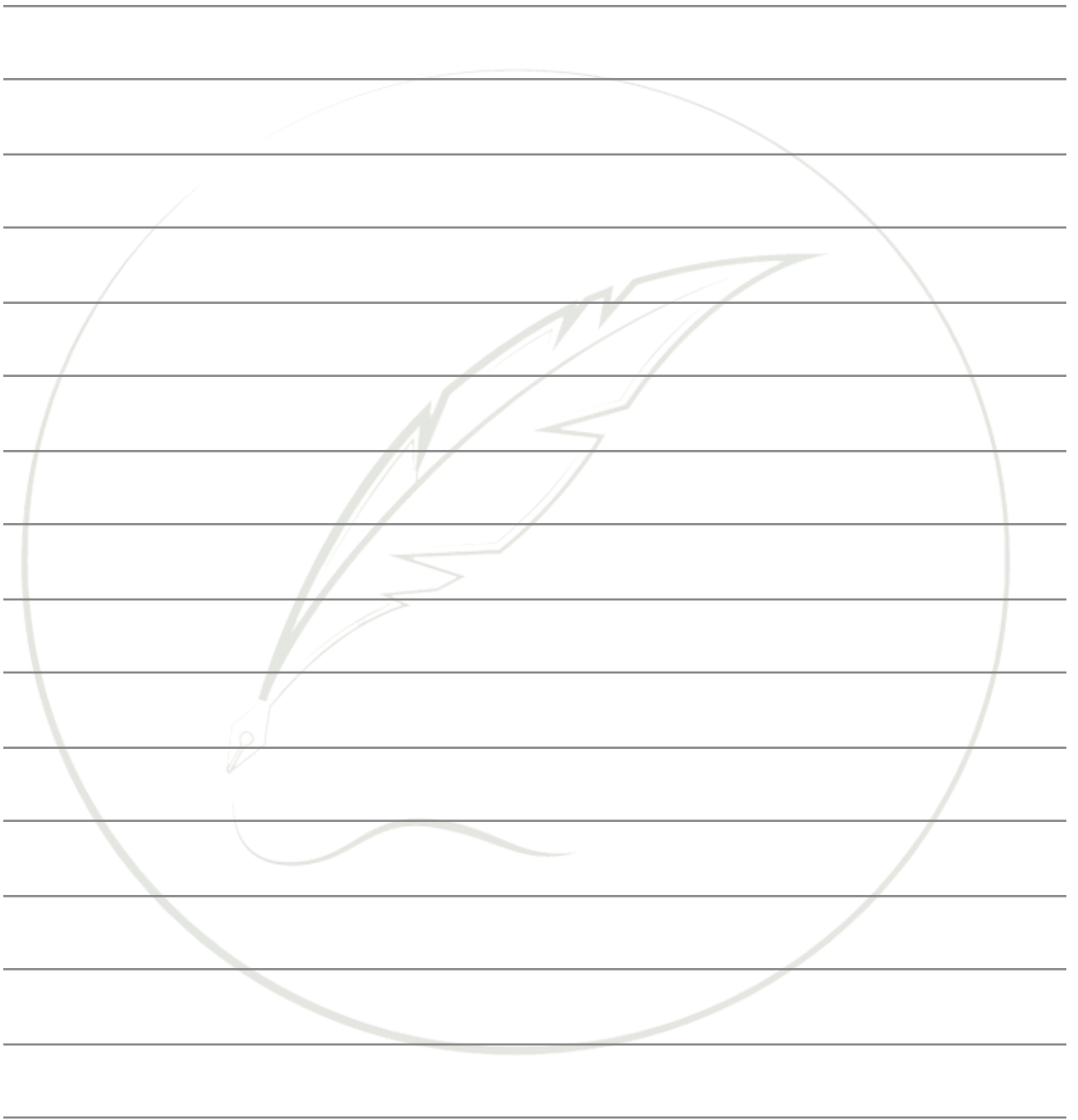
Winter is cold-hearted  
Spring is yea and nay,  
Autumn is a weather-cock  
Blown every way:  
Summer days for me  
When every leaf is on its tree;

When Robin's not a beggar,  
And Jenny Wren's a bride,  
And larks hang singing, singing,  
singing,  
Over the wheat-fields wide,  
And anchored lilies ride,  
And the pendulum spider  
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact  
business,  
And gnats fly in a host,  
And furry caterpillars hasten  
That no time be lost,  
And moths grow fat and thrive,  
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,  
Before green nuts embrown,  
Why, one day in the country  
Is worth a month in town;  
Is worth a day and a year  
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last  
fashion  
That days drone elsewhere.

NOTES/NARRATION:



Recited By:

Date Recited: