

June 26, 1939

SUMMER

The fragrance of the summer's in the air;
The grasses, freshly cut, are wet with dew
And drowsy with the warmth of sun found everywhere
Which shines so brightly in that hazy mist of blue.

The branches of the trees with rich green leaves are bending
Across the gushing brook which bubbles gaily by,
And in the topmost bower a bird is sending
Its music to its mate up in the sky.

The flowers heavily laden with bright petals
Of every hue await the bumble bee
Who, in their bed of softness gently settles
Amidst a game or work and jolly spree.

A few pink clouds high in the heavens above us
Float slowly yet so lightly in the breeze
Which kisses them as sweet as those who love us,
Until they disappear beneath the tall green trees.

For summer is a time of joy and gladness
With happiness and pleasure in the air
Along with fun and gaily joyous madness;
The fragrance of the summer's everywhere.