

Rustic Rambles

All beside stout Granite walls,
Where Summer sunlight softly falls,
Radiant Foxgloves nod at meadows
Where wind-tossed clouds cast fleeting shadows,
Buttercups in massed profusion
Complement profound illusion.
Glimpse of Fairy, Elf and Sprite
Dancing on Mid-Summer's night.
Deep in thickest Ferny brake,
Goblins daytime slumbers take.
Roistering lambs and drowsy sheep,
Trouble not the Wood Nymph's sleep.
When Sol's majestic course is run,
The reapers work is almost done.

While all along the laughing billow
The shores are swept by wafting Willow.
Then, in the airy up-lands bright,
Glad day yields pride of place to night,
And forest spirits claim their lease,
And strew the earth with flow'rs, and peace.

Peter – the Peripatetic Poet

