

The Summer Days Are Come Again

Samuel Longfellow, 1859.

Munich, Germany: 1637.

The summer days are come again,  
With sun and clouds between,  
And, fed alike by sun and rain,  
The trees grow broad and green;  
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent,  
Upon whose grassy floor  
Our feet, too long in cities pent,  
Their freedom find once more.

The summer days are come again;  
Once more the glad earth yields  
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,  
And breadth of clover fields,  
And deepening shade of summer woods,  
And glow of summer air,  
And winging thoughts, and happy moods  
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;  
The birds are on the wing;  
God's praises, in their loving strain,  
Unconsciously they sing.  
We know who giveth all the good  
That doth our cup o'erbrim;  
For summer joy in field and wood  
We lift our song to Him.