

Who Is Sylvia? By Adolphus Hailstork

Poetry: William Shakespeare

Who is Silvia? What is she?

That all our swaines commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she:

The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Summer. Life. Song by Adolphus Hailstork

Poetry: Emily Dickinson

I. I Shall Keep Singing

I shall keep singing!

Birds will pass me

On their way to Yellower Climes --

Each -- with a Robin's expectation --

I -- with my Redbreast --

And my Rhymes --

Late -- when I take my place in summer --

But -- I shall bring a fuller tone --

Vespers -- are sweeter than Matins --

Signor --

Morning -- only the seed of Noon --

II. Answer July

Answer July --

Where is the Bee --

Where is the Blush --

Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July --

Where is the Seed --

Where is the Bud --

Where is the May --

Answer Thee -- Me --

Nay -- said the May --

Show me the Snow --

Show me the Bells --

Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay --

Where be the Maize --

Where be the Haze --

Where be the Bur?

Here -- said the Year --

III. As children bid the guest good-night

As children bid the guest good-night,

And then reluctant turn,

My flowers raise their pretty lips,

Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake,

Merry that it is morn,

My flowers from a hundred cribs

Will peep, and prance again.

IV. Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,

But I could never sell --

If you would like to borrow,

Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet

Beneath the village door,

Until the Bees, from Clover rows
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!

V. Over the fence

Over the fence --
Strawberries -- grow --
Over the fence --
I could climb -- if I tried, I know --
Berries are nice!

But -- if I stained my Apron --
God would certainly scold!
Oh, dear, -- I guess if He were a Boy --
He'd -- climb -- if He could!

VI. It's easy to invent a Life —

It's easy to invent a Life —
God does it — every Day —
Creation — but the Gambol
Of His Authority —

It's easy to efface it —
The thrifty Deity
Could scarce afford Eternity
To Spontaneity —
The Perished Patterns murmur —
But His Perturbless Plan
Proceed — inserting Here — a Sun —
There — leaving out a Man —

VII. If I can stop one heart from breaking

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

VIII. This is my letter to the world

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me, -
The simple news that nature told,
With tender magesty.
Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

IX. Tie the strings to my life, my Lord

Tie the strings to my life, my Lord,
Then I am ready to go!
Just a look at the horses -
Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side,
So I shall never fall;
For we must ride to the Judgment,
And it 's partly down hill.

But never I mind the bridges,
And never I mind the sea;
Held fast in everlasting race
By my own choice and thee.

Good-by to the life I used to live,
And the world I used to know;
And kiss the hills for me, just once;
Now I am ready to go!