

The EDITH and LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION of CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

1 Summer Hours.

An idle sort of place, where all day long
It seems like evening with the day's work done,
Where men haste not, because there is no haste,
And toil but little, for they've little need;
A restful corner, where the August breeze,
From softly listening, finger on the lip,
At length from listlessness falls fast asleep,
Till there is no sound heard save, now and then,
Low thunder of a wagon on the bridge,
Some shrill cicada from his citadel
Beneath a thistle, challenging the noon,
The whet of scythe and heavy hoist of sail.
The dip of unseen oars, monotonous,
And softly breathing waves that doze below,
Too weak to more than turn themselves, complain,
And doze again.