

BOWPOTS.



Bravely blow the bowpots at Rookscaw in  
June!  
Bravely blow the bowpots in Honey-  
suckle Hollow!  
Bravely blow the bowpots: Summer's here, and soon  
The bale-fires' flare on the hills will  
follow.

Honey-bees are hunting: the leaded-diamond panes  
Are scarlet with geraniums; it's Rooks-  
caw June;  
Rookscaw June, interpolate with rains;  
Spring thunder's over: Summer's hot  
and soon.

Diamonded geraniums; flaming purple flags;  
Blue sky veiled with aftermath of rains;  
Lilies lie low, and the boom-bee sags  
Homeward, heavy with his honey-first  
gains.

Bravely blow the bowpots gravely green the ways  
lie  
on the sunny hill-sides at Rookscaw  
in June;  
Bravely blow the bowpots, hot and hard the ways  
lie  
Over all the greenwood: Summer's  
come soon.