

47 JUNE

Throw open wide your golden gates,
O poet-lauded month of June,
And waft me, on your spicy breath,
The melody of birds in tune.

O fairest palace of the three,
Wherein Queen Summer holdeth sway,
I gaze upon your leafy courts
From out the vestibule of May.

I fain would tread your garden walks,
Or in your shady bowers recline;
Then open wide your golden gates,
And make them mine, and make them mine.

Sources:

Putnam's Monthly Magazine, June 1857.
Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, 1875.
Alger Street, 1964.