

# “IN AUGUST”

BY

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When August days are hot an' dry,  
When burning copper is the sky,  
I 'd rather fish than feast or fly  
In airy realms serene and high.

I 'd take a suit not made for looks,  
Some easily digested books,  
Some flies, some lines, some bait, some hooks,  
Then would I seek the bays and brooks.

I would eschew mine every task,  
In Nature's smiles my soul should bask,  
And I methinks no more could ask,  
Except—perhaps—one little flask.

In case of accident, you know,  
Or should the wind come on to blow,

Or I be chilled or capsized, so,  
A flask would be the only go.

Then could I spend a happy time,—  
A bit of sport, a bit of rhyme  
(A bit of lemon, or of lime,  
To make my bottle's contents prime).

When August days are hot an' dry,  
I won't sit by an' sigh or die,  
I 'll get my bottle (on the sly)  
And go ahead, and fish, and lie!