

# “SON OF SUMMER”

BY

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Dis is gospel weathah sho' —  
Hills is sawt o' hazy.  
Meddahs level ez a flo'  
Callin' to de lazy.  
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,  
Sunshine softly gleamin',  
D'ain't no wuk hit's right to do,  
Nothin' 's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side  
Wif de watahs glist'nin',  
Feelin' good an' satisfied  
Ez you lay a-list'nin'  
To the little nakid boys  
Splashin' in de watah,  
Hollerin' fu' to spress deir joys  
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,  
So 's to hide an' view you;  
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows  
Shoutin' hallelujah.  
Peckahwood erpon de tree  
Tappin' lak a hammah;  
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,  
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,  
Jes' enough to tease you;  
Hollyhocks is all in bloom,  
Smellin' fu' to please you.  
Go 'way, folks, an' let me 'lone,  
Times is gettin' dearah—  
Summah's settin' on de th'one,  
An' I 'm a-layin' neah huh!