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AUGUST, month when summer lies
Sleeping under sapphire skies ;
Open all the windows wide,
Drink the orchard's fragrant tide—
Breath of grass at morning mown
Through the leafy vistas blown—
Hear the clinking of the scythe
Sound mellifluent and blythe.
August, month when everywhere
Music floats upon the air
From the harps of minstrel gales
Playing down the hills and dales.
August, month when sleepy cows
Seek the shade of spreading boughs,
Where the robin quirks his head
Contemplating cherries red.
August, month of twilights when
Day half goes and comes again ;
August days are guards who keep
Watch while summer lies asleep.—*Ex.*