

October.

Now come the misty ^{mornings} mornings:

The sun, softly bright,
Changes the white mist wreaths
To veils of silver light;
The leaves are gold and crimson

All lit with fairy fire,
A ^{flame} flare of mystic beauty - the woodland's funeral pyre!

Now come the darksome evenings:

Shadows gather deep;
The dark dreaming hedgerows
Whisper and sigh in sleep;
Mists creep from the mountains
To valleys hushed and dim
And a pale moon climbs slowly above the dark world's rim.

Now come days of fulfilment

Crowning the kind year:
The fruits of toil are garnered,
Resting time is near;
Memory brings fair visions -
Blessings to count and tell -

While the mild Autumn lingers in reluctant sweet farewell!