

October.

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Now come the misty 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 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!

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