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October

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October is the month that seems
All woven with midsummer dreams;
She brings for us the golden days
That fill the air with smoky haze,

She brings for us the lisping breeze
And wakes the gossips in the trees,
Who whisper near the vacant nest
Forsaken by its feathered guest.

Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of frost.

The little cricket, brown and bare,
Is still a lonely piper there;
And zigzag on the yellow sky,
The wild geese in their passage fly.

A few gold leaves are lingering yet,
With here and there a violet;
What joy for us—what happiness
Shall cheer the day the night shall bless?

'Tis hallowe'en, the very last
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,
When every child shall duck the head
To find the precious pippin red.



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