

## SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow  
The corn is turning brown,  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun,  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook,  
And asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook.

**From dewy lanes at morning  
The grapes' sweet odors rise;  
At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies --**

**By all these lovely tokens  
September days are here  
With summer's best of weather  
And autumn's best of cheer.**