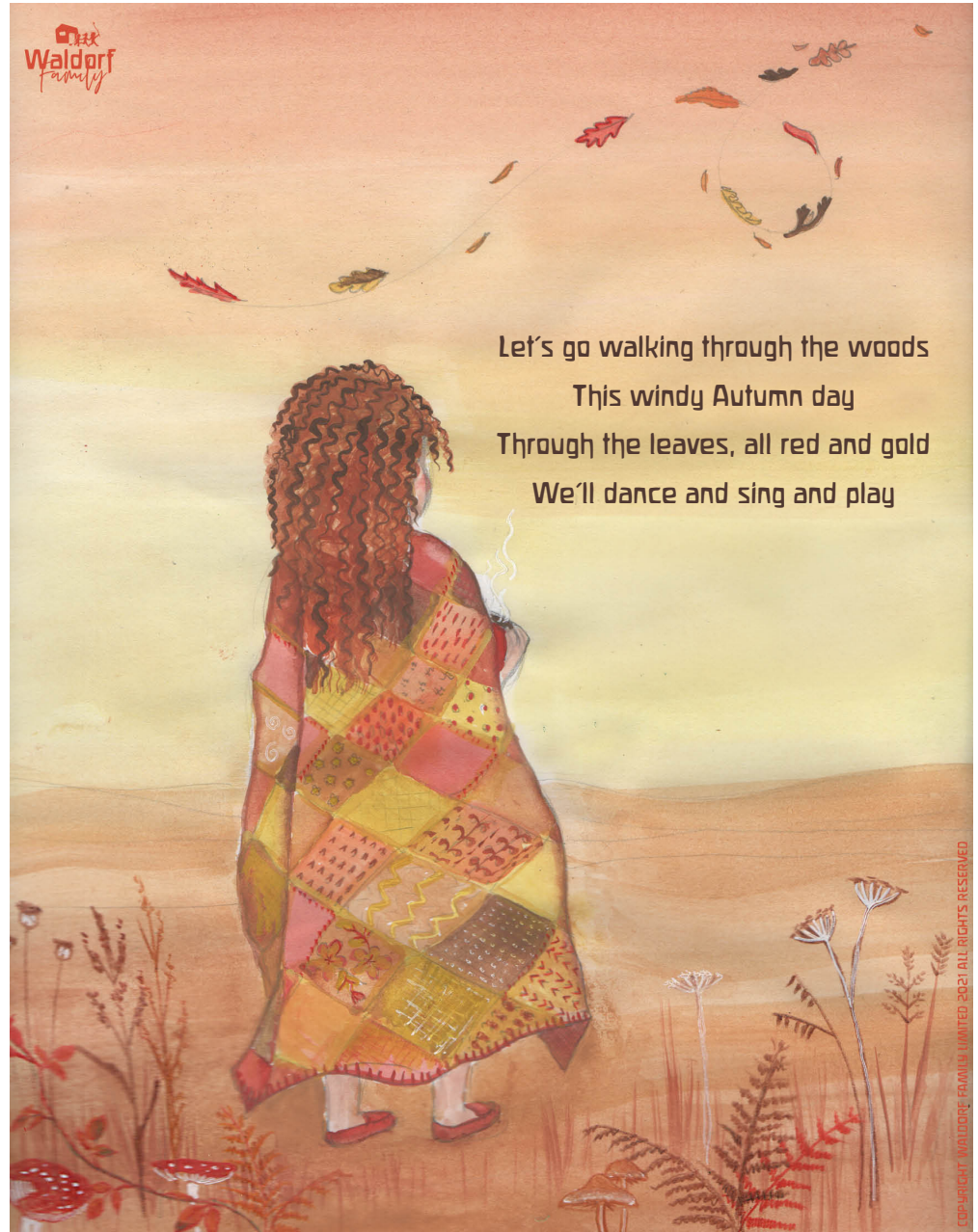




Autumn

Yellow the bracken,
Golden the sheaves.
Rosy the apples,
Crimson the leaves.
Mist on the hillside,
Clouds grey and white.
Autumn, good morning!
Summer good night!



Let's go walking through the woods
This windy Autumn day
Through the leaves, all red and gold
We'll dance and sing and play



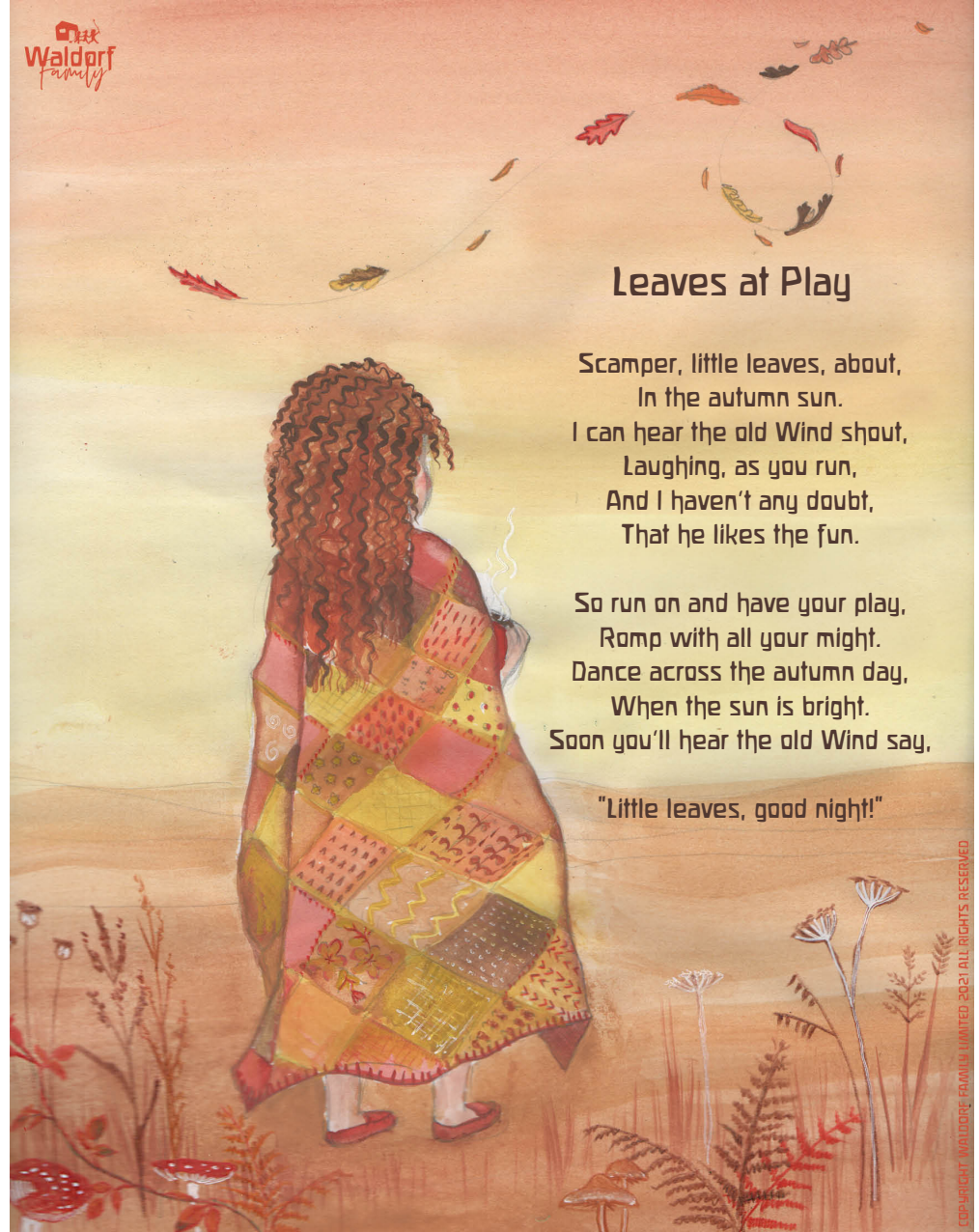
Red in Autumn

by Elizabeth Gould

Tipperty toes, the smallest elf,
Sat on a mushroom by himself,
Playing a little tinkling tune
Under a big red harvest moon;
And this is the song that Tipperty made
To sing to the little tune he played.

"Red are the hips, red are the haws,
Red and gold are the leaves that fall,
Red are the poppies in the corn,
Red berries on the rowan tall;
Red is the big round harvest moon,
And red are my new little dancing shoon"

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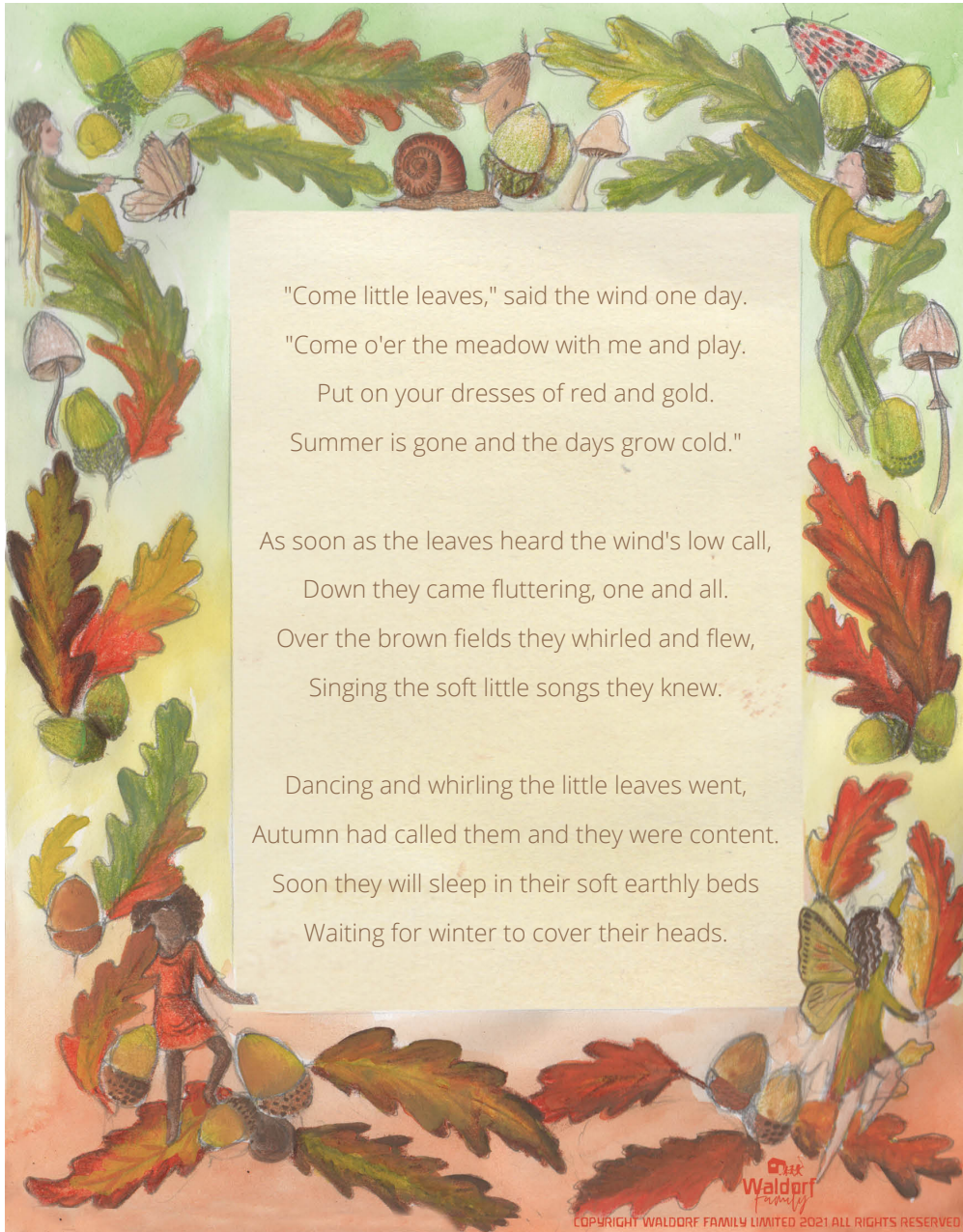
Leaves at Play

Scamper, little leaves, about,
In the autumn sun.
I can hear the old Wind shout,
Laughing, as you run,
And I haven't any doubt,
That he likes the fun.

So run on and have your play,
Romp with all your might.
Dance across the autumn day,
When the sun is bright.
Soon you'll hear the old Wind say,

"Little leaves, good night!"

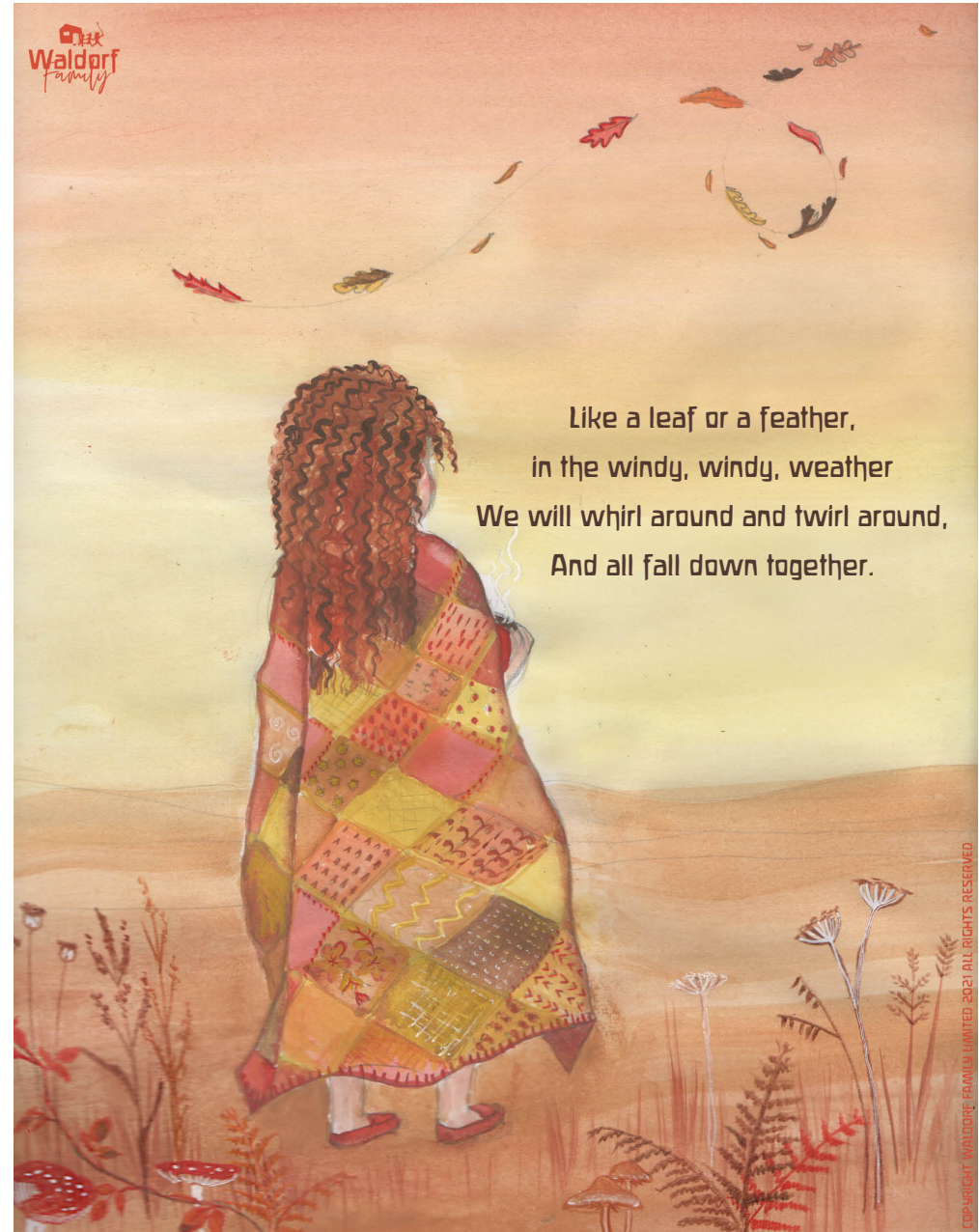
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"Come little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadow with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold.
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

As soon as the leaves heard the wind's low call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all.
Over the brown fields they whirled and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Autumn had called them and they were content.
Soon they will sleep in their soft earthly beds
Waiting for winter to cover their heads.



Like a leaf or a feather,
in the windy, windy, weather
We will whirl around and twirl around,
And all fall down together.