

## AUTUMN THOUGHT

O yellow leaf, I watch thy flight  
And wish that I were thee,  
To drift and float by day and night  
About so aimlessly.

O'er crag and hill, 'mid forest brown,  
I dance along with thee;  
We prance and caper up and down  
Beneath the maple tree.

And when the sun sinks in the west  
And stars come out on high,  
We slowly lay us down to rest,  
No wind to sing or sigh.

And now the sun comes up again,  
There blows a wintry wind;  
We quit the tree, go down the lane,  
Romantic lands to find.

In merry mood we ever speed,  
See queen and princess fair;  
We watch the knight astride his steed,  
And see his armour glare.

O, that I were a leaf like thee,  
Thro' distant climes to stray,  
The wonders of the earth to see  
And happy be, alway!

—A.E.L., '31