

AUTUMN LEAVES

Down from the maples, the oaks, and the birches
Fall the three children, a rainbow of colour.

Soon by the rivulet winding through hazels
Crisply they echo the tread of the hunter.

Sportive, the partridge, the squirrel and the rabbit,
Frisking so freely, half hid by the red leaves;

Under the feather-like cov'ring of foliage
Softly asleep are the children of Nature.

Soon they'll be covered with snow by the North wind,
Safe in their leafy beds shielded from harm.

Then when Osiris returns to the meadow
Sweetly the brook will sing spring songs of gladness.

Then will the green grass grow in the pasture;
Then will the cattle roam by the river.

Then will the acorn, the beech-nut, and spruce bud
Burst forth their tiny trees born in the springtime.

Summer will pass with the coming of harvest;
Soon will the forest leaves fall in the Autumn.

W.R. '31