

## NOVEMBER.

O dreary days, and rugged ways,  
 And bitter winds so fiercely blowing;  
 O fallen leaves, and shiv'ring trees,  
 And bare, brown fields with nothing growing

O empty plains, and sweeping rains,  
 O lonely wood, a requiem sighing  
 O'er summer dead and songsters fled,  
 And flowers in their dark graves lying!

O early night, and laggard light,  
 O glittering frost with fairy fingers;  
 O glad surprise of sunset skies  
 Where Heaven's brightest glory lingers!

O changeful time of gloom and shine,  
 Thy charm my heart will long remember,  
 In all the year I hold most dear  
 The cold and colorless November.

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