

- Mar. 22/20

THROUGH AUTUMN.

DIGGING TIME.



BEFORE the chatting digger's lay
Long blinking rows of deep-eyed Reds,
While follow'd busy nodding heads
Above the mellow beds of clay.

The deep-neck'd oxen strayed among
The blighted tops, with clinking yoke,
And round the cart the little folk
Pass up and down the sloping tongue.

When with the last full load came in
The early dusk of Autumn day
The dip of candle light would play
Across the pane, and pleasant din