

When Autumn Comes.

When autumn comes with golden gloss
I fill my cabin chinks with moss,
And give up all my Summer games
And fix my harness and my hames.
I saw about a mile of wood
And on my buggy put the hood—
I put some varnish on my frau
And store away the rake and plow,
And clean my stables and my shed,
And take a bath and wash my head.
I do these things before the Fall,
So when I hear the tempest call,
And snow lies 'round about a foot
Or two in depth—I simply put
A log into the kitchen range
And nurse my dog who has the mange
I never need, like some folks do,
To saw wood till my nose is blue
And get my fingers full of frost
And wade thru snow, and p'raps get lost.
I sit inside and smoke my pipe
And wait until the Spring is ripe.
My frau gets water from the well
And learns from me the way to spell.
She scrubs and washes all the pans
And shuts off the electric fans,
And bakes a pie and pot-pouree,
And makes some chicken broth for me.
Then I get out a favourite song
And sing the blamed thing all day long,
And put my feet upon the grate
And let my heart and lungs inflate.
I pity the poor weary fool
Who waits until the weather's cool
Before he starts to do his chores
Amid the blizzards out of doors.
There is no joy in such a life—
A man should linger with his wife,
When winter roars, and tell some yarns,
Whilst she his Sunday stockings darns.
I see my neighbor—Hiram Ray—
Who owns a farm across the way,
A-working when its so darned cold
T'would freeze a healthy marigold.
I like to see the wise old jay,
Who, when the sun shines, makes his hay,
And in December by his fire
Sits down and plays his golden lyre—
And lets his wife sit on his knee,
And listen to the melody,
Instead of freezing, just because
He hasn't done his winter chores.

“LOW-RATE.”