

'Tis a happy, golden season,
For every living thing,
For chipmunks in the branches,
Or birds upon the wing.

Yes, every living creature
In all the mighty host,
Enjoys this Indian Summer,
Of which we well may boast.

WINTER MORNING.

The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
The day is cold and clear,
The snow is flaky, fresh and white,
The night was bleak and drear.

The brook that ran is silent now,
The pines are clothed in white,
Well laden is each graceful bough
And fringed in feathers light.

Each pine and oak and cedar bough
Now wears a royal wreath,