



THE INDIAN SUMMER.

The days are fine and frosty,
The apples red and ripe,
And in the crimsoned woodlands
The chipmunks chirp and pipe.

All scarlet, brown and yellow,
The leaves come fluttering down,
And wreaths of smoke are curling
Up from the little town.

And the leaves already fallen,
Are crisp beneath the feet
Of the farmer's merry youngsters,
As they hunt the cows and sheep.

This lovely Indian Summer
Brings to our country fair,
A wealth of nuts and berries
So mellow, rich and rare.