

And yet the little leaflet  
Wore still its plain green vest.

And then in sere October,  
When all the rest were brown,  
Adorned at last in scarlet,  
The little leaf hung down.

November came, all dreary,  
The other leaves had fled,  
And when the tree lamented,  
The leaflet raised its head

And said, "I stay till Springtime,  
In spite of frost and snow,  
But when new leaves are coming  
I pray you, let me go."

It kept its word right bravely,  
Though withered, brown and sere,  
The storms and snows it weathered,  
Till gentle Spring drew near.

And then the leaf-buds opened,  
And skies were soft and blue,  
And in the starry midnight  
Away the dead leaf flew.