

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER fair is here again
Dressed in her russet gown ;
Lightly she treadeth glade and glen
While leaves are dropping down.

Softly she sighs for bygone days
When summer airs were bright,
While struggling through the smoky haze
Looms red Sol's fiery light.

The bee drones sullen o'er the beds
Where once the daisies grew,
But now are ranged their blighted heads
In shades of amber hue.

The waterfowl upon the marsh
Now splash and scream in fright,
Disturbing by their clamor harsh
The stillness of the night.

The hunter through the forest glade
Slow wends his stealthy way,
And hails with joy his rustic maid,
October, grave and gay.