

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of beauty
And autumn's best of cheer.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Cloud and sun together make the year:
Without some storm no rainbow could appear.