

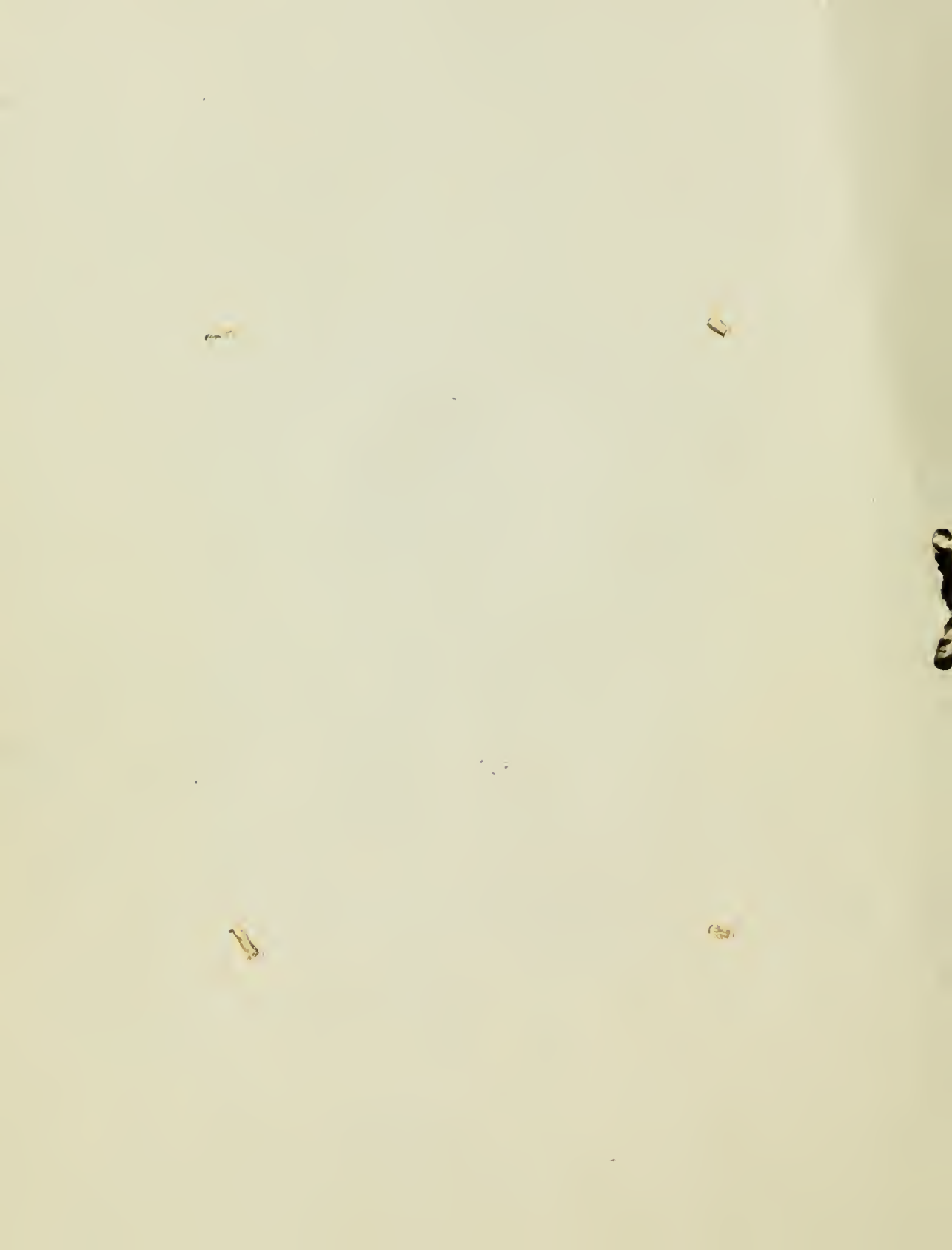
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1868

# CHILDREN OF AUTUMN



MAUD HUMPHREY

EDITH M. THOMAS.



# CHILDREN OF AUTUMN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS  
AND MONOTINT BY

MAUD HUMPHREY

VERSES BY

EDITH M. THOMAS



NEW YORK

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FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER

1888







## September.

Count all the plumes of golden=rod,  
That by the country roadsides nod ;  
Count all the little feathery blooms  
That make the golden=rod's gay plumes—

So many times I love this sprite,  
With sun=burnt cheeks and eye=beams bright,  
Who shoulder=deep in yellow flowers,  
Spends all the lazy sunshine hours.

The finches, dressed in gold and black,  
Are always flitting on his track,  
And sometimes frolic spiders lay  
Their tickling webs across his way!

*Edith M. Thomas.*







A. Humphrey



## October the Artist.

October is an artist rare,

He paints new pictures, every day ;

His colors come from who knows where?—

Red, orange, purple, misty gray :

He touches first the maple leaf

Which biting frosts have brought to grief.

He paints the grass, and every vine

That clammers over fence or wall :

His hazel eyes mischievous shine,

For when the leaves begin to fall,

He makes them dance around, around,

In elfin rings along the ground !

*Edith M. Thomas.*







## The Holly.

As dreaming by my fire I sat,  
I heard a merry din ;  
The door I opened wide ; at that,  
A stranger-child stepped in.  
He wore a fleecy, warm, white hat  
Tied round his dimpled chin.

Green leaves and berries red he brought ;

His face and voice were jolly :—

“ I have no flowers, but these, I thought,

Would cure your melancholy.

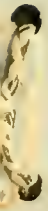
I'll sing a song, that I've been taught,—

It's called, 'Heigh ho, the Holly!' ”

*Edith M. Thomas.*







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