

## Autumn

Autumn!

*That blue-skied, misty, silent autumn  
When in the orchards, not a whispering sound is heard  
From far or near. Nor is the silence here disturbed  
By a creature stirring, or the chirping of a bird.  
Leaves in the orchards, crimson-colored and fair,  
Change their rainbow hues each sunny day,  
And when the wind sighs softly, down they flutter  
With a rustling, bustling sound which seems to say,  
Hush,  
Hush,  
Hush.*

Autumn!

*I must not break the silence speaking  
Of crimson beauty sprayed by setting sun,  
Of quiet woods, like mother birds in nesting,  
Bedding the earth with leaves strewn all around.  
Intricate patchwork on earth's quilt is laid here  
By quiet rains and sun, and breezes that play  
Among the leaves and gently stir them  
With a rustling, bustling sound which seems to say,  
Hush,  
Hush,  
Hush.*

*Autumn!*

*Light-winged birds soar in the heavens,  
Fluffs of chenille in sky-blue spread above,  
Interwoven with satin clouds and stardust,  
Dropping gilt shadows on the tree tops as they move.  
Oh, what serene, mysterious, perfect beauty!  
My soul breathes in the wonder of the day.  
Then the south wind gently stirs the orchards  
With a rustling, bustling sound which seems to say  
Hush,  
Hush,  
Hush.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,  
Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.