

SEASONS - AUTUMN. September, October, November.

autumn - The fall; The season of the year, occurring between the hot weather of summer and the cold weather of winter, strictly lasting from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice, and popularly considered to comprise September, October, and November in the Northern Hemisphere, and March, April, and May in the Southern Hemisphere.

Autumn - Anon.

The Leaves Fall Down - Margaret Wise Brown.

Autumn Song - Hilda Conkling.

In September Time - The Eaton Readers Second Reader.

September - Helen Hunt Jackson.

September - John Updike.

Harvest Moon Lore.

Something Told The Wild Geese - Rachel Field.

Harvest Home Song - Anon.

October's Bright Blue Weather - Helen Hunt Jackson.

October - Robert Frost.

October's Party - George Cooper.

All Hallow's Eve - Mike Nichols.

The Name November

November - Emily Dickinson.

All In A Word - Aileen Fisher.

November - William Bradford.

Autumn

The goldenrod is yellow
The corn is turning brown
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

- Anon.

The Leaves Fall Down

One by one the leaves fall down
From the sky come falling
one by one
And leaf by leaf the summer
is done
One by one by one by one.

- Margaret Wise Brown.

Autumn Song

A ring of leaves
On the autumn grass:
I was a fairy queen all day.
Inside the ring, the wind wore sandals
Not to make a noise of going.
The caterpillars, like little snow men,
Had wound themselves in their winter coats.
The hands of the trees were bare
And their fingers fluttered.
I was a queen of yellow leaves and brown,
And the redness of my fairy ring
Kept me warm.
For the wind blew near,
Though he made no noise of going,
And I hadn't a close-made wrap
Like the caterpillars.
Even a queen of fairies can be cold
When summer has forgotten and gone!
Keep me warm, red leaves;
Don't let the frost tiptoe into my ring
On the magic grass!

- Hilda Conkling (6-7 years old).
Poems By A Little Girl.

In September Time

All the fruit is ripe and mellow
When the fall flowers dress in yellow
In September time.

Leaves are turning red and brown,
Trees with nuts are bending down
In September time.

- The Eaton Readers Second Reader.

September

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

- ❏ Helen Hunt Jackson, 1830-1885.

September

The breezes taste of apple peel.
The air is full of smells to feel-
Ripe fruit, old footballs, burning brush,
New books, erasers, chalk, and such.
The bee, his hive, well-honeyed hum,
And Mother cuts chrysanthemums.
Like plates washed clean with suds, the days,
Are polished with a morning haze.

- John Updike.

Harvest Moon Lore

The definition of a Harvest Moon is: the full moon closest to the fall equinox. The Harvest Moon was thus named because it rises within a half-hour of when the sun sets. In early days, when farmers had no tractors, it was essential that they work by the light of the moon to bring in the harvest. This moon is the fullest moon of the year. When you gaze at it, it looks very large and gives a lot of light throughout the entire night. No other lunar spectacle is as awesome as the Harvest Moon.

Something Told The Wild Geese

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go,
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, 'Snow!'
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, "Frost!"

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild beast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly -
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

- Rachel Field (1894-1942).

Harvest Home Song

Harvest home, harvest home!
We've plowed, we've sowed
We've reaped, we've mowed
And brought safe home
Every load.

- Anon.

October's Bright Blue Weather

Sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning.

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles, like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining.

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair
Late aftermaths are growing.

- Helen Hunt Jackson.

October

O hushed October morning mild,□
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;□
Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them all.□
The crows above the forest call;□
Tomorrow they may form and go.□
O hushed October morning mild,□
Begin the hours of this day slow.□
Make the day seem to us less brief.□
Hearts not averse to being beguiled,□
Beguile us in the way you know.□
Release one leaf at break of day;□
At noon release another leaf;□
One from our trees, one far away.

-□□Robert Frost, *October*

October's Party

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came-
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The Sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

All Hallow's Eve

Perhaps the most famous icon of the holiday is the jack-o-lantern. Various authorities attribute it to either Scottish or Irish origin. However, it seems clear that it was used as a lantern by people who traveled the road this night, the scary face to frighten away spirits or faeries who might otherwise lead one astray. Set on porches and in windows, they cast the same spell of protection over the household. (The American pumpkin seems to have forever superseded the European gourd as the jack-o-lantern of choice.) Bobbing for apples may well represent the remnants of a Pagan 'baptism' rite called a 'seining', according to some writers. The water-filled tub is a latter-day Cauldron of Regeneration, into which the novice's head is immersed. The fact that the participant in this folk game was usually blindfolded with hands tied behind the back also puts one in mind of a traditional Craft initiation ceremony.

- Mike Nichols.

The Name November

The name 'November' is believed to derive from 'novem' which is the Latin for the number 'nine'. In the ancient Roman calendar November was the ninth month after March. As part of the seasonal calendar November is the time of the 'Snow Moon' according to Pagan beliefs and the period described as the 'Moon of the Falling Leaves' by Black Elk.

November

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

- Emily Dickinson

All In A Word

Thanks for time to be together, turkey, talk, and tangy weather.

Hor harvest stored away, home, and hearth, and holiday.

Afor autumn's frosty art, and abundance in the heart.

Nor neighbors, and November, nice things, new things to remember.

Kfor kitchen, kettles' croon, kith and kin expected soon.

Sfor sizzles, sights, and sounds, and something special that about.

That spells THANKS for joy in living and a jolly good Thanksgiving.

- Aileen Fisher.

November

"They began now to gather in the small harvest they had, and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength and had all things in good plenty.□For as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercising in fishing, about cod and bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion.□All the summer there was no want; and now began to come in store of fowl, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterward decreased by degrees).□And besides waterfowl there was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, besides venison, etc.□Besides they had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion.□Which made many afterwards write so largely of their plenty here to their friends in England, which were not feigned but true reports."□

-□William Bradford, 1621□