

# Autumn Poems

## To Autumn

*John Keats*

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set buddingmore,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells

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## Autumn

*Emily Dickinson*

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

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## Autumn

*George Cooper*

October gave a party  
The Leaves by hundreds came  
The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples

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And leaves of every name  
The Sunshine spread a carpet  
And everything was grand  
Miss Weather lead the dancing  
Professor Wind the band

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