

September

By Helen Hunt Jackson

- The goldenrod 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 dusty 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;
- From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies—
- By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,