

The morns are meeker
than they were,

The nuts are getting brown;

The berry's cheek is plumper,

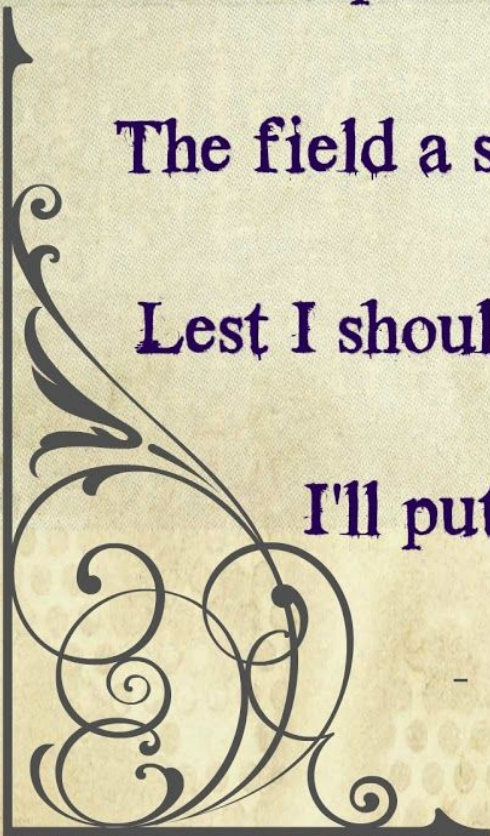
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,

The field a scarlet gown.

Lest I should be old-fashioned,

I'll put a trinket on.



- III. NATURE XXVIII. AUTUMN
Emily Dickinson