

## *Rains of September*

*Gray run the rains of September*

*in prelude to leaves that will fall*

*Drear the mornings of autumn*

*as chill as the bunching goose call*

*The earth dons a coat of new colours*

*that darken as days shorter grow*

*The traces of spring and of summer*

*fade gently as autumn's winds blow*

*The scythes and the sickles rest easy*

*most of the harvest is done*

*Fields hold naught but brown stubbles*

*with many ploughed under as one*

*Migrating birds flock together*

*as though their flight south to plan*

*The earth goes slowly to rest now*

*'neath blankets of yellow and tan*

*And it drinks in the rains of September*

*and ling'ring in sweet repose*

*Awaits the renewal of springtime*

*safe-mantled by winter's soft snows*