

IN PRAISE OF AUTUMN

GEORGE SCOTT.

Oh, ye of little faith look up!
Fair autumn with her finger tips
Lifts high a richly jewelled cup
Of healing to your fevered lips.

And all the hours like precious gems
Upon a thread of burnished gold
Glitter upon her garment hems,
And glimmer on her mantle fold.

Fair autumn gathers up the charms
Of all the seasons as they pass,
She comes and in her brooding arms
Bears them across the dewy grass.

Of varied colours are her shoon,
Her robe of rich contrasting weaves,
The yellow of the harvest moon,
The purple of the maple leaves.

St. Michael's daisies burn and flash
And gleam upon her stomacher,
The berries of the mountain ash
Her jewelled clasps most precious are.

The binding ribbon of her snood
Is woven of the fleecy fold,
Of mist wreathes gathered from the wood,
When sun-rise tips the hills with gold.

And so majestic is her state,
No halting words of mine can say,
The shining planets stand and wait,
The cohorts of the Milky Way.

For sceptre beareth she I ween
A shining spray of golden rod,
The starry asters bend and lean
Obedient to her queenly nod.