



A TREASURY OF AUTUMN
Poems & Stories for the Season

WINDERMERE PRESS



THIS TREASURY BELONGS TO

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FRONT COVER ARTWORK:
Autumn Leaves by John Everett Millas (1856)



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Introduction



Introduction

A TREASURY OF AUTUMN



Crisp air, crisp apples, crisp leaves—these are all sure signs that autumn has arrived. But while autumn marks the end of the summer growing season and the approach of winter’s dormancy, there is so much happening in this season that it can feel more like an exciting fresh start than a sad farewell.

We’ve designed our *Treasury of Autumn* to be the perfect literary companion to the season, with poems, stories, and excerpts from longer works that explore all that the autumn brings. The treasury is organized into themed sections that follow the course of the season from September through November, so you can read each section when the theme matches what is happening in nature or when a particular holiday comes around. Or, you may prefer to read the whole treasury at the beginning of the season, to help you look forward to what the days and weeks ahead hold in store. Either way, we hope that this treasury will inspire you to reflect on what sets autumn apart from other seasons and to make the most of what this time of year offers us.

We transition from summer to autumn in **Golden Days**, which highlights the mellow quality of the landscape during this time with a particular attention to late-blooming flowers like asters, gentians, and goldenrod. Of course, once summer has ended, children head back to school, so in **Learning Lessons** we’ve included works about school itself and school subjects like arithmetic, geometry, and geography.

As September progresses, we reach **Harvest Time**, when autumn crops like apples, corn, and pumpkins are ripe for the picking. But even after the fruits of the season are gone, we have plenty of brightness in the landscape thanks to the **Changing Colors** of autumn leaves. And since many birds will be **Flying South** for the season, we get to enjoy a little extra life in the skies above us as birds from more northerly climes pass by on their migration.

In October, as nights grow longer, we may also notice more activity around us from nocturnal animals, or **Night Creatures**, like bats, cats, mice, and owls. Their presence in the darkness can give these animals an eerie quality, which makes this section the perfect lead-in to the spookiest night of the year, **Halloween**. For our tribute to the holiday, we've selected works that feature classic fears and frights in the forms of ghosts, witches, and other supernatural beings.

November brings our final two holidays of the autumn, beginning with **Bonfire Night** on November 5. This holiday was originally celebrated as Guy Fawkes Night in England, and marked the foiling of a plot against England's king and parliament. We've included poems about autumn bonfires in general, some rhymes about the history of Guy Fawkes Night, and a story about how this holiday was celebrated by children in nineteenth-century England.

Finally, we return to the United States to close out the season in late November with **Thanksgiving**. The works in this section focus on some of our most cherished traditions from this holiday, such as reuniting with family and enjoying roast turkey and pumpkin pie. What a perfect way to give thanks for a wonderful season!

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Publisher's Note

A TREASURY OF AUTUMN



The selections in this treasury are all in the public domain, which means that they were originally published at least 95 years before the publication of this treasury. We've selected works for this treasury that we believe have a timeless quality, but there are occasional differences between the language of today and that of a century or more ago. Context clues and any modern dictionary are usually all that are needed to decipher these differences, so all of the works included in this treasury are unaltered from their original sources.

The poems by Emily Dickinson on pages 69 and 114 are presented as they were first published from 1890 to 1896 in a collection edited by Dickinson's friends Mabel Tood Loomis and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. However, it is worth noting that Loomis and Higginson replaced much of Dickinson's original formatting with more standard punctuation and gave titles to her untitled poems. Readers may also wish to seek out newer editions of Dickinson's work with her original formatting restored for comparison.

The illustrations included in this treasury are also drawn from the public domain, and were overwhelmingly created specifically for the works they accompany.

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Golden Days



Golden-Rod

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street-lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!



Halloween



Little Orphant Annie

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an'
sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers, —
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever' wheres,
I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout--
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an' kin;
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away, —
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

