

### **Autumn Poems:**

**Directions:** When reading the poems aloud, please introduce your poem by using the following example:

*“Autumn Note, by Langston Hughes, Read by Camille Burton” (and then start reciting/reading the poem).*

#### **Autumn Note**

by **Langston Hughes**

Read by: \_\_\_\_\_

The little flowers of yesterday  
Have all forgotten May.  
The last gold leaf  
Has turned to brown.  
The last bright day is grey.  
The cold of winter comes apace  
And you have gone away.

#### **Fall, Leaves, Fall**

By **Emily Brontë**

Read by: \_\_\_\_\_

Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away;  
Lengthen night and shorten day;  
Every leaf speaks bliss to me  
Fluttering from the autumn tree.  
I shall smile when wreaths of snow  
Blossom where the rose should grow;  
I shall sing when night's decay  
Ushers in a drearier day.

## **Nothing Gold Can Stay**

**Robert Frost**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay.

## **The Road Not Taken**

**By ROBERT FROST**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

## **Plum**

**By Tony Mitton**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Don't be so glum, plum.  
Don't feel beaten.  
You were made to be eaten.  
But don't you know deep within,  
Beneath your juicy flesh and flimsy skin,  
You bear a mystery,  
You hold a key,  
You have the making of a whole new tree.

## **Magpies**

**By Judith Wright**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Along the road the magpies walk  
with hands in pockets, left and right.  
They tilt their heads, and stroll and talk.  
In their well-fitted black and white.

They look like certain gentlemen  
who seem most nonchalant and wise  
until their meal is served - and then  
what clashing beaks, what greedy eyes!  
But not one man that I have heard  
throws back his head in such a song  
of grace and praise - no man nor bird.  
Their greed is brief; their joy is long.  
For each is born with such a throat  
as thanks his God with every note.

**Acorn Haiku**

**By Kit Wright**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

Just a green olive  
In its own little egg-cup:  
It can feed the sky.

**Autumn Woods**

**By: James S. Tippet**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

I like the woods  
In autumn  
When dry leaves hide the ground,  
When the trees are bare  
And the wind sweeps by  
With a lonesome rushing sound.

I can rustle the leaves  
In autumn  
And I can make a bed  
In the thick dry leaves  
That have fallen  
From the bare trees  
Overhead.

## **The Squirrel**

**By: Anonymous**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

Whisky, frisky,  
Hippity, hop,  
Up he goes  
To the treetop!

Whirly, twirly,  
Round and round,  
Down he scampers  
To the ground.

Furly, curly,  
What a tail!  
Tall as a feather  
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?  
In the shell,  
Snappity, crackity,  
Out it fell!

## **The Autumn Leaves**

**By Wes Magee**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

In autumn  
the trees wave in the wind  
and the leaves come tumbling  
down,  
    down,  
        down,  
            down.

Here they come,  
Hundreds and thousands of leaves  
In yellow, red,  
    Hazel,  
        Gold  
            And  
                Chocolate brown.

## **Leaves**

**By Elsie N Brady**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

How silently they tumble down  
And come to rest upon the ground  
To lay a carpet, rich and rare,  
Beneath the trees without a care,  
Content to sleep,  
Their work well done,  
Colours gleaming in the sun.

At other times, they wildly fly  
Until they nearly reach the sky.  
Twisting, turning through the air  
Till all the trees stand stark and bare.  
Exhausted, drop to earth below  
To wait, like children, for the snow.

## **An Autumn Greeting**

**By George Cooper**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

"Come," said the Wind to the Leaves one day.  
"Come over the meadow and we will play.  
Put on your dresses of red and gold.  
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

### **The Pumpkin**

**By: Anonymous**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

One day I found two pumpkin seeds.  
I planted on and pulled the weeds.  
It sprouted roots and a big, long vine.  
A pumpkin grew; I called it mine.  
The pumpkin was quite round and fat.  
(I really am quite proud of that.)  
But there is something I'll admit  
That has me worried just a bit.  
I at ethe other seed, you see.  
Now will it grow inside of me?

(I'm so relieved since I have found  
That pumpkins only grow in the ground!)

### **Autumn Fires**

**By Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Read by: \_\_\_\_\_**

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!

**Wind**

**By Lizette Woodworth Reese**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Now has the wind a sound  
Made out of rain;  
A misty, broken secretness,  
That drenches road and pane.  
It drips and drips; a hush  
Falls on the town;  
Like golden clods an old tree shakes  
Its apples down.

**Windy Nights**

**By Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

**Autumn Moonlight**

**By Matsuo Basho**

**Read by:** \_\_\_\_\_

Autumn moonlight--  
a worm digs silently  
into the chestnut