

**THE FREETHINKER
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(page 718)**

Of Autumn.

When the corn turns to gold
There's a wind on the wold,
 And Autumn brings over
Her first hint of cold.

The scent's in the clover;
The swallow's a rover;
 Apples are ready
From Dryburgh to Dover.

The air tastes more heady
Now corn-stocks stand steady;
 Each air-rillet calls
From a curling-swift eddy.

It's hot by the walls
Of the garden; there falls
 No leaf from the tree,
And no cow's in the stalls.

The green of the lea!
The breath of the sea!
 The sweat of the grass!
The toil of the bee!

The sky clear as glass!
The air bright as brass!
 The smell of the mould
As the young breezes pass!

Unfold and unfold
Ere the year become old;
 Earth's glory be told
When the corn turns to gold.

Victor B. Neuburg