

AUTUMN POEMS

1º- 2º- 3º

When Mary goes walking
The autumn winds blow
The poplars they curtsy,
The larches bend low.

The oaks and the beeches,
Their gold they fling down
To make her a carpet,
To make her a crown

oOo

Brave and true will I be,
Each good deed sets me free,
Each kind word makes me strong,
I will fight for the right,
I will conquer the wrong

oOo

Scarlet and yellow and golden and brown,
Winds of October blow all the leaves down,
Falling in showers or dropped one by one,
Fluttering leaves of October blow down,

Earth is dark and fear is lurking -
O. Saint Michael, Heaven's Knight,
Go before us now and lead us
Out of darkness into light.

oOo

Yellow the bracken,
Golden the sheaves,
Rosy the apples,
Crimson the leaves;
Mist on the hillside,
Clouds grey and white,
Autumn, good morning,
Summer, good night!

Aportación de Irene Pérez Suárez