

Muir Woods at Thanksgiving

Amber and gold, amber and gold—
The soft wind is bringing
New carpets for old.
Birds no longer singing,
But southward go winging
As the weather turns cold.
See how Nature weaves
Strange patterns in leaves
Of amber and gold,
And scarletine tints,
Suggesting imprints
Of tales never told.
Summer has gone;
Now Silence reigns on
In valleys deep wooded,
Untrod and secluded.
Strange memories
Lurk in these trees
That lull one to sleep,
Forbearing to weep—
What fantastic moods
Each fall, in Muir Woods!