



## **AUTUMN SONG**

Now's the time when children's noses  
All become as red as roses  
And the colour of their faces  
Makes me think of orchard places  
Where the juicy apples grow,  
And tomatoes in a row.

Come then, find your ball and racket,  
Pop into your winter jacket,  
With the lovely bear-skin lining.  
While the sun is brightly shining,  
Let us run and play together  
And just love the autumn weather.

*- Katherine Mansfield*

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