

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cursive Writing: October

October

*The summer is over,
The trees are all bare,
There is mist in the garden
And frost in the air.
The meadows are empty
And gathered the sheaves—
But isn't it lovely
Kicking up leaves!*

*John from the garden
Has taken the chairs;
It's dark in the evening
And cold on the stairs.
Winter is coming
And everyone grieves—
But isn't it lovely
Kicking up leaves!*

by Rose Fyleman