

# IN THE DAYS OF THE GOLDENROD

LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY

Across the meadow in brooding shadow  
I walk to drink of the autumn's wine  
The charm of story, the artist's glory,  
To-day on these silvering hills is mine;  
On height, in hollow, where'er I follow,  
By mellow hillside and searing sod,  
Its plumes uplifting, in light winds drifting,  
I see the glimmer of golden-rod.  
In this latest comer the vanished summer  
Has left its sunshine the world to cheer,  
And bids us remember in late September  
What beauty mates with the passing year.  
The days that are fleetest are still the sweetest,  
And life is near to the heart of God,  
And the peace of heaven to earth is given  
In this wonderful time of the golden-rod.

# GOLDEN SUN

LENORE HETRICK

Great, glorious, golden sun,  
Shine down on me today!  
You are the life of all this earth,  
You and your magic ray.

You are the life of bird and plant,  
All must depend on you.  
Shine down, great sun, the whole day long!  
Shine from the heaven's blue.

And I will welcome your golden rays,  
For you mean life to me,  
And you mean happiness and health,  
Strength and energy.

Shine down, great sun, on flower and field,  
And never say goodbye.  
Forever and ever give us your light  
From out the wide blue sky.

# GOODNIGHT POEM

LAURA RICHARDS

Goodnight, Sky, bright and blue!  
Not a wink of sleep for you.  
You must watch us all the night,  
With your twinkling eyes so bright.  
Goodnight, flowers! Now close up  
Every swinging bell and cup.  
Take your sleeping-draught of dew:  
Pleasant dreams to all of you!  
Goodnight, birds, that sweetly sing!  
Little head 'neath little wing!  
Every leaf upon the tree  
Soft shall sing your lullaby.  
Last to you, little child,  
Sleep is coming soft and mild.  
Now sleep shuts your blue eyes bright:  
Little child dear, goodnight!