

# November

The leaves are fading and falling;  
The winds are rough and wild;  
The birds have ceased their calling –  
But let me tell you, my child,  
Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.  
The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest wayside blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling;  
The brooks are all dry and dumb –  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.  
There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

~ *Alice Cary* ~