## AUTUMN

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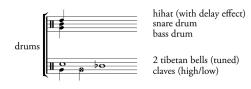
## Autumn John Clare (1793-1864)

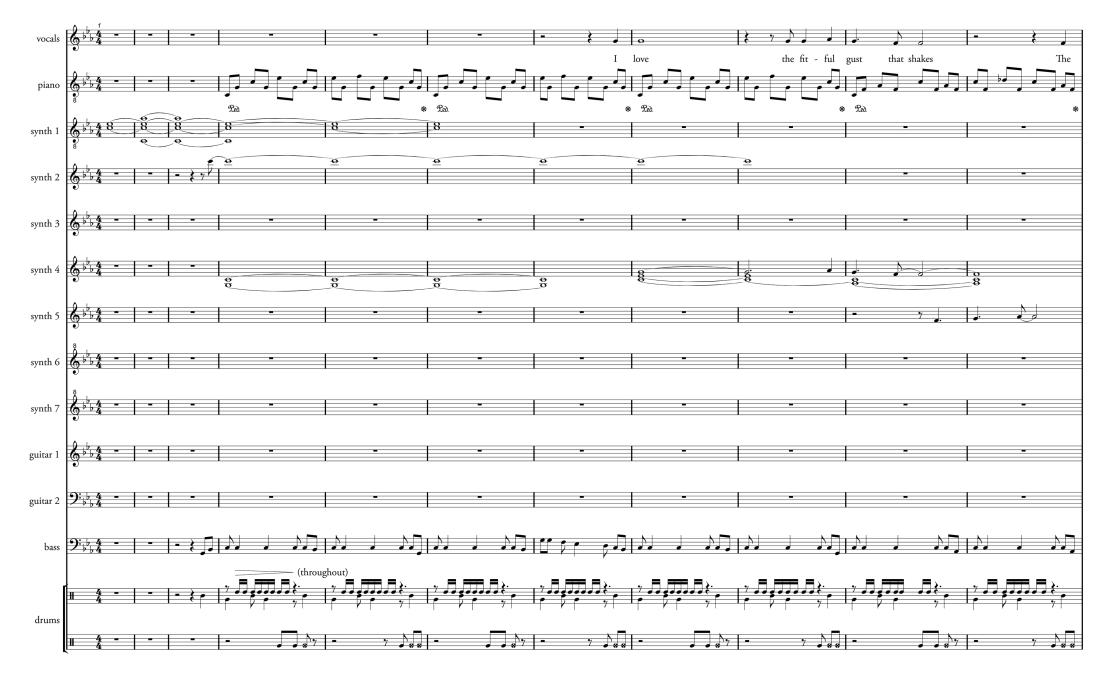
I love the fitful gust that shakes The casement all the day, And from the glossy elm tree takes The faded leaves away, Twirling them by the window pane With thousand others down the lane.

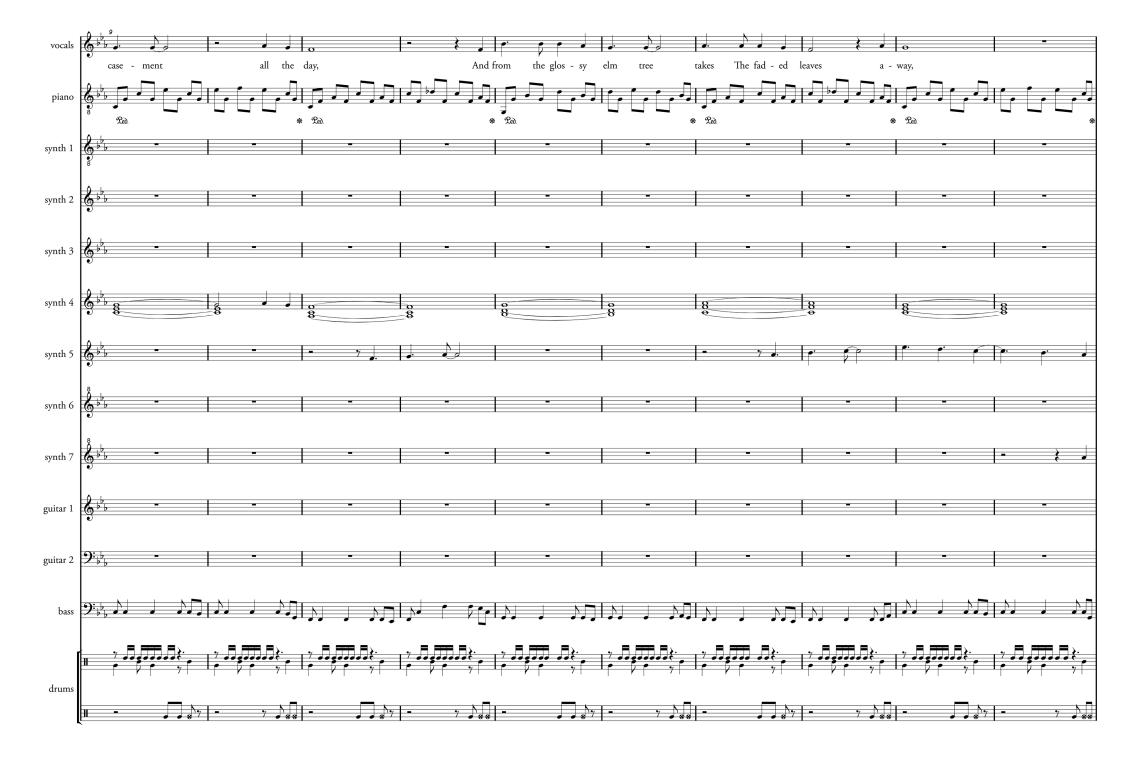
I love to see the shaking twig Dance till the shut of eve, The sparrow on the cottage rig, Whose chirp would make believe That Spring was just now flirting by In Summer's lap with flowers to lie.

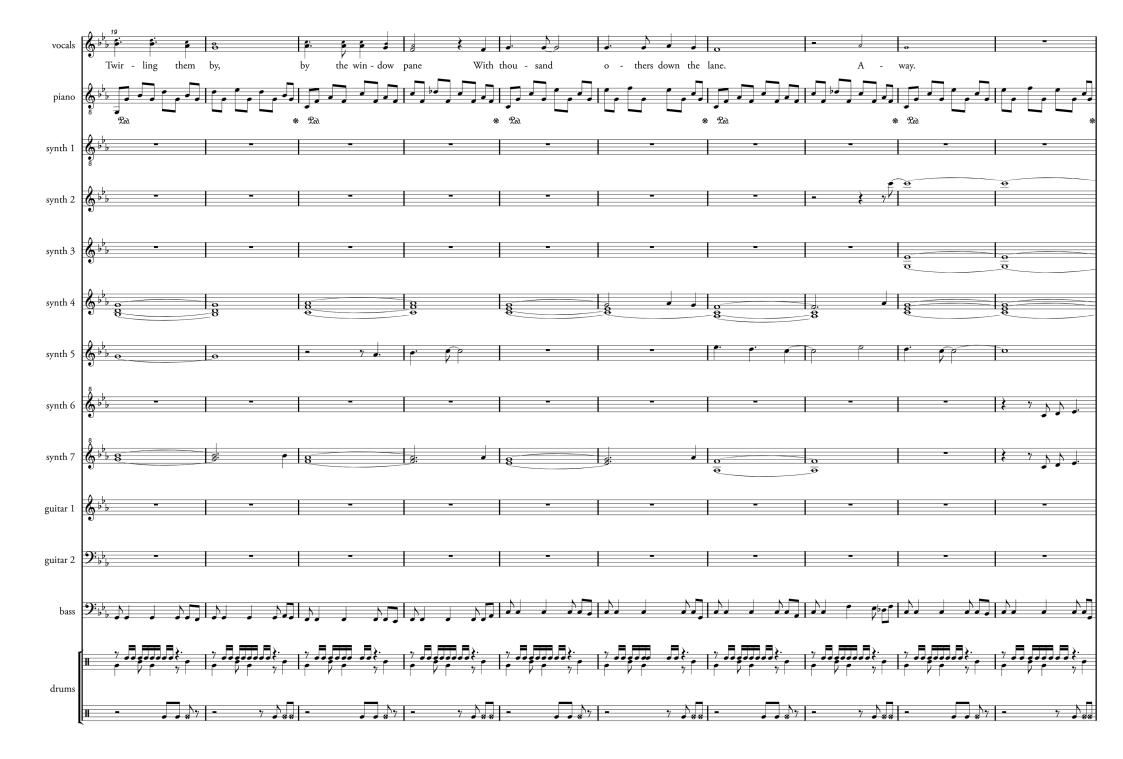
I love to see the cottage smoke Curl upwards through the trees, The pigeons nestled round the cote On November days like these; The cock upon the dunghill crowing, The mill sails on the heath a-going.

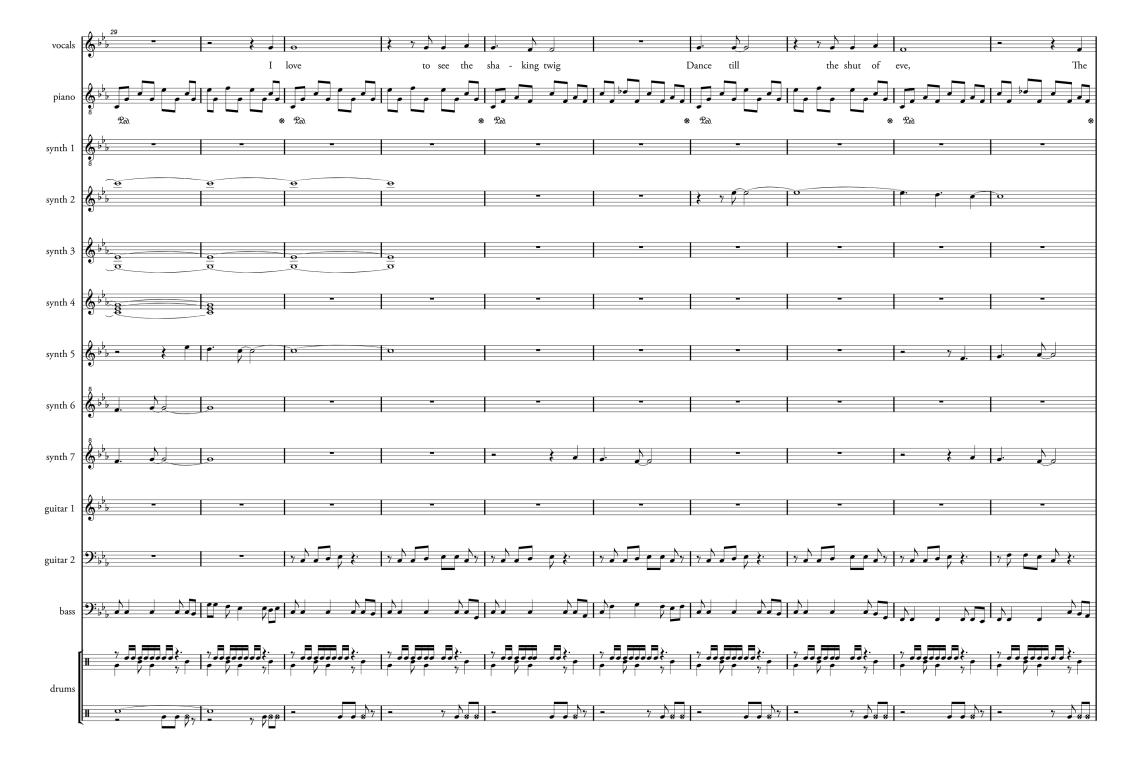
The feather from the raven's breast Falls on the stubble lea, The acorns near the old crow's nest Drop pattering down the tree; The grunting pigs, that wait for all, Scramble and hurry where they fall.

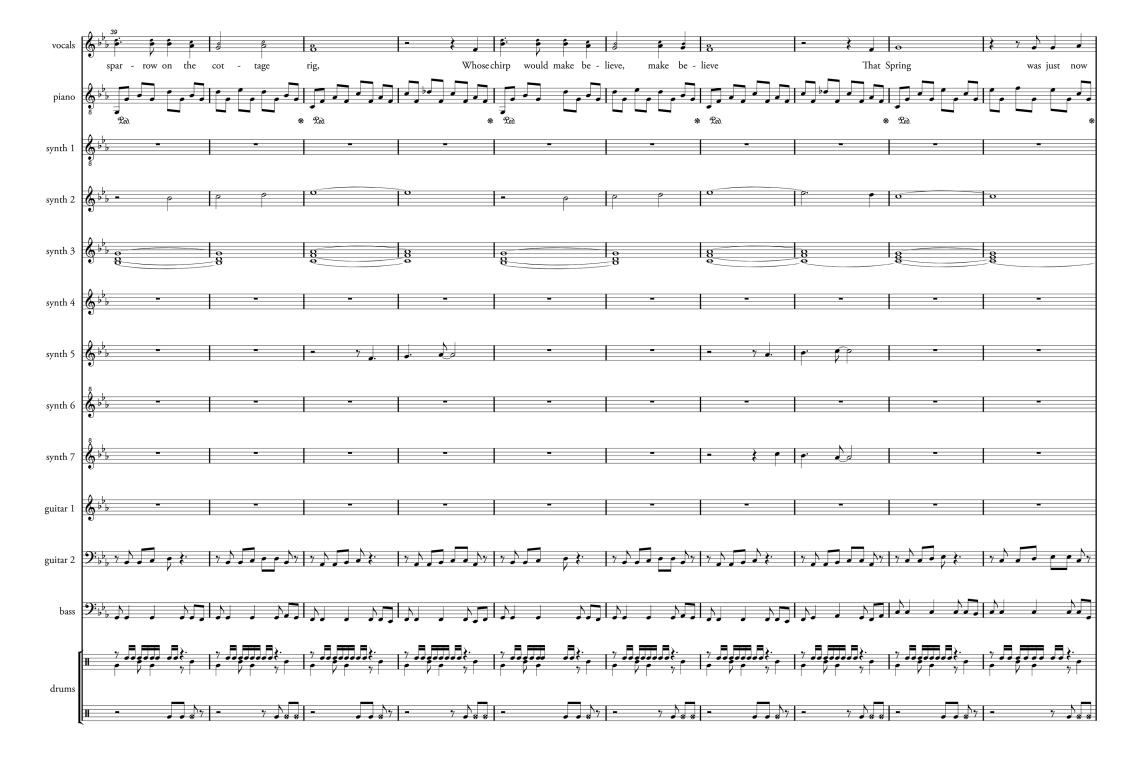


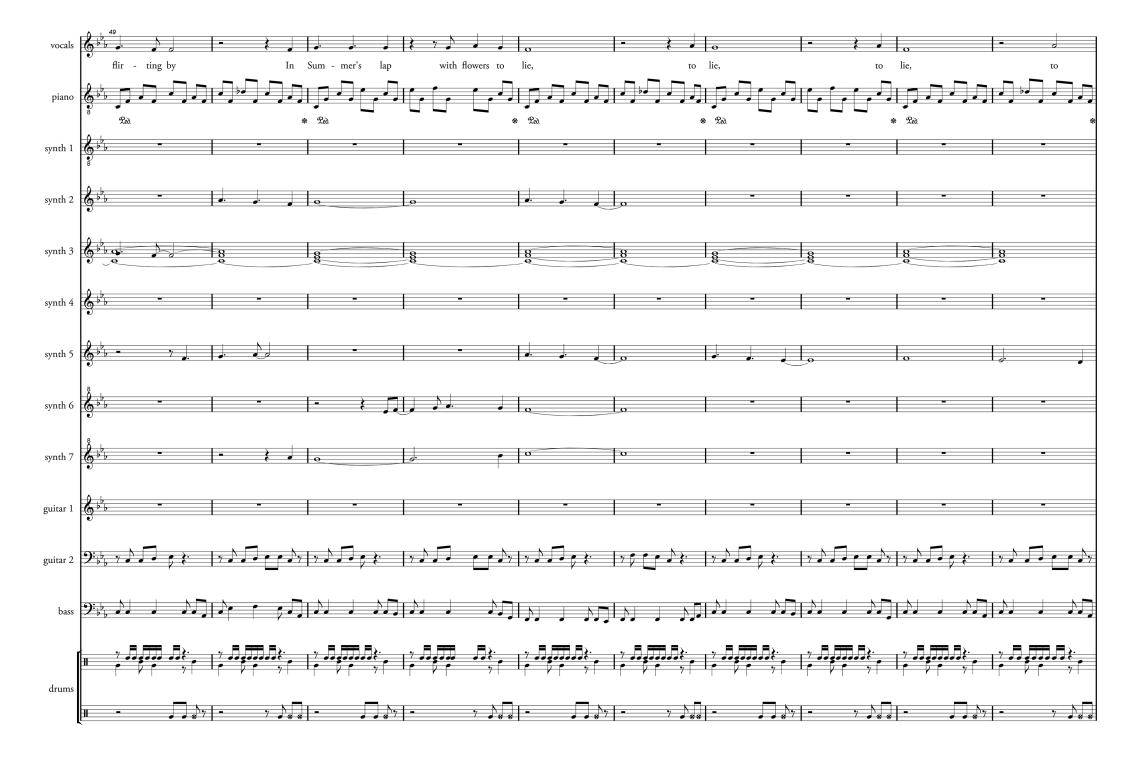










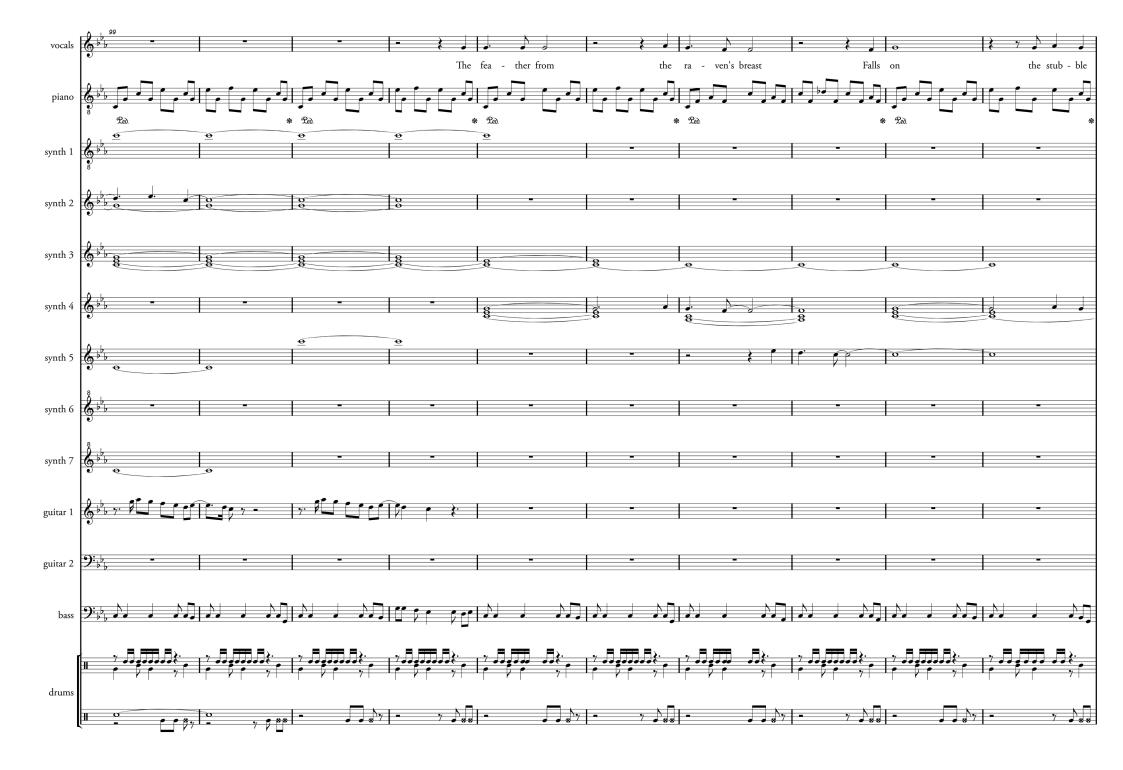


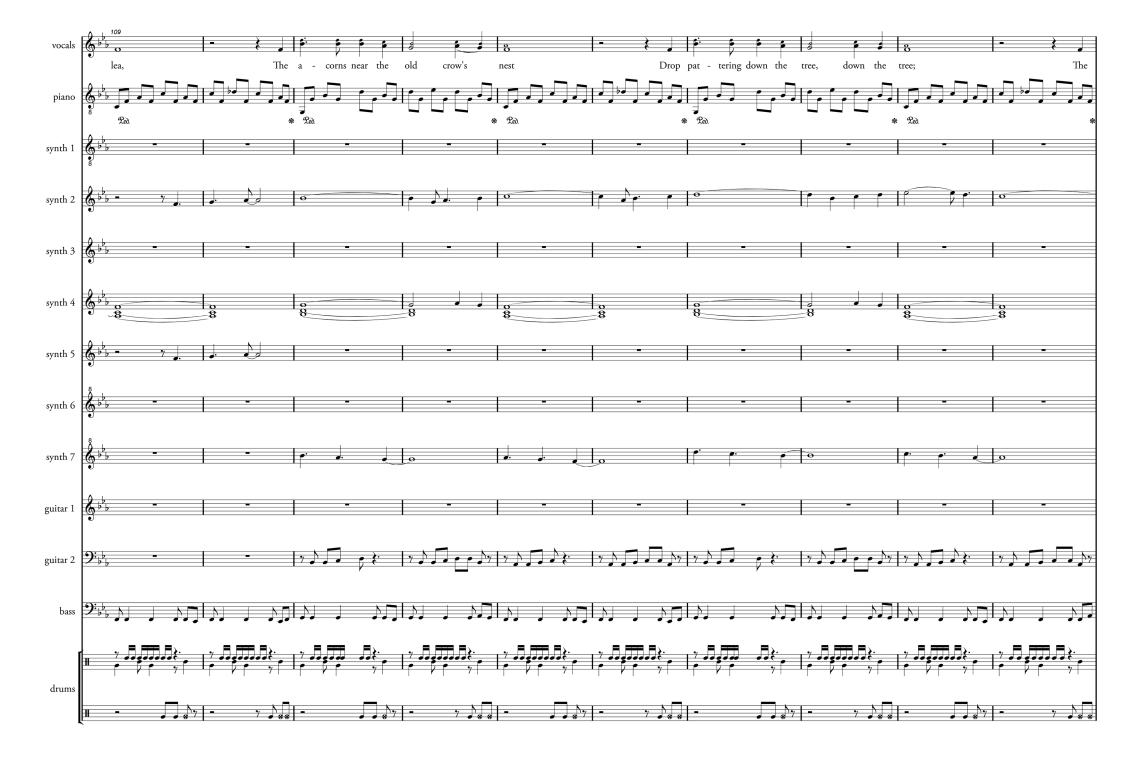






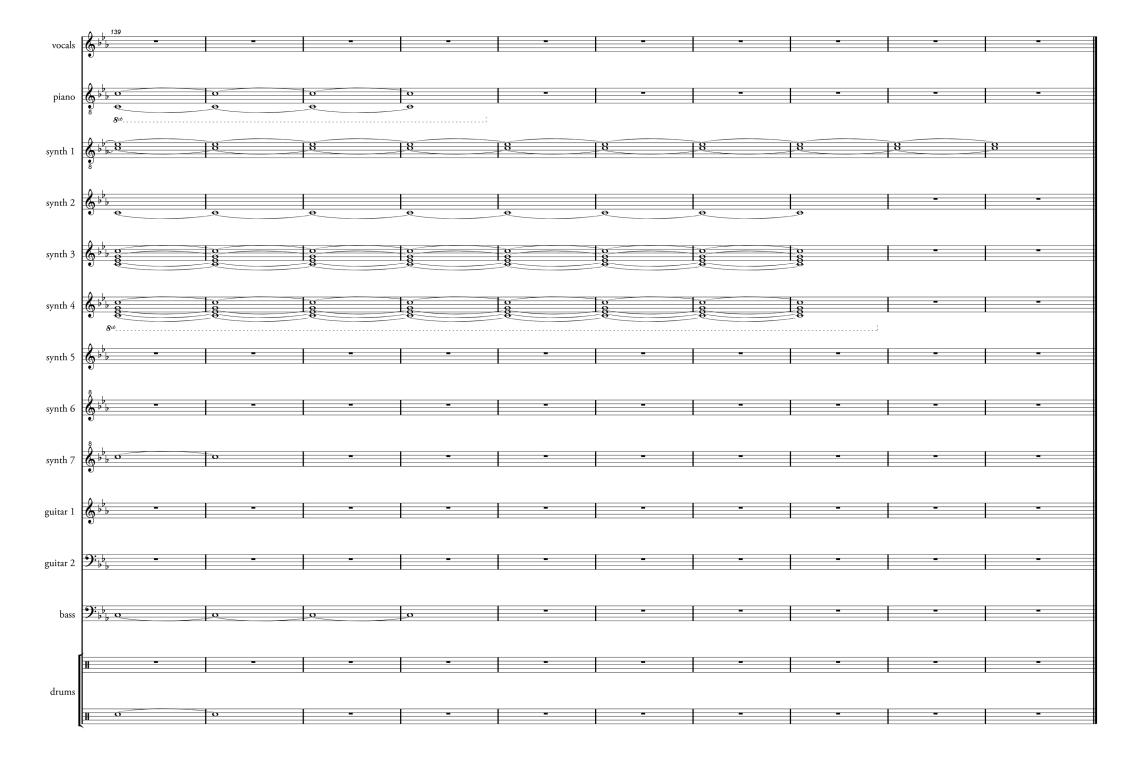












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Written, arranged, performed and produced by mion

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