

*Muir Woods at Thanksgiving*

Amber and gold, amber and gold—  
The soft wind is bringing  
New carpets for old.  
Birds no longer singing,  
But southward go winging  
As the weather turns cold.  
See how Nature weaves  
Strange patterns in leaves  
Of amber and gold,  
And scarletine tints,  
Suggesting imprints  
Of tales never told.  
Summer has gone;  
Now Silence reigns on  
In valleys deep wooded,  
Untrod and secluded.  
Strange memories  
Lurk in these trees  
That lull one to sleep,  
Forbearing to weep—  
What fantastic moods  
Each fall, in Muir Woods!