

One Autumn Day by Maria Robinson

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One autumn day as the sun was setting,
leaves were falling,
and hummingbirds were calling.
The trees outside my window
slowly turn from green to gold.
Leaves turn brown,
then hit the ground,
as autumn days grow cold.

Autumn days are great,
Winter is coming oh so late.
Frosty mornings, chilly nights,
Mean winter days are near with frostbite.
Season changed,
Life rearranged,
The Autumn days are here.

The wind is playing autumn games
Through the gardens and the lanes
Picking up, and swirling round
Leaves of orange, red, and brown.
The winter breeze runs
through the tree,
Tossing apples till they're free.
The autumn days are here.
Shaking branches till they drop
And open wide with prickly pop.
The colors of autumn are slowly fading
And winter is patiently waiting.