

# Autumn Time

The wind is playing autumn games  
Through the gardens and the lanes.  
Picking up, and swirling round  
Leaves of orange, red and brown.



Gusting through each swaying tree,  
Tossing apples till they're free.  
Shaking conkers till they drop  
And open wide with prickly pop.

The wind is dancing full of fun,  
Laughing in the autumn sun.  
It tumbles acorns, fir cones, leaves,  
To make a carpet under trees.

