October

Joelle Wallach
October

O hushed October morning mild,
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;
Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them all.
The crows above the forest call;
Tomorrow they may form and go.
O hushed October morning mild,
Begin the hours of this day slow.
Make the day seem to us less brief.
Hearts not averse to being beguiled,
Beguile us in the way you know.
Release one leaf at break of day;
At noon release another leaf;
One from our trees, one far away.
Retard the sun with gentle mist;
Enchant the land with amethyst.
Slow, slow!
For the grapes' sake, if they were all,
Whose leaves already are burnt with frost,
Whose clustered fruit must else be lost--
For the grapes' sake along the wall.

Robert Frost

Joelle Wallach

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To-mor-row's wind, if it be wild,

Should waste them all.

The crows a-bove the for-est call; to-mor-row they may
form and go. O, hushed October morning

mild, begin the hours of this day slow.

Thy leaves have ripened to
Voice

Make the day seem less brief, our

Pno.

fall.

Voice

Be us, re-lease one leaf at day-break, a- no-ther at noon.

Pno.

hearts not a verse to be-ing be-guiled

23

p sotto voce

25

28

mp
Slow, for the grapes' sake, For

the grapes' sake along the wall, the leaves already -
dy burnt with frost, whose clus- ter'd fruit must
else be lost. O semplice hushed Oc - to-ber mor - ning
mild, Thy leaves have ri-pened to fall,
have ripen'd to fall,

Oh, hush'd October morning mild.