

# To Autumn

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, *a* - peak of fulfillment

Close bosom friend of the maturing sun, *b*

Conspiring with him how to load and bless *a*

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run: *b*

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees, *c* - apples are so numerous

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; *d*

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells *e*

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more, *d*

And still more, later flowers for the bees, *c* - unpleasant connotations = reality

Until they think warm days will never cease, *c*

For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells *e*

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II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? *A*

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find *B*

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor, *A*

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; *B* - Howardfield 15

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep, *C*

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook *D*

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers; *E*

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep *D*

Steady thy laden head across a brook; *C*

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Or by a cyder-press, with patient look, *C*

Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours *E* - feeling from this line.

III

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too--

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, - day / season - dying

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue. - still beautiful<sup>5</sup>

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; - lambs are slaughtered in autumn 30

Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

he accepts reality of natural world

Iambic Pentameter  
mixed rhyme

connotations

personification of autumn

slows down

negative things  
he accepts