



1175 L  
Female Bust



1173 H  
Pillar



1174 L  
Male Bust

Along the lines of smoky hills  
 The crimson forest stands.  
 And all the day the blue-jay calls  
 Throughout the autumn lands.  
 Now by the brook the maple leans  
 With all his glory spread,  
 And all the pines on the hills  
 Have turned their green to red.  
 Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,  
 Or past some river's mouth,  
 Throughout the long, stiff autumn day,  
 Wild birds are flying south.

962 T  
Summer Verse