To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ɯ tum

ɣɪrʌt ʌb mɪsɪ ѱɛ frɯtɛʃbo ʌʤɛʃʌ,
frɛn nɪrʌ loʋɛʃʌ ʌb sol ʌʤɛʃɪzʌ;
plʌnɪz ʋɛk ɪl, hɯ ɯsɪdɪz ѱɛ hɪlɪz
ʌɣ frɯt, klɪmplonɪ ʃʌ ɢroɪz sʏn rɯfɛʤ fʌ¢ʌ;
Kʏʋɪz ʌɣ pomɪ, rɯrhɯs-trɛɪ brɪoozʌ,
Ѱɛfɯɪz ʌl frɯtɪ ʌɣ ʌʤɛʃ ɯ mɪd;
Sѱɛlɪz kɯkɯr ѱɛ ɛmɪz ʃɛlɪ korɪlɯsʌ
ʌɣ nɪtpɪf sѱɪtʌ; ɢɪʋʏflɯrɪz mɯ,
Ѱɛmɯʌmʋʌ, flɯrɪ ɹʋʌ pʏ ʌpɪsɪ,
Ɯtɛ ulɪ fɪz ¢ʌ dɛɪ hɪtɛtʌ sɛsɯz ƶʌtɛʌ,
ʃɛ som ɛzmomfɯoz rɯmɛtɪ ɢlɯɛʃʌ ulɪʋʌ.

K pɛ ɛznosoz omfɛʌ ɣɯ ɪnʌɢ stʏʋʌs ɣɯʋʌ.
Sɪtɛ, pɛ ʃʌ sɪ¢ɪz sʏn pʏs fɪnɪz ɣɯ,
Sɪtʌ, ƶʌѱɪʋʌ, on flʏr ɢrɛnstʏʋʌsʌ,
hɛdher ɣɯʋʌ ɯpoz ʤʌnʌ ʌd ѱʌn lɯfsɛpɪzʌ;
ʃʏ, on ɢrɯʋɛm ʌt-kɯtkɛ¢oz, slɪpɪz hulʌ,
Slɪpɪʃoz ʌd ʋʌpo¢ ʌb pʌpʌʋɛɪ, ʌmdɯr kʏʋkɯtʏr
ɣɯʋʌ klɛmɪdɪz trɪslɪn ɹʋʌ ѱɛ ʌl flɯrɪ tѱɪsʌ ʌʋ ol:
Ѱɛ sɪtɛ ʌm ɢrɛnfɪnɪr
ɣɯ stɛdɪz hɛd fɯʌ ɣɯʋʌ bɪʋ rɪʋɛt;
ʃʏ bɛs prɛsʏr pombɪrʌ, ʌɣ ro pɪʃʌ,
ɣɯ rɪz floʌtɪ fɪnʌ, ɯroɪ ѱɛ ɯroɪ.

K ʌs bɛz sonɪ ʌb prɛn. ɣɛ, k ʌs olɪ bɛz.
Nofʏtɯz ʌb olɪ, ɣɯ ѱɯʌ ʋɛz mɯs ɣɯʋʌ,
Dɯr klɪdɪ lɪnkolʌ flɯrɪz dɛ ʤʌn-tɯɪzʌ,
Ѱɛ tʌ¢ɪz plɪnɪ bɪbɛtʌ ʌɣ kolɛʃ pɪnkʌ;
ɹʋtɛ ɪn sonɪɹʌɢ ѱʌlʌ, nɛmʌtɪsɪ ɛtʌ ɢrɪʋɪz
ɪnʌɢ sʌlɪksɪ rɪʋʌ, ʌdtɪkɪz ɯpʌ
ʃʏ dɯnʌ ʌmtɛ ѱʌn ɛtʌ ʋɪʋɪz ʏɣ dɛdɪz;
Ѱɛ oʋɪsʤɯ hulɢroozʌ blɛtɪz lɯdʌ o rɪʋɛt montʌ;
ɢrɪloɪdɪsɪ bɯʃlɪmʌ sonɪz; ѱɛ ɛztɛ, ʌɣ fɛom sofʌ
ʃɯbɛkulɪs ѱɪsɪz o ɢɪd rɯrhɯsʌ;
Ѱɛ hɪrɯndɪsɪ ʌɢɪzʌ tѱɪtɪz ɪn skɛ.