

November

By Alice Cary

The leaves are fading and falling;
The winds are rough and wild;
The birds have ceased their calling--
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whirling;
The brooks are all dry and dumb—
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beautiful summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.



About the Author:



Alice Cary (1820-1871), an American poet, was born in Cincinnati. She and her sister, Phoebe, wrote well-known poems and sketches. They removed to New York City and lived together.

Name _____

Date _____

Questions

1. What signs of autumn are mentioned in the first stanza?

2. What signs of the coming winter are mentioned in the second stanza?

3. Where have the birds gone?

4. What is meant by the word "*here*" in the sixth stanza?

5. Why are the brooks "*dry and dumb*" in November?

6. Is this true in all parts of the country?

7. What causes the whirling of the leaves in November?



Name _____ Date _____

8. What will happen when the winter is over?

9. Where does the swallow build his nest?

10. What does the second stanza tell us about the roots of the "bright red roses"?

11. How can the snow help keep the roots alive?

12. In what stanza is this thought repeated?

