

October leaves.

There's always hope.

October leaves enhance the trees
Wi colours brave an braw;
But briefly though the een they please,
October leaves will faw.
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October leaves hing on a while,
But suin their glory's past.
November sees them faw an spile
Afore the wintry blast.

October leaves, where e're they're fund
Are destined tae decay
In glaury dubs upon the grund,
Or birled doon the brae.

An truth tae tell, though sad tae say,
An though the hert it grieves,
Oor hopes an dreams can faw away
Gey like October leaves.

Yet as ye'll see wi ony tree,
Sae it faws oot wi men.
I tell nae lee, take it fae me,
Green buds will brek again.