"I am rich today with autumn's gold,  
All that my covetous hands can hold;  
Frost-painted leaves and goldenrod,  
A goldfinch on a milkweed pod,  
Huge golden pumpkins in the field  
With heaps of corn from a bounteous yield,  
Golden apples heavy on the trees  
Rivaling those of Hesperides,  
Golden rays of balmy sunshine spread  
Over all like butter on warm bread;  
And the harvest moon will this night unfold  
The streams running full of molten gold.  
Oh, who could find a dearth of bliss  
With autumn glory such as this!"  
- Gladys Harp