

**WHEN THE FROST IS
ON THE PUNKIN,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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When the frost is on the punkin, and other poems by James Whitcomb Riley

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BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH PICTURES BY
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WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful
rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed
the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is
here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the
trees,

And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the
bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the
haze

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the
morn;

The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;

The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;

The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—

O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock!

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks
is through

With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and
sausage, too! . . .

I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around
on *me*—

I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin'
flock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock!





WET-WEATHER TALK

IT hain't no use to grumble and complane ;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.—
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most theyr trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enugh to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

