

You moths must leave now;  
I am turning out the light  
and going to sleep.

The leaves fell slowly  
To the unforgiving ground  
Too soon-summer's gone!

Going yesterday  
Today, tonight...the wild geese  
Have all gone, honking.

Tonight the moon shines bright;  
and shows the owls  
eating a meal in the field.

Bee's buzz slowly on the roses  
they take the nectar  
for their honey in their hive.

Ivy grows so fast  
and totally covers the tree  
it looks so beautiful.