

When the frost is on the punkin

By James Whitcomb Riley. 1853–1916

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouch 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 the time 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, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the
atmusfer
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin'
fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms 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 tassels 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
grewed 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.
Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a
feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller
heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-
folks is through
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse
and sausage too!...
I don't know how to tell it—but ef such 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.