October Katydids

Sing ho, October katydids
Before you go
To stars and sickle-moon
And frost come soon.
In sleeping leaves we lay away
This quiet day . . .
A thin mist over its face,
A song in its place.

Hush, little morning,
Go back to sleep . . .
Keep the mist over your face
Swing gently between the lost hours . .
To dream . . . to sleep . . .
But never to wake.