

The Autumn Blanket

by S. Perrow

from Autumn: A Collection of
Songs, Poems and Stories for
Young Children published by
Wynstones Press



Mother Earth was sitting in her cosy red room under the roots of the figtree. Her fingers were busy weaving, in and out they were weaving an Autumn blanket for her children - an Autumn blanket to keep them warm when the days grew cold.

In and out her fingers went. In and out, an Autumn blanket to keep out the cold.

Mother Earth wove many things into her blanket: pink and brown grasses, golden corn sheaves, white woolly clouds and red-tipped leaves. In and out, an Autumn blanket to keep out the cold.

After many days of work the weaving was finished and Mother Earth put it down. She settled into her chair and fell asleep.

In the night sky the stars were twinkling. They looked through the roots of the figtree into the red room where Mother Earth was sleeping. They saw the Autumn blanket with its pink and brown grasses, its golden corn sheaves, its white woolly clouds and its red-tipped leaves --all woven together, in and out to keep out the cold.

"A warm blanket indeed," the stars agreed. "but where are the lights to guide the earth children through the Winter nights? Winter will be dark. Let us give them some of our light!"

Mother Earth was dreaming of twinkling stars, and when she awoke she found beams of starlight woven into her Autumn blanket. It sparkled out of berry and seedpod, out of apple and pear.

Mother Earth smiled and rose from her chair. Now the Autumn blanket was ready. It had both warmth and light for her children to wear through the cold and through the dark. And so she took the blanket and spread it out over the land.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Stars in apple, seed pod, pear.
Stars in berries everywhere.
So you guard me near and far.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.