

The moaning sound of the "sad sea waves"
Tells my heart of pleasure past -
The withered leaves - of dead, cold love,
Too warm - too fond to last!

Eisner.

The death of Summer,
By the lengthened twilight hours,
By the still and frequent showers,
By the flowers pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the grey and clouded morn,
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now, and earthenwards tending,
As man when full of years is bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly soon shall withering be;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love,
By the meadow overspread,
With the spiders wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky,