

By the thousand tear that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,
Summer! we perceive thy death,
Summer! all thy charms are past?
Summer! thou art waning fast!

Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes;
Day by day more feebly shining
See thy glorious beams declining,
Though the wan and sickly smile,
Faint to linger yet awhile.

Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And on every lonely height

Swallows gather for their flight,
Streams, that in their sparkling course
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse.
While the gale's inconstant tones,
Sweeping through the valley lone,
Sadly sigh, with lonely breath
Requiem for Summer's death.