

Autumn.

Oh! there's a beauty in the dying year!
'Tis sweet at quiet eve-tide to gaze
Upon the fading hills, when the dim haze
Hangs like a pall above old Autumn's bier.

These ancient woods! how beautiful in death!
For see, the vivid green hath left the leaf,
And brighter hues are there; yet they are brief
Their pomp will vanish at the cold winds' ^{breath.}

There is a breeze amid the leaves it swells,
Far in the solemn wood-paths like the peals,
Of music o'er the waters. Hark! it steals,
Sweet, as the distant sound of evening bells.

It is the voice of Autumn! - the low dirge
Sung mournfully within its ruined halls,
It stirs the fallen leaves and sadly falls
On the hushed air like whisper from the surge.

The summer-birds have sought a summer shore;
(over)