



From the far-off mighty rivers,
Drifting, shifting, glad-life givers,
 Throbbing, pulsing, to the lakes ;
From the far-off, blue-peaked mountains,
From the forest-girdled fountains,
 Where the sunlight leaps and shakes ;
From the spaces wild and dreary,
From the cornlands far and near,
Comes the Autumn's miserere,
Comes the death-song of the year.

W. W. CAMPBELL