

## THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the

shrubs the jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Along they all one in their groups, the goatle man

Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:

The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.