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INDIAN SUMMER

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INDIAN SUMMER.

TO-DAY I stole an hour  
From life, its rush and care,  
For field and wood of autumn stood  
A-dream in hazy air.

I called on Lady Summer,  
But, ah, the change I found!  
Her halls are bare; no longer there  
A wealth of sight and sound.

Like fickle friends who follow  
Where Fortune leads the way,  
The birds and flowers of brighter hours  
Cannot be found to-day.

The agents of the winter  
In rude and boisterous ways  
Have claimed her home and she must roam—  
These last are precious days.