

How call ye this the season's fall,  
 That seems the pageant of the year?  
 Richer and brighter far than all  
 The pomp that spring and summer wear.  
 Red falls the westering light of day,  
 On rock and stream and winding shore;  
 Soft woody banks and granite tray  
 With amber clouds are curtained o'er;  
 The wide clear waters sleeping lie  
 Beneath the evening's wings of gold,  
 And on their glassy breast the sky  
 And banks their mingled hues unfold.  
 Far in the tangled woods, the ground  
 Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie  
 Like crimson carpets all around  
 Beneath a crimson canopy.  
 The sloping sun with arrows bright  
 Pierces the forest's waving maze;  
 The universe seems wrapt in light,  
 A floating robe of rosy haze.  
 Oh Autumn! thou art here a king—  
 And round thy throne the smiling hours  
 A thousand fragrant tributes bring,  
 Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells  
 In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,  
 My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells  
 His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.  
 No flower nor bud remaineth there to him,  
 Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,  
 Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,  
 In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.  
 O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown  
 He wanders through the wan October light,  
 Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down  
 The garlands green that were the spring's delight.  
 At morn and eve thin silver vapors rise  
 Arround his path: but sometimes at mid-day  
 He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,  
 That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.  
 Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath—  
 A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,  
 And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path  
 With wither'd leaves, that rustle neath his tread;