

AUTUMN.



I'VE heard the birds a-singing
From out the maple bower ;
I've heard the bees a-humming
On bright and tempting flower ;
I've heard the breezes sighing
By tree and forest stream,
The little wavelets prattle
Beneath the dancing beam ;
But now the joyous songsters
Have left the naked trees ;
And from the flowers faded
Have gone the busy bees ;
The grass is chilled and withered,
The sky is dull and grey ;
Where Beauty smiled her sweetest
Is seated sad Decay.
Mad winds have vanquished zephyrs,
And torn the little wave ;
The Summer's radiant beauty
Is laid within its grave.
Alas, 'tis all departed,
And grieves my heart the while ;
And Sorrow's tears have started
And blotted Pleasure's smile.