

Within the mind with a remembrance keen
 Of power that swelled the soul when they had birth,
 Nor ever are they barren of their fruit.
 And now with eyes adream I seem to hear
 The squirrel chiding mid his hoarded nuts ;
 And still with dreaming eyes I see the leaves
 Fall through the calm upon the silent ground,
 Where crickets and cicadas lie asleep ;
 Or hear and see the acorns over-ripe
 Patter together through the falling leaves.

Not far from here there is a broad ravine
 Rich in its billowy elms, and the slopes
 In wide expanse are mellow with the tints
 That maples of all trees most glory in.
 In stately tiers trees rise of various growth
 Shifting the shadows on their sunny boughs,
 And wearing in the light intenser green.
 There musing one might write an ode to Autumn
 Rich with the colouring of her vivid brush.
 But I will steal me to my lone retreat
 And feed my fancy with sad thoughts of death,
 And tender hopes of new awakening.

The trees are silent ; only now and then
 There comes the rush of multitudinous wings,
 And thronging blackbirds chatter as they pass
 And merrily forsake the fading groves.
 But I will not forsake ye though ye change.