

INDIAN SUMMER.



LONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

TO A CLUMP OF MOSS.



NOW thou sleepest, where the wood is deepest,
Green and cool,
In the great shady gloom of the wood,
Beside some pool.

To thee is given the dew of heaven
Alone to drink,
Out of the crystal flagons the night
Lets down from the heaven's brink.