

AUTUMN.

The flowers of the summer have faded away,
And autumn is here with her mantle of grey;
The sere leaves are falling, the woodlands are mute,
And a voice as of wailing ascends from the brook.
The bower is forsaken, its beauty is gone,—
One poor little robin sits chirping alone;
And the winds, wi' their soughing how sadly they say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.

The blackbird is silent beside the lone spring;
The laverock is faulting her weary wet wing,—
Afar in the dell of the desolate yew
Is heard the deep wail of the lonely curlew.
The cuckoo is off and away with the spring,
And the heart vainly seeks for some beautiful thing,
While the winds, wi' their soughing, how sadly they say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.