

In the keen late air  
Is an impulse rare,  
A sting like fire,  
A desire past naming.  
But the crisp mists rise  
And my heart falls a-sighing,—  
Sighing, sighing,  
That the sweet time dies!"

Sweet, indeed, to the soul of the singer, though sad, are those calm days "ere the last red leaf is whirled away," and earth becomes drear under the bitter blast of November. Lowell loved them, for the sake of those "visionary tints the year puts on." He, too, painted well

"The swamp-oak with his royal purple, . . .  
The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold;"

and showed us how

"The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed,  
weaves  
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves."

Longfellow loved them; for it was then he saw  
"the prodigality of the golden harvest," the  
"revelations of light," when

"The leaves fall, russet-golden and blood-red,"