

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

Flutter of wings on branches bare,
Chirping of sparrows here and there.
Dead leaves swirling round and round
'Ere they come to rest on the desolate ground.
Cold winds blowing o'er vale and lea,
Whistling through each leafless tree.
Grey clouds guarding a dreary scene,
Leaving us longing for what has been.

Longing for Summer, with azure skies,
When echoes of songsters from woodland rise
When breezes glide over moor and glade,
Like soft, sweet music by fairies played.
When trails of rosebuds peep between
The hedgerows swathed in emerald green,
And woodbine clusters tempt the bee,
While children gather the blooms in glee.

Longing for Spring, and the song-birds' trill,
And sunbeams dancing on every hill ;
For the baby birds that shyly peep
As out from their cradles of brown they creep.
We wait, and wait for their coming again,
Through the dreary days of mist and rain ;
And treasure them now they have passed away,
Though little we heeded them in their day.