

AUTUMNAL.

Last March-time found me in these woods alone,
 And now October suns shine drear upon
 Late Autum's herbage, and again I'm here.
 And are ye then the same, ye silent woods,
 As when I breathed the spring-time of your birth,
 And a responsive spring leapt up in me?
 Nay, I have changed not as ye surely have.
 Since those young days of thine, O Mother Earth,
 I've culled the sweetness of thy summer prime
 On banks of flowers that blew far, far from here,
 And heard the clangour of thy iron heart
 On rocks that stem the torrents of the sea.
 But now I bring a heart as fresh and pure
 Within thy leafy dwelling, and I feel
 That there hath gone a virtue from thy soul,
 And thy changed form is out of measure sad
 E'en to the joyous. I will lay me down
 And dream away, perchance if I may dream,
 The spells thy sorrow has inspired in me,
 Or weave them in a web of serious thought
 That sadness add thereto a subtler sting.
 Ah! now methinks a deep autumnal tone
 Thrills through me, and I fain would rise in might
 And fill with fervour the tired souls of men.
 Were this sweet spot a new Thermopylæ
 I could surpass almost Leonidas,
 And spill my blood for some heroic cause.
 Ah, well! such moods rise up reiterant