

THE RED LEAF

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The red leaf falls in the forest,
And the winds that come and go
Are freighted with ghostly wailings,
Deep-welling, and weird, and low.

The red leaf falls in the forest,
And dim in the spectral light
The grey, dank fields stretch vacant,
Dusk-dipp'd by the coming night.

The red leaf falls in the forest,
And the hours that my heart doth know
Are wan from the wither'd passions
In the years of the long ago!