

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

**I**T seems to me that leaves can  
talk :

I hear them whisper as I walk  
Along and crunch them 'neath my  
feet;

Their very death-notes rise to  
greet

Me with their plaintive wails and  
sighs,—

So like the swan that, singing,  
dies.

We say they're dead and now  
must find

A lonely grave, perhaps behind  
Some rotten log or old board  
fence;

Alas, poor leaves, vain recom-  
pense !

I watched them grow as thick as  
spawn,

And silent as the op'ning dawn.  
They caught the sunbeams as they  
flew,

And sipped the gases from the  
dew.

They looked like phantoms in the  
sky,

Or fledgings, trying hard to fly.  
I walked beneath them in the  
glade,

Where little children romped and  
played