

IN ANTICIPATION OF AUTUMN.

But now the Summer hastens to its close,
And soon will Song a different aspect wear,
Sweeping terrific, clad in ghostly snows,
And lit by the flash of the Boreal glare,
Or, but a poet in his easy chair ;
And her most pleasing aspect now beguiles
What time is hers with deft, endearing air :
With gorgeous gold she decks her garments, whiles
Her melancholy face with Indian Summer smiles.

Thy very smile sends sadness to my heart.
Farewell ! sweet love, the happy hour is o'er :
Too well I knew that we again must part.
Her garments trail the fond, reluctant floor.
But I shall ne'er forget the dress she wore,
Her looks, her words, the pleasing song she sung—
'Tis melody will charm me more and more,
'Tis music that will keep my spirit young,
'Tis joyance in my soul, though jarring on my tongue.

I've hummed the music after thee as well
As changing tones of youth allowed, and fear,
And vexing sprites that choke the upward swell.
But yet, perchance, some bosom it may cheer,
By recollection making thee more dear
To those who've drunk thy music at its spring,
To some, mayhap, who never learned to hear,—
Alas ! poor, wretched souls !—its sound may bring
Some semblance of thy strain, some wish to hear thee sing.