



Autumn.

MOOONS wane and wax, and wax and wane,
And Time reveals perpetual round ;
The Summers go and come again,
And Spring-times out of Winters bound.

Again we hail the Autumnal times,
When fields and woods are growing sere ;
And Nature's music faintly chimes
In this grey twilight of the year.

Unnumbered tokens of decay—
Of Summer's verdure—round us spread,
Remind us that we pass away,
Shortly to mingle with the dead.

And shall the lesson not inspire
With strong intent, and firm resolves,
To kindle up the smouldering fire,
While yet the day of life revolves ;

To labor for the weal or woe,
To lighten labor, lessen grief,
To soothe and cheer, where'er we go,
And lend the sorrowing relief.

Oh, let us rouse from shameful sleep,
Ere Death's cold winter drifts its snows,
And, thrusting in the sickle, reap
The whitened harvest—then repose.

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