

The desert-fields, tho' bleak and bare,
Seem lovely through the sun-lit air;
The very shades are glowing bright
Beneath the golden mellow light.

Rejoicing in their freedom still,
On cultured field and pastur'd hill,
The cattle crops the fading grass,
And bless the moments as they pass.

The ploughman and his trusty team
More happy and contented seem,
From golden rays the furrow'd field
A golden harvest yet may yield.

From bough to bough in yonder wood
The squirrel frisks in happy mood,
While searching round in hopes to find
That some few nuts are left behind.

The summer-birds that yearly fly
To yonder Southern sunny sky,
Are hovering round on lingering wing,
And fancy 'tis returning Spring.

While these sweet hours are gliding by,
How calmly smiles the solemn sky,
With golden hues of radiance bright,
As if it were the cream of light.

It seems as if an angel's wing
Had wafted back the breath of Spring,
To animate the ling'ring breath
Of Autumn on the bed of death.