

The beach, in yellow foliage drest ;
 The poplar's dark and shining vest,
 Its leaves, in every breath that quiver,
 And in the cool air seem to shiver ;
 Each bright variety of hue
 There strikes upon th' admiring view.
 Through its dark groves' refreshing shade,
 The wild breeze hollow murmurs made ;
 Its bosom heav'd with gentle motion,
 Like the softly troubled ocean ;
 Beneath that forest's sombre shade,
 Oft have my vagrant footsteps stray'd,
 Oft have I paus'd, its depths among,
 To breathe a light and artless song ;
 Oft paus'd amidst its gloomy haunts,
 Where nature's wildest livery flaunts,
 To heave the sigh that childhood grants,