

II



WATCHED the slow
oncoming of the Fall.
Slowly the leaves fell from
the elms, and lay
Along the roadside; and the
wind's strange way
Was their way, when they
heard the wind's far call.
The crimson vines that
clung along the wall

Grew thin as snow that lives on into May;
Grey dawn, grey noon,—all things and hours
were grey,
When quietly the darkness covered all.
And while no sunset flamed across the west,
And no great moon rose where the hills were low,
The day passed out as if it had not been:
And so it seemed the year sank to its rest,
Remembering naught, desiring naught,—as though
Early in Spring its young leaves were not green.