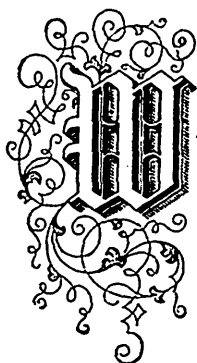


THEN 'TIS AUTUMN.

HEN the sunset tints the western sky in early afternoon,
 And the wind begins to whistle, low and sad, a lonely
 tune,
 And the leaves from off their branches fade and twist
 and swoon,
 While the twilight grows in beauty by the bright and
 silvery moon,

Then 'is Autumn.

When the trees begin to sough and creak, as rent with
 direst pain,
 And the loveliness of summer is about to close its
 reign,
 And the verdant hue of nature makes its periodic
 wane,
 While the russet landscape comes to view in radiance
 again,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the country fields of pasture are relieved of
 precious flocks,
 And the herdsmen all are busy rounding up their many
 stocks,
 And the tradesmen find employment looking after all
 the locks.
 That shall guard the granger's products 'gainst the
 winter blast that rocks,

Then 'tis Autumn.