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AUTUMN.

(From the German.)

Already send'st Thou Autumn, Lord;
 Already earlier, at Thy word,
 The fair sun sets at even;
 While late, and shorn of wonted pow'r
 It rises, in the morning hour,
 Up from a clouded heaven.

The mild year now has passed away;
 Tough storms already blustering play
 Across the fields denuded;
 The ling'ring floweret bends its head;
 By chilling blasts the leaves are shed,
 Where, lately, beauty brooded.

See how the mists creep up with stealth
 Of fields now robb'd of harvest wealth,
 Our sadden'd view foreclosing.
 The fairest scenes lie desolate,
 And nature's wearied pow'rs await
 The winter's deep reposing.

The birds that shun the northern frosts,
 Already seek our milder coasts,
 O'er land and ocean flying.
 The wand'ers, Lord, Thy kindness
 share,
 Thou guid'st them through the realms
 of air,
 Their ev'ry want supplying.

No polar blasts, Lord, roughly come
 To drive us from our warmer home;
 From Thee comes our provision.
 Yes, in Thy kindness we confide,
 Each morning of the winter-tide
 But brings its repetition.

Throughout the months when tempests
 rage,
 Thou undertakest that we wage,
 Securely, life's fierce battle.
 Already has th' obedient land
 Supplied our bread at Thy command,
 And fodder for our cattle.

Thou, who to guide the weak art fain,
 The poor to nourish and sustain,
 Omnipotent Preserver!
 'Thou wilt not fail us at life's close,
 When it, like nature, wither'd shows,
 And knows no more youth's fervour.

Yes! Happy we, when we pursue
 Thy favour, ev'ry season through,
 With due solicitation.
 True holiness alone can bring,
 In age's autumn, to life's spring
 Escape from execration.

J. B.