

'Tis pleasant now in forest shades ;—
 The Indian hunter strings his bow
 To track, through dark entangled glades,
 The antler'd deer and bounding doe ;
 Or launch at night his birch canoe,
 To spear the finny tribes that dwell
 On sandy bank, in weedy cell,
 Or pool the fisher knows right well,—
 Seen by the red and livid glow
 Of pine-torch at his vessel's bow.

This dreamy Indian summer-day
 Attunes the soul to tender sadness :
 We love, but joy not in the ray,—
 It is not summer's fervid gladness,
 But a melancholy glory
 Hov'ring brightly round decay. }
 Like swan that sings her own sad story,
 Ere she floats in death away.

The day declines.—What splendid dyes.
 In flicker'd waves of crimson driven,
 Float o'er the saffron sea, that lies
 Glowing within the western heaven !
 Ah, it is a peerless even !
 See, the broad red sun has set,
 But his rays are quivering yet
 Through nature's veil of violet,
 Streaming bright o'er lake and hill ;
 But earth and forest lie so still—
 We start, and check the rising tear,
 'Tis beauty sleeping on her bier.