

Autumn Leaves



O VER the earth they drift to-day,
Gold and crimson and russet brown,
Flecked and spattered, as though in play
Nature had thrown her colors down.

Swept and whirled to the miry street,
See them in loathsome channels lie.
Cleft and trodden by ruthless feet—
Careless feet of the passers by.

Crushed till beauty and form are lost !
Crushed with never a thought of pain !
Yea, with this from a light lip tossed,
“Spring and summer will come again !”

Even here where the willow grieves
O'er the harvest “the Reaper” keeps,
Wind in billows the rustling leaves—
Wind and drift where my darling sleeps !

While I press them with tender feet,
Something whispers amid my pain,
Words I heard in the distant street—
“Spring and summer will come again !”

