

'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.

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