

**NOVEMBER***By Hartley Coleridge*

The mellow year is hasting to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last;  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;—

The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,  
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And makes a little summer where it grows;—

In the chill sunbeam of the first brief day,  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks which no deep banks define,  
And the gaunt woods in ragged, scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

