

AN AUTUMN WIND

A TRUCE with cares and labours ! I have
cried ;

And traced the sweet winds to the barley
field,

To watch the strong browned reapers,
joyous wield

Their curved and twinkling sickles side by
side.

And where the harvest valley opened wide,
A breeze fell down among the rip'ning grain,
Driving the golden waves across the plain,
And dipping in the nooks, where fieldlarks
hide.

Brave with its gambol, still it went until
It waved the loosestrifes' ribbons o'er the hill,
And spilled the dazzling sunset from the
flow'rs.

Within a forest then it hid at night ;
To waken when the morning filled the
bow'rs

With fragrance, and with floods of violet
light.