

The leaves gave shadow of their form.  
In that blue sky there was no storm.  
The friends perhaps retraced their steps  
To where the curious fountains spurt,  
And with the air in bead-drops flirt.

Also there fell in deep festoons  
The long gay arms of creeping plants;  
And from the wall a distant sea  
Gleamed out afar it seems to me,  
With undulating lands between;  
And from the wall a slow descent  
Led to the highway where all went.



## AUTUMN.

O Autumn sere, whose string the wild wind whisketh  
With sombre notes like harp Æolian,  
The harpings of whose string are sadder than  
Summer's loud song; whose visitings the wind  
Toucheth with tremulations as it flies,  
Or as it lurks, or the sad string o'er-frisketh!  
Thou Autumn comest with thy gorgeous train;  
Thy sheaves, thy woods, thy garnished plains arise.  
Thy splendid azure beameth from thy skies.  
To join thy song the bird his fleet wing risketh.  
With glory thou adorn'st the wide champaign.  
Bound in vermilion comes thy vesture-chain.