

AUTUMN'S BLAST.

THE blast of autumn bindeth
Summer's breezes to its car;
Towards snowy realms it windeth
And its moan is heard afar.

The forest leaves are falling,
Its loud mandates to obey;
And 'mid the branches calling,
Is the wildly solemn lay.

Of bygone days 'tis singing,
When our hearts with hope beat high;
And through sad memory ringing,
Echoes disappointments sigh.