

SONNET

ON THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

FAREWEL, gay Summer ! now the changing wind
That Autumn brings commands thee to retreat ;
It fades the roses which thy temples bind,
And the green sandals which adorn thy feet.

Now flies with thee the walk at eventide,
That favouring hour to rapt enthusiasts dear ;
When most they love to seek the mountain side,
And mark the pomp of twilight hastening near.

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Then fairy forms around the poet throng,
On every cloud a glowing charm he sees....
Sweet Evening, these delights to thee belong:....
But now, alas! comes Autumn's chilling breeze,
And early Night, attendant on its sway,
Bears in her envious veil sweet Fancy's hour away.