ODE ON AUTUMN.

BY THE SAME.

A DI E U the pleasing rural scene,
Squelcher'd shades and meadows green,
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

Soft echoes now the sprays among,
No nightingale's more plaintive strain
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain
And on their farms the flowers decline.

No more we will to past the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower,
And see the swallows leave their home,
To distant warmer climes they roam;
Where zephyr's cool and graceful flowers
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.
How fade the glories of the year!
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man!
Thy life’s a flower, thy day’s a span.

Parent of All! tremendous Power!
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
And the immovable main.

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou!
O happy happier days, and bring
One glorious, One Eternal Spring.

The Swain who own’d yon rural cot
Now lies near this sepulchre’d spot.
With his industrious faithful wife
He trod the path of humble life,
Nor knew the forrows which await
The tripping revels of the great.