

## TO AUTUMN.

SWEET Autumn! how the melancholy grace  
Steals on my heart, as through these shades I wind!  
Sooth'd by thy breathing sigh, I fondly trace  
Each lonely image of the pensive mind!  
Lov'd scenes, lov'd friends—long lost! around me rise,  
And wake the melting thought, the tender tear!  
That tear, that thought, which more than mirth I  
prize—  
Sweet as the gradual tint that paints thy year!  
Thy farewell smile, with fond regret, I view,  
Thy beaming lights, soft gliding o'er the woods;  
Thy distant landscape, touch'd with yellow hue,  
While falls the lengthen'd gleam; thy winding floods,

Now veil'd in shade, save where the skiff's white sails  
Swell to the breeze, and catch thy streaming ray.  
But now, e'en now!—the partial vision fails,  
And the wave smiles, as sweeps the cloud away!  
Emblem of life!—Thus checquer'd is its plan,  
Thus joy succeeds to grief—thus smiles the varied man!