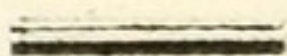


## WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.



O AUTUMN ! how I love thy pensive air,  
Thy yellow garb, thy visage sad and dun !  
When from the misty east the labouring Sun  
Bursts through thy fogs, that gathering round him, dare  
Obscure his beams, which, though enfeebled, dart  
On the cold, dewy plains a lustre bright :  
But chief, the sounds of thy reft woods delight ;  
Their deep, low murmurs to my soul impart  
A solemn stillness, while they seem to speak  
Of Spring, of Summer now for ever past,  
Of drear, approaching Winter, and the blast  
Which shall ere long their soothing quiet break :  
Here, when for faded joys my heaving breast  
Throbs with vain pangs, here will I love to rest.