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Poetry.

AUTUMN WOODS.

Fire in the Northern gale,
The Summer leaves of the trees are gone,
The work of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem in the sunset rings in purple and in gold,
A fitting crown to the ground.

I from the woods that frown
The upland, where the mingled splendors shine,
When the gay company of the trees look down
On their departed prime.

My step is not alone
In the broad walks of the wood, I shall not tread, at this,
Piles, in the alleys where the painted leaves are strewn
Along the whistling way.

And far in heaven the white,
The long, thin clouds, the made to wander to and fro,
Poor outcasts, for each leaf is quick and bright
Ere sunset of the year.

Where is the autumn shade,
Yet the shadow wing, the summer branches spread
Sometimes when the noon of summer made?
The voice of birds, the bee?

Let through all the trees
Come the evening ray; the forest depths are bright,
Their stems are dark, of deepest green, in the breeze,
The leaf is pale to some of the sky.

The crickets, I hear them,
When the day-beam throughout the woodlands, is gone,
Pitch
Their
Seem
Amid
Where
Around

OCTOBER.

Sweet
While
Fire
Stand
Amid
Where
Around

Alone
The
Of
Where
Seem
Amid
Where
Around

Lower
Now
Depth
The
Amid
Amid
Amid