Autumn and Immortality

BY HARRY PRINGLE FORD

When the autumn sun is tinting forest leaves with russet
  gold,
And the hazy, dreamy landscape nature's fairest scenes
  enfold;
When the quail pipes in the stubble, and the hunter tramps
  the fields,
And from summer's generous sowing earth a bounteous
  harvest yields;
When the stars are clear and sparkling, and the dawns are
  blurred with mist,
And the autumn and the winter linger ere they keep their
  tryst;
When the western sun, low-setting, floods the hills with
  radiance rare,—
Then our hearts grow tender, wistful, with a nameless,
  voiceless prayer.

When all sounds are faint and mellow'd, and the maple trees
  aflame,
And our nobler thoughts allure us,—vagrant dreams with-
  out a name;
When the frost, with traitor kisses, chills the bloom of
  flowers fair,
And a stillness, mem'ry haunted, broods upon the slumb'rous
  air;
When the days are growing shorter, and the nights are long
  and chill,
And the glowing fires of autumn crown with splendor vale
  and hill;
When we see these far-flung glories, soon to fade at winter's
  breath,—
We rejoice in life immortal: that for us there is no
  death!

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