

## THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES

AUTUMN is over the long leaves that love us, And over the  
mice in the barley sheaves; Yellow the leaves of the rowan  
above us, And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves. The  
hour of the waning of love has beset us, And weary and worn  
are our sad souls now; Let us part, ere the season of passion  
forget us, With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.