



Autumn: A Prize Poem (Classic Reprint)

By Jesse E Dow

Forgotten Books, United States, 2015. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 229 x 152 mm. Language: English . Brand New Book ****** Print on Demand ******. Excerpt from Autumn: A Prize Poem Autumn. - For him the hand Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. - Akenside. Season of fading glory! Oh how sad, When through the woodland moans thy fitful gale, Shaking the ripen d nuts from loftiest bough. And down the forest aisle and sylvan road Whirling the yellow leaves with rustling sound. Mountain and vale, and mead, and pasture wild, Have quickly changed their robes of deepest green; The summer flowers are withered, save a few Pale tremblers by the sunny cottage door, That linger, relics of the roseate band, Till icy winter, wandering from the pole, Sings their sad death-song on the snowy hills. Though not a cloud appears to fleck the sky, The sun at noon-day shines with tempered heat; The solitary flicker bores the tree - The carpenter of birds; and in the path, And tongue of crimson darting from his mouth, Watches the idle bird that marks his form, About the Publisher Forgotten Books publishes hundreds of thousands of...



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