

**AUTUMN LEAVES:  
MEMENTOES OF A  
FLOWERLESS AND FRUITLESS  
SUMMER, PP. 2-150**

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Autumn Leaves: Mementoes of a Flowerless and Fruitless Summer, pp. 2-150 by William Dow

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**WILLIAM DOW**

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JAMES RUTHERFORD.

*Your faith is  
William Dow.*

# AUTUMN LEAVES:

Mementoes of a Flowerless & Fruitless Summer.

BY

WILLIAM DOW,

GLASGOW.

"THEY best can judge a poet's worth  
Who oft themselves have known  
The pangs of a poetic birth  
By labours of their own."—*Cooper.*

GLASGOW:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN TWEED, HOWARD STREET.

1880.

Behold the envy in his eye  
 As yon free rovers of the air  
 On downy wings glide swiftly by,  
 With power to visit everywhere.

“What bliss!”—he dreams:—“Could I have wings  
 To soar like these, and roam the sky,  
 The bird the merriest song that sings  
 Should not be happier than I.

O'er field and forest, heath and hill,  
 And through the fragrant flow'ry glen,  
 Long summer days to roam at will—  
 Untroubled by the cares of men.

On mountain-tops to set me down,  
 Without the toil of climbing there;  
 A king uncumbered with a crown—  
 My kingdom all the earth and air.

And then, O such delicious play,  
 When playmates, still to earth confined,  
 To school should drag their dreary way,  
 For me to leave them all behind!

Or condescend to join their sports  
 For but a moment;—then away  
 To seek my happier resorts,  
 And laugh at their imprisoned play!"

So dreams the boy, and thus the boy  
 Is fairly "father to the man,"  
 For who loves not deep draughts of joy  
 From fountains far in dreamland drawn?

Joys real and present, great howe'er,  
 Our souls, insatiate, only prize  
 As pedestals on which to rear  
 Our Babel towers of fantasies.

Fain would we scan the future; but  
 In vain our ever-prying gaze:  
 A veil we cannot pierce has shut  
 From us the view of future days:

A veil the present hour which leaves  
 But half-revealed to mortal eyes,  
 While Time within the other weaves  
 Life's wonderous web of mysteries.



Above, below, at every nook,

We seek some parting rent or seam  
Through which to cast a stealthy look  
Adown the still and hidden stream:

But no, we cannot see nor hear

The voiceless world reposing there;  
Those mystic realms which hope and fear  
Alternately paint foul and fair.

Defeated, but determined not

To own defeat, the height we climb  
Where Fancy lends the power to thought,  
In realms unknown to soar sublime.

There, in a future of our own

Creating, great in dream-wrought deeds,  
We trife till our lives have grown  
To worthless wastes of tangled weeds.

This should not be; our day is brief,

And long the task awaiting toil;  
Day-dreaming is the veriest thief  
That ever purloined precious spoil.

Time bears us on—on with the throng  
 Of thousands voyaging its breast,  
 And ever as we glide along—  
 If not unwilling—some behest

Of duty calls us to arise,  
 And nobly lend a helping hand—  
 Perhaps to soothe the sufferer's sighs:—  
 Perhaps oppression to withstand.

And blessèd most are they who hear  
 Most readily affliction's claim:—  
 Whose hands have oftenest wiped the tear,  
 Or gently fanned Hope's fading flame.

Then let us wake to truer life;—  
 Burst these somnambulistic chains,  
 And, boldly mingling in the strife,  
 Rest not till Right triumphant reigns!

## The Wood.

**W**HAT is it in the sylvan shade  
 That so enraptures soul and sense  
 With solemn gladness, too intense  
 To be by poet's pen portrayed?

A fond communion of the soul  
 With spirits wooing weary thought  
 Away from cares the world hath wrought,  
 To joys beyond the world's control.

We catch the cadence from above  
 Of intercourse they cherish there,  
 Distilling through the leafy air  
 In sacred symphonies of love.

Above, around, the mystic maze  
 Of arch and pillar forms a fane  
 Where seraphs sing in praiseful strain,  
 And Nature's fragrant censer sways.