

Sonnet 84: While one sere leaf, that parting Autumn yields

By Anna Seward

While one sere leaf, that parting Autumn yields,

Trembles upon the thin, and naked spray,

November, dragging on this sunless day,

Lours, cold and sullen, on the watery fields;

And Nature to the waste dominion yields,

Stripped her last robes, with gold and purple gay —

So droops my life, of your soft beams despoiled,

Youth, Health, and Hope, that long exulting smiled;

And the wild carols, and the bloomy hues

Of merry Spring-time, spruce on every plain

Her half-blown bushes, moist with sunny rain,

More pensive thoughts in my sunk heart infuse

Than Winter's grey, and desolate domain

Faded like my lost Youth, that no bright Spring renews.