

DECLINE.

Now droops the soft year to her dusk Nadir;
The sun wearies of wooing; life is stilled,
Silent; old Contemplation is fulfilled;
Now is the Fall of Time, the Under-year.
The skies are tender ere they grow severe;
The skies are tender, passion having
willed
Beyond endurance: all the air is chilled,
And mournful is the heavy atmosphere.

The Year's inverted: even echoes dawn,
But tenderly; love lies subdued and
docile;
Greenness is veiled; the grey-
green earth is lush
With dew; on the sad lawn the laughing Faun
Fleers at the unborn Spring; the earth's a
fossil,
And drooping low swings in the
sunless hush.