

**Autumn song**

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the heart feels a languid grief  
Laid on it for a covering,  
And how sleep seems a goodly thing  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?  
And how the swift beat of the brain  
Falters because it is in vain,  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf  
Knowest thou not? and how the chief  
Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?  
Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf  
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf  
Bound up at length for harvesting,  
And how death seems a comely thing  
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

[Dante Gabriel Rossetti](#)

**Cant de tardor**

No saps, quan la fulla cau,  
Com el cor sent una lànguïda pena  
A sobre, embolcallant-lo,  
I com el repòs sembla idoni  
A la tardor, quan la fulla cau?  
I com l'àgil batre del cervell  
Defalleix perquè és balder  
A la tardor, quan la fulla cau,  
No ho saps? i com la més alta  
Alegria sembla no patir dolor?  
No saps, quan la fulla cau,  
Com l'ànima se sent forment sec

Gavellat per a la collita,  
I com la mort sembla propera  
A la tardor, quan la fulla cau?  
Trad. J. P.