

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 lànguida 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.