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# Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

# Song of Autumn

By C. P. BAUDELAIRE\*

## I

Soon shall the night enfold us like a frozen pall. . . .  
 The summer sinks from us, too radiant and short:  
 Even now, with harsh funereal shock, I hear the fall  
 Of fagots that resound upon the paven court.

All the long winter comes to invade my being: choler,  
 Tremblings of hate and horror, labor forced and rude;  
 And, like the sun in his pale hell of shadows polar,  
 My heart will be no more than crimson ice and blood.

I hear with frightful tremors every block that falls;  
 A builded scaffold echoes not more leadenly.  
 My soul is like a lonely tower whose ruinous walls  
 Go down to a battering-ram wielded unweariably.

It seems to me, half lulled as by monotonous blows,  
 That, nailed somewhere in sullen haste, a coffin rings. . . .  
 For whom?—'Twas yesterday the summer; summer goes:  
 This sound is like the rumor of all departing things.

## II

I love the light of your great eyes of green and amber!  
 But all the day is only bitterness to me,  
 And from your love I turn, and from the firelit chamber,  
 To watch the sun that shines far off upon the sea.

Yet, love me still, and be as a mother, mild and tender,  
 For one who does you wrong, for this ungrateful one;  
 Sweetheart or sister, be the soft, ephemeral splendor  
 Of the full-risen autumn or the setting sun.

Brief task! the tomb awaits, yawning and ravenous.  
 My brow upon your knees, in half-regretful dreams  
 I would relume the hot white summer flown from us,  
 And taste this aftermath of mild and yellow beams.

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\* Translated by Clark Ashton Smith from the French.