

The time will come when trees like thou hast been,
Will scarcely more throughout our land be seen;
O, may some power restrain destruction's bent,
And wanton waste and greed thus circumvent.

Where are thy comrades, when thy slender stem
First pointed upward, green as emerald gem,
And unmolested grew till cruel fate
Did lay thee low?—an act of recent date!

After to-night thy memory will fade
Into oblivion, for the ruthless spade
Will stir the mould to which thy roots held fast;
But bright was thy departure at the last.

This tree reminds us that we too shall fall,
And go the way which is the lot of all;
For three score years and ten our measure is;
How little when compared to that of his!