

The crimson pansies bring back hours of rest—
The quiet twilights with their sleepers blest;
The trooping pleasures, that filled in dull days,
The ruddy faces on life's merry ways.

The pansies white! Ah, gladly they still voice
The good deeds, answ'ring faithful duty's choice;
Their humble white hands, crossed in meek accord,
Their voices praising their great master, lord.