

A thousand welcomes, lovely Spring,
Smiling o'er hill and plain,
In all thy budding, blushing bloom
We hail thee to our land again.

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn winds sigh mournfully,
O'er this fair, lovely land.
All nature tells us that ere long,
Old Winter here will stand.

The withering leaves are falling fast,
Before the dying year,
Emblematic of the state to which
Mankind draws hourly near.

Summer is past, so bright and fair,
The harvest too is o'er,
And howling blasts crush down the flowers,
That short in beauty bloomed before.

E'en thus the mortal man decays,
From hour to hour, and day to day,
As falling leaves and fading flowers,
We wither, droop, and fade away.

The Autumn tells with warning voice,
That time is passing fast,
And bids us hasten to prepare,
For our eternal rest.