

All this occurs once more to me,
Whilst standing by the brave old tree ;
—Long may it live, and there to be

A monument of time.

Full four decades have passed away
Since first I ventured there to play,
Or bore its golden fruit away

When in its bearing prime.

On California's golden coast,
Huge trees reach up to heaven almost ;
And India doth her banyans boast,

Whose trunks by scores are told.

I read of Lebanon's cedars fine,
That Hiram hewed for David's line ;
Of sycamores of Palestine,

Of Druid oaks of old.

Of palms, by the Creator placed
On Afric's fiery desert waste ;
Of magnolia, with flowers graced :

These all I well adore.

But not for all the sylvan line
Of priceless trees do I resign
The grand old apple tree of mine,

Adjacent to my door.

Once with leaf and flower 'twas dressed,
But bending to the great behest,
—That all things fade in life's unrest.

The fiat of decay,

Is passed on men as well as trees.
A generation often sees,
Its fairest flowers cast to the breeze.

All, actors of a day.