

Then in thy depths did robins toil,
 Secure from harm their homes they made,
 Though children came in morning's smile
 To romp in mirth beneath thy shade.
 At eve fond lovers there would meet,
 To whisper where thy shadows lay,
 And fire-flies kindling at their feet
 Illumed their lingering homeward way.

When restful moon, in golden glow,
 Presided o'er the beaming scene,
 Where clovers swaying to and fro
 Waved banners dashed with gold and green,
 Came tired and hungry sun-browned bands
 To crave a sheltered seat from thee;
 Their cheer was spread with hasty hands,
 And Spartan fare discussed in glee.

No more, cooled by thy gracious shade,
 Shall man or child or lover rest,
 For grimly bare thine arms are laid
 Against the sunset in the west;
 Where rustic pleasures once prevailed
 Dull silence rules and gloom repels,
 Long have the winds thy fate bewailed
 With sighs as sad as funeral knells.

Heed not, old maple, fancy still
 Depicts thee in thy ancient pride—
 Kind thoughts for stricken friends should fill
 The mind wherein no treasons hide!
 No matter what the months may bring
 Thy form shall share my sympathy;
 A year must come without a spring
 For me as for the maple tree.