

Nature has doomed thee to stand the winter's blast,
And in a wreath of snow oft times thy head appears;
The buzzing bee has never o'er thee passed
Nor yet the summer sun with smiles and tears.

Sometimes thou showeth thy drooping head
Around some ruined cottage bower,
While those that planted thee are dead.
But thou remaineth the same sweet flower.

Bloom on, bloom on thou bright wee gem
Beneath yon rugged hawthorn tree
Until the tide of time doth stem
The race appointed unto thee.

Then for a season thou doth lie,
In mother earth's warm, ample breast,
'Till the fresh young year, with sunny sky,
Calls thee forth from thy bed of rest.