

Scattereth by the way he treadeth,  
Death shall gather soon or later.  
All are his—the tender rose-bud  
And the hoary giant oak-tree  
Both alike await his coming:  
From the earth he swiftly bears them  
To his distant, silent garner,  
And no sound comes o'er the meadows  
From the place whence he has borne them.  
So he claimed the rancher Gerald,  
So he bore him from the bosom  
Of the wife he loved so fondly,  
And who just as truly loved him.

With her dark-eyed, winsome daughter  
Once again she crossed the prairies  
To the ivy-mantled cottage  
In that far-off Eastern valley,  
There to wait the Reaper's coming.  
Swift her peaceful days flew onward,  
Till her threescore years were numbered;  
Then as one at even weary  
Lays aside her toil for slumber,  
Closed her eyes, and widowed Norma  
Left the earth she loved forever.  
As the fleeting year is changeful  
So the life of every man is.  
Every season hath its beauties,  
Hath its music, lights and shadows;  
But the gladdest days that brighten  
Are the closing days of Autumn,—  
So was closed the life of Norma.