

Then breathing its gentle tale of love
Is the Heliotrope in the shady grove;
And the meadow Saffron comes to tell
That the days are passing we love so well.

There's a song of regret in the chilly breeze,
That September wafts through the falling leaves;
The lov'd and the beautiful flowers decay,—
Borne on the current of time away.

'Mid the wreck of flowers and withered leaves
The Dahlia braves the wintry breeze;
And the with'ring Autumn wind that blows
But heightens the glories of its hues.

We'll weave a wreath for the festive night,
To gladden the dull October light;
The garland that decks the snowy brow
Shall be of the Ivy and Mistletoe:

For there are Flowers which the Ice King's breath
Hath no power to touch with the chill of death:
Through the changing seasons still they come—
Emblems of Life beyond the tomb.