

Thoughts in the Springtime

Now the flowers awaken
From their wintry sleep,
And come with smiling faces
Above the earth to peep.
Thus, springing from our sorrows,
New joys will oft arise;
And, ripened in the darkness,
Meet us in sweet surprise.

But, as the flowers wither
And fall into decay;
So, man and all he strives for
Must swiftly pass away.
Still like them, pale and drooping,
When destiny is done,
He holds within his bosom
The seeds of life to come!