

Then modest lilac, bow and blow  
And bear thy blossoms bright,—  
Grim Death must reap where Life doth sow,  
As day must follow night.

Strangest of metaphors, yet true,  
“We die that we may live,”  
As blossoms, moistened by the dew,  
Their richest fragrance give

While scorching rays are beating down  
Ripening seeds of gold,  
That, when Death dons his sombre crown  
Will drop into the mould

To germinate in early spring  
From out their erstwhile tomb,  
And round the desert once more fling  
The fragrance of their bloom.