

The maple lifts its crimson banners high,
And bronzed oaks press up toward the sky,
While spectral birches, 'mid the lightning flash,
Fling their white arms around the dark-boughed ash,
In fear of whirling clouds that in fierce combat clash.

Yet ever on my pathway, smiling, glad,
I see my autumn flowers, never sad;
My asters shine in clusters, purple, white,
With spirea cones and fire-weed curls so light,
While swiftly o'er them glides the footsteps of the night.