

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

MY mother, this December morn,
A sadness comes o'er me—
A tender feeling near akin
Unto solemnity.

The birds are gone, the flowers are dead,
The trees are dark and bare,
And not a breezy note floats on
The winter-laden air.

And, Mother, thy spring days are gone,
Summer and autumn's fled ;
Morn, noon and eve have all passed by,
And night is overhead.

'Tis winter with thee, Mother, now—
Leaves withered, flowers dead,
Gone zephyr-melody and all
The joyous songsters fled.

But, O! beyond the wintry mists
Bright, happy birds do sing,
And fairest flowers are blooming through
An everlasting spring.

And thou hast fadeless flowers, Mother,
In yonder garden-home—
Fair, fragrant blossoms that will greet
Thee in the life to come.

Then why should I, thy child, feel sad
On this thy birthday morn,
Because the birds and flowers are fled,
And trees appear forlorn?