

With the dearest of all bright autumn flow
The beautiful goldenrod.

All along the winding country road
The Michaelmas daisies peep,
And over the quaint old graveyard fence
The frosted vines still creep.

Close to the village church we pass,
With slow and reverent tread,
Where the daisies like purple sentinels stand
To guard the village dead.

A wave of yearning rolls over our souls,
The spirit's deep soundless call,
For voices that long have forgotten to speak
For footsteps that never fall.

And wistful eyes seek the purple hills,
Which guard while the long years run,
And all around fall the bright bright leaves,
In a glory of autumn sun.

And out from the hedge the red sumach glow
And the beautiful goldenrod,
And unto our souls steals a tender peace,
From the great kind heart of God.

