

THE LILAC'S BLOOM

TO May is true the lilac's bloom,
Its purple petals grow
And shed their deep and rich perfume
While balmy breezes blow.

Festooned around the cottage door,
Or bowing 'neath the eaves,
Its scented-laden clusters lower
To cheer the heart that grieves

For a loved one, claimed by death,
Since last the lilac's flower
Breathed its sweet Elysian breath
From out its leafy bower.

Goddess of perennial birth!
Reminder of Time's flight!
Death stalks across the peaceful hearth,
As searing winds do blight

The purple-tinted flower-cell
That to thy tendril clings,
And dry the nectar in its well,
The perfume off its wings.