

The flowers of May June's hot winds flay
And blight their bloom in death,
And then with reverence bear away
Their white plumes on their breath,

In earth to hide, and there to bide
The coming of sweet spring,
When Dandelion greets his bride
Again while robins sing.

Methinks the round of flowering ground
Emblem of man's brief day,
When ills beset and cares abound
He dies and hies away,

To live once more on farther shore
Where blooms Eternal Spring,
Where all the trials of earth are o'er,
And ministering angels sing.