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Henry Deans Chapman
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Darling, the night is cold and dreary,
The winds of Autumn are sighing,
And my heart is ever sad and weary,
For days of summer are dying.

Darling, the dewdrops are weeping
For the summer's pale, young flowers,
That in our footsteps lie sleeping
In the hush of the Twilight hours.

The Soldier's Parting

I wander by the garden way,
'Mid flowers bright and fair,
And long, long is the summer's day
As I stand gazing there;
The skies are ringing with the birds,
The brooklet's running by
I hear the soldier's parting words
As he bids his love good bye.