

Before the storm king's hail and sleet
And fast increasing power ;
Soon his white mantle's winding sheet
Shall cover glade and bower.

Must warbling dwellers of the wild,
Fair creatures of a day,
Seek sunnier climes and seasons mild
While Winter's hosts hold sway.

So is the passing of our life
From cradle to the bier,
O'er-swept by Passion's angry strife,—
Like seasons of the year.

From youth's Springtime we hasten fast
To Summer's golden prime ;
Soon middle age's Autumn blast
Prepares for Winter's shrine

The hoary head, the tottering feet,
That linger near the bier,
Now longing for its safe retreat,
Death's bugle call to hear,—

Knowing that for them once more
Shall breathe Eternal Spring,
While on angel wings they soar
To greet their Heavenly King,