

And will you sing when summer goes  
And leaves turn brown and dies the rose?

*Oh, then how brave shall autumn dress  
The maple out with gorgeousness!  
And red-cheeked apples deck the green,  
And corn wave tall its yellow sheen.*

But, bird, bethink you well, I pray,  
Then marches winter on his way.

*Ah, winter—yes, ah, yes—but still,  
Hark! sweetly chimes the summer rill,  
And joy is here and life is strong,  
And love still calls upon my song.*

No, Rossignol, sing not that strain,  
Triumphant 'spite of all the pain,—  
She cannot hear you, Rossignol,  
She does not pause and flush, your thrall.  
She does not raise that slender hand  
And, poised, lips parted, understand  
What you are telling of the years  
Her brown eyes soft with happy tears,  
She does not hear a note of all.

Ah, Rossignol, ah, Rossignol!

*But skies are blue, and flowers bloom,  
And roses breathe the old perfume,  
And here the murmuring of the trees  
In all of lovelier mysteries—  
And maybe now she hears my song  
Pouring the summer hills along,  
Listens with joy that still to thee  
Remain the summer time and me.*