

Now I lean on mother's shoulder,  
Now once more I am a child,  
Full of pranks and merry mischief,  
Healthy, happy, young and wild.

Now the sunny vision's vanished,  
Now a weary man I'm grown,  
Mother is no longer with me,  
I am friendless and alone.

And the cottage is deserted,  
Gone and broken are the panes,  
And of mother's smiling garden,  
Very little now remains.

Just some marigolds all dusty,  
One forget-me-not forlorn,  
Standing in the waning sunlight,  
With some pansies small and torn.

And our apple-tree is standing  
In the mellow autumn air,  
With its rosy, golden harvest,  
Rotting, dropping, wasting there.