

THE BUDS OF SPRING ARE GONE

Nathan W. Harter

The buds of spring are gone, and songbirds sleep;
The leaves of summer wither in the dust.
Yet though the lovely hues are passing, must
We pine for fallen charms we cannot keep?
The threads of dearest loving lie too deep,
Where beauty finds itself in moth and rust.
Thus autumn's bare, but sturdy boughs I trust
While flowers fall and Nature turns to reap.

My love is steadfast though the boom has died,
So let me see no slowly swelling tear
Lament the youth so quickly lived and lost,
For I am here forever at your side:
A forest is a forest through the year,
And true hearts never falter in the frost.

