

November 29, 1939

PARTING OF SUMMER

The bliss of summer's joys are gone,
The grasses, flowers, singling birds
In leaving, left a barren earth
Which neither sighs nor longing words
Can heal, and ah, each dawning day
I sadly gaze on rust-red skies
To see a somber, seething sun
Light up a world which slowly dies.

In place of gardens fresh and green
And scented with the warmth of dew
Long rows of dying patches brown
So dark, so dismal, meet my view,
In place of laughing murmuring leaves
The branches of the trees are bare,
Like bony, aching arms they grope
To grasp the empty, icy air.

No longer does the babbling brook
Leap gaily, lightly spring and bound,
But slowly drags dry autumn leaves
Afallen to the soggy ground,
No longer chirps the singing lark
Melodiously its sweet refrain,
But silence choking, filled with gloom
Hangs heavy o'er each wooded lane.

No longer do the hills resound
With music of the summer breeze,
Nor do the happy larks reside
In leafy branches of the trees,
Gone are the sunny summer days
And joys that made our spirits soar,
But ice and snow must melt away
And summer must return once more.