

Death of the Leaves (1920) [1918]

Edward Joseph Collins, music and words

Gently down to earth they fall
and nestle quietly there,

Naught remains on the sapless boughs
now pointing gaunt and bare.

'Twas yesterday they danced in the breeze
and fluttered and drank the cool rain,

Felt the warm sun, saw the lightning flash
that split the trunk in twain!

But now they lie in crumpled heaps
along the garden wall,

Brown and withered symbol of neglect
the spider's banquet hall.

Soon soft snow will cover them
with layers of noiseless white,

And o'er their graves the winds will mourn,
throughout the endless night.