

Said the toadstool to the violet,
"For thy bloom hath smote my heart,
But my soul tells me to hide it,
As we, a pair, should be apart."

Said the flower to the mushroom,
"Oh be still my fungus sweet.
For all my flaunt and perfume,
It's you that beloved shall greet."

Said decay to those things blooming,
"Yet my birth is your demise,
It's thy fate that thou art dooming,
Wept the children, mourned the wise."

Said Sweet Life to Sullen Death,
"It's the way of things, my dear,
For the song that's on the breath,
Draws its beauty from end near."

So the violet and the toadstool,
So Grave Death and Smiling Life,
By the earth and waters cool,
On that day, were groom and wife.