

It is the lot of mortals
To feel the weight of woe.
If we would wear the crown in heaven
We must bear the cross below.
I know some day we all will meet
Where Sorrow cannot blight,
And in the radiant morning
We'll forget the darksome night.

And so I sit here dreaming
In the calm and quiet night,
Of the sad, sweet memories of the past
And the future, fair and bright.
Then softly doth Oblivion draw
Her mystic veil between.
And shuts out the haunting memories
Of that happy Hallowe'en.