

Or if, like me, their visions bright had vanished one by
one,
Until, in doubt, and clouds, and tears, their summer morn
has gone;
Watching and hoping still, that morn's brief hours may
be more bright,
Lingering to bask a little while in hope's warm, cheering
light.

I know that some have glided on in calm serenity—
A morning of unbroken rest and calm tranquility;
And now, at noonday, I would pray that rude storms may
not come
To mar their quiet happiness, or blight their joys of home.

Yet Oh! when clouds have darkened every sunbeam of
delight,
And fate has threatened that our life be one long, weary
night,
How much more happy are we when the shadows break
away,
Revealing to our troubled eye a clearer, brighter day.