

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.