

So dark and unlovely's the autumn of life ;
For grey hairs and mem'ry with joy are at strife :
The bright past has perish'd, the future is black,
And the heart's only pleasure's a long looking back.
A long looking backward to life's early spring,
To the hearts that have wither'd, the hopes taken wing,
While the forms of the lost ones come sadly and say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.

And were they but shadows, false, fleeting and vain ?—
And shall I ne'er meet them in gladness again ?—
Bright meteors that came but to dazzle the sight,
And then fade away in the bosom of night ?
Came they but to leave us in darkness and woe,
Aweary of all fleeting things here below ?
They've gone, and we'll follow— Hope sweetly doth say—
Where nothing that's lovely shall e'er pass away.