

## WAITING

**D**IMLY do I remember—  
Oh, it was years ago,  
E'er life's sad December  
Frosted our hair with snow—  
How we two were standing,  
Under a sunset sky  
Amid the flowers and breezes,  
Of a sweet July.

Heavy the air with perfume,  
Green was the velvet sod,  
Nature all reflecting  
The face of Nature's God.  
Ah, but the flowers have faded;  
Flowers were born to die;  
Life has changed so sadly  
Since that sweet July.

Slow are our steps and feeble;  
Long is the weary way:  
Still we wait together,  
The closing of the day.  
Thro' the mists of the Valley,  
We're groping—you and I,  
Till in a blaze of glory  
We see the new July.