

## A Hundred Years to Come.



O where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come ?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come ?  
The rosy lip and lofty brow,  
The heart that bears so gaily now ?  
O, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come ?  
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come ?  
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come ?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be  
A hundred years to come ?  
We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come.  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come.  
But other men our lands will till,  
And others then our streets will fill ;  
While other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.