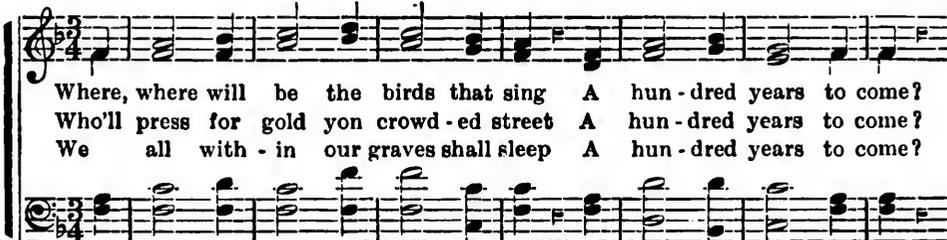


A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

H. L. SPENCER.

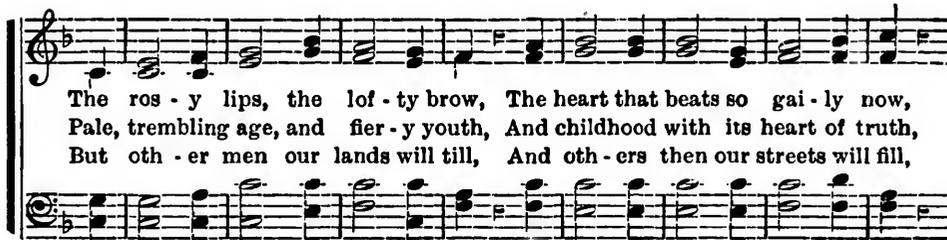
H. T. CROSSLEY.



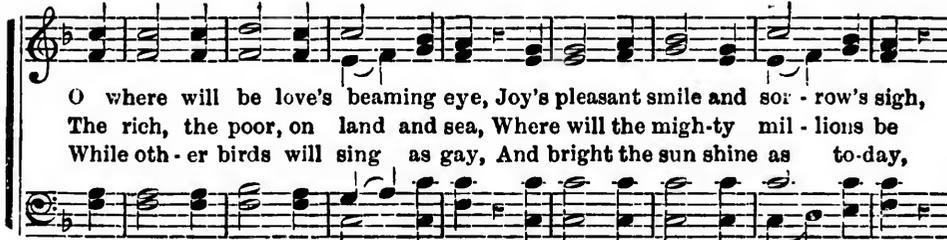
Where, where will be the birds that sing A hun-dred years to come?
 Who'll press for gold yon crowd-ed street A hun-dred years to come?
 We all with-in our graves shall sleep A hun-dred years to come?



The flow'rs that now in beau-ty spring, A hun-dred years to come?
 Who'll tread this church with will-ing feet A hun-dred years to come?
 No liv-ing soul for us will weep A hun-dred years to come;



The ros-y lips, the lof-ty brow, The heart that beats so gai-ly now,
 Pale, trembling age, and fier-y youth, And childhood with its heart of truth,
 But oth-er men our lands will till, And oth-ers then our streets will fill,



O where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and sor-row's sigh,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the migh-ty mil-lions be
 While oth-er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine as to-day,



A hun-dred years to come? A hun-dred years to come?