

And the sunset shadows slope
Back along the hills of hope
That before us shone so fair.
Ah ! for us the merry May
Comes no more with golden weather ;
Fields, and woods, and sunshine gay,
Purple skies, and purple heather.
We have had our holyday,
And I sit with folded hands,
In the twilight looking back
Over life's uneven track—
Thorny wilds, and desert sands.
Weary heart, unwearied faith,
In the twilight softly saith—
“ We have had our golden weather.—
We have walked through life together,
True, till death ! ”

