

We did not wish that we might have
A summer all the year,
That winter's storms and autumn's blasts
Might never hover near.

And though they came—the rainy days,
Fierce storms, and bitter wind—
They passed, and left our sky, perhaps,
More brightly blue behind.

So we will hope the opening year,
Whose morning is so bright,
May have a smiling dawn to give,
For every stormy night.

And should Life's evening shadows close,
And Death's dark night draw near,
It shall but be the harbinger
Of Heaven's unclouded year.