

Loving eyes, whose tender glances
 Made the sunshine of life's Spring ;
 Pleasant tones, whose plaintive echoes
 Through the aisles of Memory ring,

All are gone ;—the withered relics
 Of those days alone are left ;
 Faded visions of past gladness,
 Of their light and life bereft.

God of Autumn's dying shadows,
 As of Summer's golden day,—
 While the darkness gathers round us,
 While the seasons pass away,

Guide us all as life is fading,
 Cheer us as our joys depart,
 And fold within Thy wings of mercy
 Each fainting soul, each stricken heart.

ABSENT.

Mournfully, wearily, sadly and drearily
 Over me bend the wintry skies,
 Hope, joy and mirth are dead,
 Summer, with thee, is fled—
 Fled with the light of thy starry eyes.

Sunshine to me is darkness without thee ;
 Summer is winter if thou'rt not near—
 Come like a bud of May,
 On this December day,
 Light of my life and flower of the year.