

The beauty of that fair young face
Outshines heaven's clearest star ;
Nor ills of time will blur its grace,
Nor fate impress one scar.

The waning year is nigh its round,
The air is crisp and cool ;
Though footsteps linger, love, unbound,
Doth greet my boys from school.
I feel the shadows lengthening,
The twilight slipping fast ;
Yet, through the good God strengthening,
Dark night is soon o'erpast.

Methinks, even in that holier land,
I'll cross the pearly floor,
And by the blessed angel stand
Who guards the hallowed door.
And, while seraphic voices soar,
Amid supremest joys,
From earth's hard school, I'll list once more
To welcome home my boys.

