

I cannot tell when lines of care
Are traced upon their brows ;
I cannot tell when smiles of joy
Light up their faces now.

Dark, dark to me is life's rough vale,
Alone I seem its maze to tread ;
Yet not alone, for Christ is here—
The unseen friend is ever near.

Yes, I've a joy, a glorious hope
That smooths the rugged way ;
A joy that sweetens every cup,
And lends a cheering ray.

This is my joy the first sweet face
I'll see, with vision full restored
Will be the mild and blessed one
Of Christ, my risen Lord.

Long, long methinks, I'll gaze upon
That face of tenderest love ;
Long on his transforming glory look,
Nor e'er my eyes remove.

And I shall see the loved ones too,
Amid the angelic throng ;
Where sorrow ne'er can cloud their brows
Nor check their happy songs.