

My eyes see not the sunset grand,
Nor night's bright sparkling dome.

I cannot see the flowers I love,
In all their gorgeous splendor bright,
Summer's sunny skies, Autumn's fading lines,
Alike are now to my dimm'd sight.

I cannot see the faces sweet,
Of friends I prize most dear,
Time's carving hand shall work on them,
Unnoticed now by me.

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 have 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.