

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.