

Years will pass, and time will change us;  
Eyes grow dim with age and care;  
Faces worn with many a sorrow;  
Silver in the golden hair.  
Feet will falter at the hillside.  
Where they used to climb of yore;  
Mind grow dull, and memory fail us;  
Heart be broken, sick and sore.  
But in thought it lives for ever,  
Though the lonely heart may sigh.  
No one ever can forget it—  
The beloved's last good-bye.

### ALONE

I stand alone. The storms around me sweep.  
The darkness gathers fast.  
I hear the mighty roar of torrents on the steep  
Across the mountain pass.  
Alone! Alone! No one to hold my hand,  
So alone I stand!

The cold wind sweeps across my face.  
The dawn breaks wild.  
I tremble in my loneliness  
Like some lost child.  
Alone! Alone, some time we each must be,  
Before we reach that great eternity.