

A Hundred Years to Come.

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy cheek,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now!
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,
Joy's pleasant smiles and Sorrow's tears,
A hundred years to come?