

To. Morrow

Whatever the grief that dims the eye,
Whatever the cause of sorrow,
We turn us to the weeping sky,
And say, we'll smile to-morrow,
And when from those we love we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
We'll meet again to-morrow.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of today,
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that morrow too is past
(A yesterday of sorrow)
Hope smiling cheats us to the last,
With visions of to-morrow.

"Conversation teaches more than meditation."

"Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is almost as beautiful, and a thousand times as true."