

Though age creeps on we ever find
 Our hope still floating on with time
 Which soon must bring our hoarest joy
 Our castled hopes and hoarest name
 To moulder in a humble grave
 Where soon oblivion might have
 Rolled over all. Then no one there
 If asked could tell us ever were

Yet men still claim another sphere
 Whose time shall roll but leave no scar
 To mark decay. An endless year
 Shall fill eternal space and bring
 That better life. Eternal Spring
 Oblivion then is but a stream
 And lets us see a fallow stream
 A land of stories yet unseen