

# Beyond the Years

I

Beyond the years the answer lies,  
Beyond where brood the grieving skies  
And Night drops tears.

Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise

And doff its fears,  
And carping Sorrow pines and dies—  
Beyond the years.

II

Beyond the years, the prayer for rest  
Shall beat no more within the breast;

The darkness clears,  
And Morn perched on the mountain's crest  
Her form uprears—

The day that is to come is best,

Beyond the years.

III

Beyond the years, the soul shall find

That endless peace for which it pined,

For light appears,

And to the eyes that still were blind

With blood and tears,

Their sight shall come all unconfined

Beyond the years.