

WAITING.

With waiting and wishing our course we pass;
'Tis waiting for the port as we battle the wave;
Waiting for the morning, so serene in its light;
Waiting for the sun, so bright;
Waiting for springtime that blows;
Waiting for summer and flowers that grow;
Waiting for winter and swiffling snow.
Waiting is ever the bosom's refrain,
In moments of pleasure and moments of pain;
Waiting, though stricken again and again.
Waiting in childhood for youth's joyous time;
"I'm waiting," says youth, "but I'll certainly
climb."
To the top of the ladder on reaching my prime."

In manhood awaiting the time when he may
Find rest on a calmer, a happier day.

Waiting when the day is over, when the day is
over, when the day is over, when the day is over.

Waiting when the sun is about to set, but I'll certainly
climb."

Waiting in poverty, anguish and grief;

Waiting for heaven to send us relief.

Telling the heart that the trial is brief.

Are, waiting for joys that never appear;

Waiting for moments that never are.

Waiting when sinning and worn in the strife,

Waiting the biter of a life,

Waiting the biter of a life,