

A Hundred Years To Come - song lyrics

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A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

By W. G. Browne

Where, where will the birds be that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now?
Oh! where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling Age,
And fiery Youth,
And Childhood with
Its brow of truth-
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll brave the dangers of the deep,
A hundred years to come?
Who keep the watch while comrades sleep,
A hundred years to come ?
The laden ship
Will come and go,
But mann'd by those
We do not know;
The wind that wafts her o'er the waves
Will rock the willows on our graves,
A hundred years to come!

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!