

all the dear scenes  
of our boyhood,  
Come from the past to  
greet us,  
And every event in  
memory we cherished,  
Seems to rise up again  
in our view.

We do not forget that  
that a few of those we  
knew in Auld Lang Syne  
are with us today.  
They have one by one  
silently disappeared  
from the stages of life.

: And we begin to  
realize in some  
measure that -  
Softly the shadows  
around us are gath-  
ering -  
Slowly the sunlight  
is fading away -  
Silver threads herald  
the coming of evening  
Telling us gently of  
youth's secret decay.

Written in, 1881

By A. J. Grayson