

SELECT POETRY.

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

We are growing old together,
Thou dearest of the dear;
The morning of our life is past,
And the evening shades appear;
Some friends we loved are in their graves,
And many are estranged;
But in sunshine and in shadow
Our hearts have never changed.

We are growing old together,
The ivy and the tree
A fitting emblem is, dear,
Of the love 'twixt you and me;
To be worthy of each other
In the past was all our aim;
And 'tis pleasant now to know, dear,
Our hearts are still the same.

We are growing old together—
Together may we die—
Together may our spirits soar
To our home beyond the sky;
For we loved as few can love, dear,
When life's flowery paths we ranged;
And though we've wandered long here,
Our hearts have never changed.