

*As I grow old it seems that I
grow old as grows the westward sky.
When day is coming to its close
for life takes on a hint of rose
I had not known in life's hot noon,
nor in the night that comes so soon.
I see new stars I had not seen
A surer faith, a peace serene
As I grow old.*

*As I grow old the winds of life
die down, the hate, the hurt, the strife.
The waters calm, the waves are still,
I want no triumph, wish no ill
to any man. Now from my heart
the ancient angers all depart,
New friends I know, new songs are sung
New joys are mine - yes, I grow young
As I grow old.*

*Wherefore then shall I sit kindly down and say
The night has come, it is no longer day
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.*

*And so, in the time remaining, pause to wonder
What those stars symbolize for you and me.*

*In great things, Unity
In small things, Liberty
In all things, Charity*