

A Hundred Years to Come

Will C. Brown, 1858

J. R. Osgood

♩=110

1. Where! Where will be the birds that sing, A hun-dred years to
2. Who'll press for gold this crowd-ed street, A hun-dred years to
3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep A hun-dred years to

come? The flowers that now in beau-ty spring, A hun-dred years to
come? Who'll tread yon church with will-ing feet, A hun-dred years to
come; No liv-ing soul for us will weep A hun-dred years to

come? The ro-sy lips, the loft-y brow, The heart that beats so
come? Pale, trem-bling age, and fie-ry youth, And child-hood with its
come; But oth-er men our lands will till, And oth-ers then our

gai-ly now; O where will be love's beam-ing eye, Joy's
heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where
streets will fill, While oth-er birds will sing as gay, And

plea-sant smile, and sor-row's sigh, A hun-dred years to come?
will the migh-ty mil-lions be A hun-dred years to come?
bright the sun shine as to-day, A hun-dred years to come.