

## The Youth of the Aged

To My Mother

on her eightieth birthday, May 19, 1905, to be celebrated  
by her children and grandchildren at  
Oxford, N. J.

Across your hills of joy and laughter,  
And through your vales of gloom and tears,  
You've journeyed on life's mountain pathway  
Up to its crest of eighty years.

Now from that height, so far above us,  
You see the rising of the sun;  
While we grope in the twilight shadows,  
With you the morning has begun.

They say you're old, but I dispute it.  
'Tis youth, not age, that comes to those  
Of love unselfish. Daily nourished,  
With added years this richer grows.

Our bodies weaken with the aging;  
Not so the spirit-life they hold.  
Unselfish love makes youth perennial  
In hearts we say are growing old.

And when our worn-out bodies free us  
To be ourselves in very truth,  
May we not find that we're endowed with  
The splendors of eternal youth?

So, Mother, while your age I reverence,  
And think of that with smiles and tears,  
The thought of you I cherish most, is—  
Your flowering youth of eighty years.

Chicago, May 14, 1905

To my dear wife, whose loving  
criticism made it possible  
for me to produce these lines  
and the accompanying ones to  
her <sup>own</sup> matter, I inscribe  
this copy with grateful  
affection Lewis F. Post

Chicago May 19, 1905