

And last we honor each and all  
Of Celt, or Saxon blood ;  
Whose acts attest, in hut or hall  
God's type of brotherhood.

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GOOD-BYE AND GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-BYE ! it quivers through the years,  
Low-breathing of despair ;  
The sunniest flower of life it sears,  
And dulls the summer air.

It echoes through the falling leaves,  
Through ocean's ebb and flow ;  
In Spring's soft gales, in Autumn sheaves ;  
Sore parting, bitter woe.

It speaketh through the vacant chair  
To every yearning heart ;  
Howe'er so noble, gifted, fair,  
Earth-born on earth must part.

Good-night ! Oh eyes long used to weep !  
Faith spans the mist of years ;  
High o'er life's toil, death's darksome sleep,  
Heaven's fair, sweet dawn appears.

Refulgent with its glorious rays,  
O'er earth, o'er ocean's foam ;  
Where'er the weary wanderer strays,  
To light the spirit home.