

The twilight flushed o'er all the sky,
The wavelets blent together,
Bright angels, songsters from on high,
But bound our hearts forever,

Thus slowly down the stream we glide,
Dear Juliette and I,
The far-off mountains look with pride
Into her beaming eye.

The planets blazed with steadfast light,
Upon our homeward march,
And systems wheeled with rapid light,
Through all the starry arch.

Thus may it be through all our years
Of pilgrimage below,
Grand hallelujahs through the spheres,
While down Time's stream we go.

Then let us strive like chosen sons,
To hear the Saviour's call,—
Come unto Me, ye blessed ones,
Dear Juliette and all.