

Boularderie! Boularderie!
It seemeth like a dream,—
So quietly the day has gone,
So soon the night has come.

Boularderie! Boularderie!
When life's brief day is o'er
And evening shadows gently fall
O'er earth's wild wind-swept shore,

Boularderie! Boularderie!
O may the gloaming come
In such an autumn eve as this,
When I pass to my home,—

Boularderie! Boularderie!
When, through the shadowy night,
Into the dim, strange, unknown realm
My spirit takes its flight.



The following verses, though from his manuscript, it is still not impossible, may have had another author.

There are three voices born of Heaven's blue:
The first to all men sounds at morning's break,
It rings a trumpet-blast the whole world through
When God says, Wake!

The second comes when noonday's sun is high,
A voice commanding and imperative,
Bidding men strive and pray unceasingly
When God says, Live!

The third, when evening follows in the shade
Of manhood's dying day, sounds last and best
To those who woke and lived and worked and prayed,
When God says, Rest!

