

Wait till the dews of the night air,  
With breath from the distant bay,  
Enwrap them with pearly dew drops,  
And night yields its throne to the day.

The gate of the sunset is still  
Enveloped with crimson and gold,—  
Purple and black and deep purple  
Lay the cloud banks fold upon fold.

Along clear lanes of shell tint  
Near a shore of a vaster sea,  
Float isles joining earth and heaven  
In a wonderful harmony.

And just where the horizon ends  
In a rim of fiery red,  
A final radiance shooting,  
Repeats that the day is dead.

The day is dead, but the gladness  
Of the spirit within me cries,  
This is a day of rejoicing,  
And its perfumes ever shall rise

To sweeten the path of sorrow  
That all of us have to tread,  
And to ease that bitter anguish  
When they tell me my friend "is dead."

My friend has journeyed beyond me,  
Leaving her trust as a guide,  
And ever that strong trust clasping  
I walk to the fast flowing tide.

And oft when the western horizon  
Is rimmed with its flame of red,  
I think of that Nerepis Valley,  
And that day which never is dead.