

But brighter shores arise  
Beyond that tide-bound boat,  
Whose ruby lamps do gleam,  
Bright shores in mystic skies.

The shadowy mountains rear  
Their summits softly clear  
Above the gathering gloom.  
A land of dreams—a land  
That melts in fading light—  
As deep the night-gun's boom  
Spreads o'er the silent strand,  
A resonant good-night.

