

For, in the western skies, are richly blended
All the bright tints that creep into life's whole,
Ere its last parting moment sweet is ended,
While strong, wide tides of passion onward roll—
I see the yellow of Life's morning's sunrise,
The bright, bright blue of the high afternoon,
The twilight's crimson and the gray of even—
The black of night that comes, ah me, too soon.