

Hail, royal daughter of the Eternal King,
Whose feet long time life's rugged paths have trod ;
Even as the day's decline doth evening bring,
So turns thy spirit home to meet its God.

The checkered scenes of life will soon be o'er,
Its varied joys and sorrows all be passed ;
Full soon thy keel will touch the golden shore,
And safe in port, the anchor drop at last.

There in thy blood-washed bridal garments clad ;
Thy lamp well trimmed and brightly burning found,
Calm be thy entrance to thy heavenly rest ;
Thy head with richest jewels there be crowned.



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