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Beyond the Sunset

A. L. BURT, '10.

“O MOTHER, dear mother, what lies beyond
The sunset's great golden sea?
O mother, dear mother, the skies beyond
Are smiling so pure at me.

“O mother, dear mother, the golden gates
Are opening wide for me;
O mother, dear mother, an angel waits
Up there with a flaming key.

“O mother, dear mother, what music sweet
Pours out from that mansion fair?
O mother, dear mother—the golden street!
O where does it lead, O where?

“O mother, dear mother, why weep you so,
The place is so passing fair?
The glory is calling and I must go;
You'll follow me, won't you, there?”

The dear little maiden has flown away;
But when all the work is done,
The mother, she sees at the close of day
A smile in the setting sun.