

The sun from the clouds misty canopy peering,
Gilds the tranquil scene.

So o'er the ocean of life as we're sailing,

Wild waves our peace annoy ;

Seeming, each blast of the tempest prevailing,

Hope in our breast to destroy :

The calm of tranquility, softly returning,

Quells the storms of the breast ;

The rainbow of hope, in our bosom still burning,

Points to eternal rest.