

When the toils of day are over, in the quiet,  
    silent night,

    Scated by your open casement, gaze upon  
    the starry height :

Hearst not the silent music speaking to thy  
    heart to-night ?

    Perhaps a treasured, long lost loved one.  
Speaks beyond that curtained height,

    Speaks a message to you, listen !

Speaks a message of release

    From thy earthly cares and troubles  
To a land where all is peace,

    Where united you shall wander through the  
    everlasting days,

Listening to a grander music, far beyond the  
    glittering rays

    Of those mystic worlds above you,  
Shining golden, glimmering bright ;

    Dimly they reflect the glory  
Of that Highest Heaven's Light.

Listen ! Listen ! to that music  
    Floating down the quiet air ;  
Bringing peace to thy sad spirit,  
    Silent music, ever near.