

SUNSET CLOUDS

Lo! the rich sunset clouds,
 Flecking the western sky
With a glory grand,
In the sunlight bland,
 Pleasing the wondering eye.

Clad in your varying tints,
 Crimson and purple and gold,
Are you not the gate
Where the Angels wait,
 To reward with joys untold?

Or the rays of the Light Divine,
 Flashing beyond your bound,
Through the azure rifts,
'Mid the bars and drifts,
 Scattering radiance round?

Oft by my fancy borne,
 To these barriers bright I steal
And hearken the songs
Of the angel throngs,
 As round the throne they kneel.