

The song was done.

Then softly, slowly rolled the silv'ry mist
From silent seas, and veiled the radiant form
Of her who sang, forever from my sight.
But still the glow of sunset in the West
Shone bright across the world. Its glory fell
Upon the bier where shadows shrouded deep
The dying Century, and gently laid
On his scarred brow a light of hope and peace.

