

My recollections of the past are told,  
 ending my simple narrative - so laying down  
 my pen and pencil, and putting the old paints  
 aside; I look out on the ebbing river of life, and  
 see in the west the splendors of the old crimson  
 and gold; while a late bird still sings his vesper  
 hymn on the gilded tip of a tree. The shadows length-  
 en - the bird sings on! The coming twilight with  
 me will hasten, and ere the curtain of night  
 falls; with my lovely singer I would say  
 good night; - not farewell; - and hope on  
 the farther shore, to bid you good morning.

