
Evening Thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the full moon sheds its light;
So life's final hours speed by,
Last chance to Dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
Its Consciousness will pass.
This play is ended! A Smile from a Friend
Awaits at my grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the Cathedral.

If you then weep by my grave,
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, The Truth appears to you,
Bringing a Breath of Heaven.

May I too shed a tear for you
And pluck a violet for your grave;
And let my compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on you.

We will never separate and ah!
Being Children of the Light,
Walk United until We Become
The fairest Pearl of all.