

The sun slowly fades in the western sky, The sky so blue, the mood so high; The reddish clouds with orange tinge;

Are burning, sinking on the fading fringe.

And in the reddish, dying light,

The day now passing from day to night;

Amidst the air of passing hue,

The artist paints his picture true.

Of all the work and pain and tears,

The laborer, the management fears;

A miracle of time is scene,

As they turn their hearts and eyes to mean.

So on the journey of going home,

No more to travel no more to roam;

The mystery of life appears,

The day gone by now eternal years.

The stars now rising in the heaven

To sit for there for hours of eleven;

Until the new horizon comes,

The song of new and endless sums.

It matter not what passeth by,

The world has gone away to ally;

Bit in the new returning earth,

The Christ has come, we have our birth.

Signed,

Let's make it all possible