

Twelve o'clock and all is well, My pen realized the time to tell; Ten o'clock the time to write, El even o'clock the house in the still of the night.

Wait until the clock strikes one,
The hour unto the times is won;
Midnight black a million stars,
But passing only a few still hours.

The time is night,
A solemn hour;
Twelve midnight,
The perfect power.

A minute or two,
It will not matter;
For Christ has risen,
Unto the latter.

A miracle of time goes by,
The time for Christ to read the sky;
From in the earth,
Of which he came.

As white as snow,
And of Holy name;
It's written down in black and white,

But the truth of God is twelve midnight.

Signed,

No perpetration