

“*Across the River.*”

Over the river—the mystic river,
My loved one has crossed to the further side ;
He crossed in the twilight, cold, and gray,
And the pale mists hid him from mortal view.
I saw not the Angel who led him away,
Nor the gates of the city, did I see,
But over the river—the mystic river,
I know he is watching and waiting for me.

I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river, hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
Through the dim, pale mists, I shall surely see
My loved one, who has gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.