

The sun was slowly fading in the western sky,
And I was wishing the day a fond farewell and goodbye;
There was reason for the movement as the slow turning earth would tell,
That the day had nearly finished and in another place to rise in hell.

All was well but lonely as the sun sank slowly in the sky,
As I was heading west on a train following it with my eye;
The night was near upon me as the passengers got off board,
With everyone going home from work for another day he reward.

Now rumor has occurred and come into the light at being,
As it was now nearly well and truly dark, for all of our seeing.
The sun had gone to find another lonely place elsewhere on earth,
Where it's light could shine forth the way for other people breath and birth.

Well really all is upon me now as I venture into the night,
And this lonely kind of knight is black and someone else is light;
But the reading of the man will tell he was read to be as red,
When the beauty of the day gone by, by a damsel filled his head.

Truly now I tell this tale of how the sun slipped into the night,
And it gave me a fright that this damsel loved this knight;
So as they rode across the southern sky where the northern lights could not,
They saw the southern cross appear, because they hardly had forgot.

Now the sun had slowly faded into the western sky till night,
And summarizing up the picture is how God had trained the light;
For heaven was where hell had been and please forget it not,
For God had given another day that now someone else had got.

Signed,

She loved where she lived