

Boca Chimes

Composed by Judge A.D. Russell

In the air there is a chiming,
stealing far from out the west,
Where the crimson sun is sinking,
o'er the mountains to his rest.
Oft, at eve, I hear that chiming,
solemn, silvery, dying fast;
'Tis as from some Chapel hidden
'mid these Bocas wild and vast.
Chime, chime, chime!
God is Eternity, the world is Time !

Oft, at eve, I've sought that chiming;
sought it by the lone sea shore,
'Mong the islets and the reaches,
where the seabird hovers o'er;
'Mid the ebb and 'mid the flow-tide,
'mid the remous' rune-like moan,
Till my heart is sick with longing,
and my eyes are weary grown.
Chime, chime, chime!
God is Eternity, the world is Time!

Somewhere, somewhere that fair Chapel
hidden lies from mortal ken,
In an elder world of wonder,
for a race of sinless men;
And they kneel in the old arches,
young and old and evermore
Rises up the rich, undoubting,
simple faith of days of yore.
Chime, chime, chime!
God is Eternity, the world is Time!

Might I find it, might I enter,
kneel within its hallowed shrine,
Lave me at its mossy fountain, it might calm
this heart of mine;
Still the anguish, still the grieving,
heal all sorrow, cleanse all sin...
But the Way is deep in shadow,
and the Light is all within.
Chime, chime, chime!
God is Eternity, the world is Time!