

Mark Erelli **"Ichabod"**

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(John Greenleaf Whittier & Lorne Entress)

So fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn
Which once he wore
The glory from his gray hair gone
Forevermore

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath
Befit his fall

Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night

Scorn, would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven
Fiend-goaded down the endless dark
From hope and heaven

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonored brow

But let its humbled sons instead
From sea to lake
A long lament, as for the dead
In sadness make

Of all we loved and honored
Naught save power remains
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains

All else is gone from those great eyes
The soul has fled
When faith is lost when honor dies
The man is dead

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame
Walk backward with averted gaze

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