

hallowed of light "Atmosphere"

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we pay high and holy debt
no tears of passionate regret
shall stain this votive lay
i'll worthy beaumont were the grief
that fling it self on wild relief
when saint have gone but nature to its inmost part
faith had refined and to her heart a
peacefull cradle given
calm as the dew drop's free to rest

at that hour when all thing have
repose 'o lonely watcher of the skies
do you hear the night wind
and the sighs of harp playing
unto love to unclothe the pale

the cloud break forth
the stream of light to dance upon this earth
the fury of the storm
awakes our past
when god and nature both were
to be feared the december storm
returns us to that place when nature glory awed
the human race
so lonelysombre at night i fight
to see a beam of joy
of light
the sun send life from the sky but in the sunset will
have to die..

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