

Summoning "The Glory Disappears"

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Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves
That break against the shore, shall lull my mind
And scorn against all enemies prepared
And with the food of pride sustained my soul
In solitude

Sad was I, to pain depressed
Importunate and heavy load
My destiny has found me here
Upon this lonely road

And many thousands now are sad
Wait the fulfilment of their fear
For I must die who is their stay
Their glory disappears

Now I am dead and gone, my friend
Life's pain has come to end
Your star will guide my soul
To ride the winds above

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