

I looked upon the silver sly, One autumn night at twilight time; And there amidst the silvery
clouds, The Holy Ghost
appeared like the moonlit shroud.

The trees with leaves so brown and bare,
As they drop to the ground without a care;
It's dark it's grey it's subdued to dark,
With thickening of a moonlight spark.

So still so stagnant the earth below
As the night clouds grace us in there shining glow;
Na breath of night I see the stars a minute more,
They shine so bright so far away a million miles more.

I want and listen but not a worldly sound,
A leaf still falling on the cold still ground;
A gentle thunder in the distant air
As the sky surrenders to Christ's almighty payer.