Ian McDonald

SHADOWS WILL HIDE THE SUN

Bathe him in light
I pray, bathe my son in light:
His be a good life's lustre.
Through a world growing dark
Every passing hour
Bathe him in light.
Let brightness gleam about him.
Bitter will be days to come
Shadows will hide the sun
Thus is the life of man
But within him let brightness well
Spare him dullness all his days
Defend him ever from despair.
From valley depths
Let Heaven lead him
Never lose the mountain light.
Through gall and ash
A pearl will shine:
Let his life gleam.
In the dark world
Bathe him in light.