

*Ian McDonald*

## SHADOWS WILL HIDE THE SUN

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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.