Prayer

Iris DeMent

Make me feverish, sleepless
and breathless,
Le the years of prostration be long,
0 Lord, take my child and companion,
And destroy the sweet power of song.Thus I pray at each matins,
and each vespers,
After these many wearying dasy,
That the storm cloud which lowers over Russia
May be changed to a nimbus ablaze.

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