The Glorious Plain

Winterfylleth

That tract of earth is not, over mid-earth,
Fellow too many peopled lands,
But it is withdrawn,
Through creations might,
From wicked men!Beauteous is the plain,
With enchantments blessed,
With the sweetness of earth,
Distinctive is the island,
And noble its makers,
Who the land foundedThat is a pleasant plain,
Green worlds,
Spacious under blue skies;
There may not rain nor snow,
Nor rage of frost, nor fire's blast,
Nor fall of hail, nor heat of sun,
Nor barren cold, nor winter shower,
The plain endures forever
That glorious land is higher by twelve fold
Of fathom measure,
As us the skillful have informed,
sages, through wisdom,
In writings show,
Than any of those hills
That brightly here with us
Tower high!
Under the stars,
Serenity lies o'er the glorious plain,
The sunny bower glitters
The trees ever stand green!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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