

Ichabod

Mark Erelli

(John Greenleaf Whittier & Lorne Entress) So fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn

Which once he wore

The glory from his gray hair gone

Forevermore Revile him not, the Tempter hath

A snare for all

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath

Befit his fall Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage

When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age

Falls back in night Scorn, would the angels laugh to mark

A bright soul driven

Fiend-goaded down the endless dark

From hope and heaven Let not the land once proud of him

Insult him now

Nor brand with deeper shame his dim

Dishonored brow But let its humbled sons instead

From sea to lake

A long lament, as for the dead

In sadness make Of all we loved and honored

Naught save power remains

A fallen angel's pride of thought

Still strong in chains All else is gone from those great eyes

The soul has fled

When faith is lost when honor dies

The man is dead Then pay the reverence of old days

To his dead fame

Walk backward with averted gaze

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