# Earthshine

## Summoning

Heard you the sound ... the sound of the muffled drum
And all the trumpets mournful blast
They tell that the time ... that the combatant's time has come
to all his dreams of glory pastSealed till the last ... the last deep trumpet shake,
The earth with all its awful sound
Then shall the dead ... the dead arousing, wake,
While even nature sinks around!The mother weeps ... she weeps her beloved son,
Who was her hope her joy her pride
He was the one ... the widows only one
For him she surely would have diedHer pilgrimage is nearly past,
her every earthly woe,
like the ancient tree that falls at last
when wintry tempests blowWhat marvel that she wildly cries
For the grave its prey to yield?
oh what avail are tears or sighs
his earthly doom is seald.Don't grieve for me
I'm not there
I am the gentle autumn rain
Hold up my lamp to light your way
farewell to thee

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/