

GHOSTS .

Ghosts are ever with us
Phantoms of bygone age
Slipping from out past shadows
They creep from pen to the page.

A page all yellow'd and torn *blurr'd*
Ripped from the book of life
The lines all blurr'd and worn
Dimmed by years of strife.

But ah, did these ghosts not come
T'were a loneliness neerer to be borne
They are still links from the past
Chains to be lightly worn.

They remind us of fleeting time
Of youth and it's free swinging way
Of the years that we've had so soonly sped
From the time that we frolick'd in May.

I know of a ghost that returns,
But not to walk in the light
Yet to mem'ry bright it holds a light
Not lit by a human hand.

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Ghosts are always with us
 Ghosts of a bygone age
 Furtively from out past shadows
 They come ^{from words on} ~~to play on~~ to a page.
 They creep from pen to ~~de~~ ^{de}

A page all yellow and ^{creased} torn
 Puffed - ~~Peeked~~ ^{Peeked} from its book of life
 And its lines all blurred & worn
 Dimmed by ^{the years?} ~~the~~ ^{years?} ~~scars~~ of strife.

But ah, did these ghosts not come
 Lovers a loneliness nie to be borne
 For they are ^{still} links to the past
 Chains to be lightly worn.

They remind us of passing time
 Of youth and its free swinging loam
 Of its years that were ^{so soon} ~~had~~ ^{sped} ~~the years~~ ^{that have sped}
 From the time that he frolicked in May.

I know of a ghost that returns
 But not to walk in the land
 But ^{yet} to memory light it holds a light
 Not lit by a human hand.

It speaks to me
 From another world it speaks to me

And ever the words I hear
 "I forgive the past (and the trust at last
 Shall come to you in prayer."

And I laugh not at those who with bowed head
 Kneel in their ^{lonely} ~~silent~~ ^{emotion} ~~devotion~~
 Because I know as the ghosts know
 There is solace in silent devotion

For the briefest moment the curtain swings
To a breeze not born on earth
To ^{an} ~~my~~ silent amaze a melody plays
And its notes ^{music} ~~not of this~~ surpass all worth.

For a fleeting second I'm carried away
To stand on the fittest star
And the glory I see no human can bear
I am blind when I return from afar.

And were it not for the ghosts that come
I'd call it all just a dream
But thro' the murk and the gaining dark
I see ~~that~~ ^{ghostly} lands and ^a gleam.
~~ghostly~~ forms

And I hear its voice that calls me
In accents beyond disguise
I live, ^{love,} ~~and am~~ ^{are and pray} praying for you
In this realm beyond the skies.

I have faith
And I know that prayer is answered.
Though it ~~takes~~ ^{may be} years to ~~prove it true~~ ^{in disguise} ~~come~~
I know that the ghosts around me
Are heard in Paradise.

The spirits of the departed
Are about us every where
Their ghostly forms take many shapes
But they hear our every prayer

Not all our prayers are granted
~~at times~~ ^{And so} we feel left alone
But faith and trust are wanted
More than gold, at the Heavenly Throne.

As Paul on the road to Damascus ~~strove~~
Blind with a terrible light
His vision returned conversion earned
And Paul returned to fight.