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October Hymn

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October Hymn

Thronged with ageless fragile gold
waving and shimmering in woodsmoke wind,
great trees bless the road of October,
calmly joyful where it passes.

The dusty world fades, the elder years return -
like tattered ghosts at first, then stronger, bolder,
rich in starry spells and voices of wonder.

O ride we now, bearing our flame-trodden minds
from hill to hill, from cloud to cloud,
from dream to legend-heavy dream!



Did not the elven-bards chant in our souls' bright halls?

Did not their minstrelsy rise in echoing power,
the wires of their harps flinging star-gems
cold and clear as glittering dew?

It was a glory that fled with mournful calls,
a splendor that dwelt an age in sleep of silence.

Behold, it sweeps again to its olden place,
a-glide on the October wind, the triumph-chiming!



Air of Faerie - Gleam of Heaven - Song of Wonder -
cleansing our darkened halls, restoring death-weary souls:
the King's hand again upon the Harp Eternal!

✻ Karl E. Rusa