

Comus, To Keep From Crying

And we made it in the dancing ??
Close and sacred
Born again with skin so white

To keep from crying
In the coldness of the night
I keep on trying to surrender
Hold me tight
Soothe my sorrows
Numb my aching head tonight
The morning follows set on waking ob the light

all wrinkles thrown away
like wringling ocean waves
they rise and ???

always must bolt to the shore
like the roaring tide, like the roaring tide
like the jingling wind, like the jingling wind