

# Tangerine Dream, Hear The Voice

HEAR the voice of the Bard,  
Who present, past, and future, sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word  
That walk'd among the ancient trees;

Calling the lapsed soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!  
Arise from out the dewy grass!  
Night is worn, and the morn  
Rises from the slumbrous mass

Turn away no more;  
Why wilt thou turn away?  
The starry floor,  
The watery shore,  
Is given thee till the break of day.'