

U2, Beautiful Ghost

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
Till the break of day
Till the break of day
Till the break of day