

## Spirit Train

Guadalcanal Diary

I watch these woods at night  
On lonely roads at night  
I wait in vain for the spirit train

On a windy hill, by a mossy stone  
I stand alone  
A great white horse in a grassy plain  
Waits to move again for the spirit train

And I wonder how long  
I wonder how long  
And I know not long

In the wilderness where a city once stood  
A wild forgotten stream  
The weeds grow tall and cover it all  
The smiling face of a cracked green stone  
Wait to move alone to the spirit train

And I wonder how long  
I wonder how long  
And I know not long

And I hear a voice in the darkness call  
Across the sky to the lead them all  
To the spirit train