

## Ichabod

Mark Erelli

(John Greenleaf Whittier & Lorne Entress)  
So fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore  
The glory from his gray hair gone  
Forevermore  
Reville him not, the Tempter hath  
A snare for all  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath  
Befit his fall  
Oh dumb be passion's stormy rage  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age  
Falls back in night  
Scorn, would the angels laugh to mark  
A bright soul driven  
Fiend-goaded down the endless dark  
From hope and heaven  
Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim  
Dishonored brow  
But let its humbled sons instead  
From sea to lake  
A long lament, as for the dead  
In sadness make  
Of all we loved and honored  
Naught save power remains  
A fallen angel's pride of thought  
Still strong in chains  
All else is gone from those great eyes  
The soul has fled  
When faith is lost when honor dies  
The man is dead  
Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame  
Walk backward with averted gaze