

Touchful Grace

By Eorge Dobbs

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Mirror Moon, silvery light,

â€™Gainst a sea oâ€™™ shivery might,

Twinkle, lights on the shore,

Shadow oâ€™™ moth upon your door.

Bring out and show mighty day,

Pass though veil, gone away.

Time no essence, bring no doubt,

Hold your tongue, tip te spout!

Too oftâ€™™ oh is the Night,

Grey, brown, black, blue light.

â€™Gain you show, ah there my face,

Thin ray oâ€™™ silver, Touchful grace.Â

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