

THE NIGHT

The night so dark is all around:
The solace for desolate hearts,
To turn the form of howling mountains
Into a shade of unending strands.

Captured by the almighty sleep
It is quiet and mute in every corner,
From the horizon so dark and deep
Raised the moon in subtle splendour.

In the heights of sky the moon oft dwells
Touching the peak of Mount Sipan,
It stares from its dwelling place
Onto the dozing world of man.

Its beams, as if made of silver,
So fairly cool and dearly gentle,
Spread around the calmness of slumber
The state so restful and evenly tender;

But instead of relief and peace
The night for my homeland of woe
Spreads around black evil and malice
And grave torture and secret blow□

