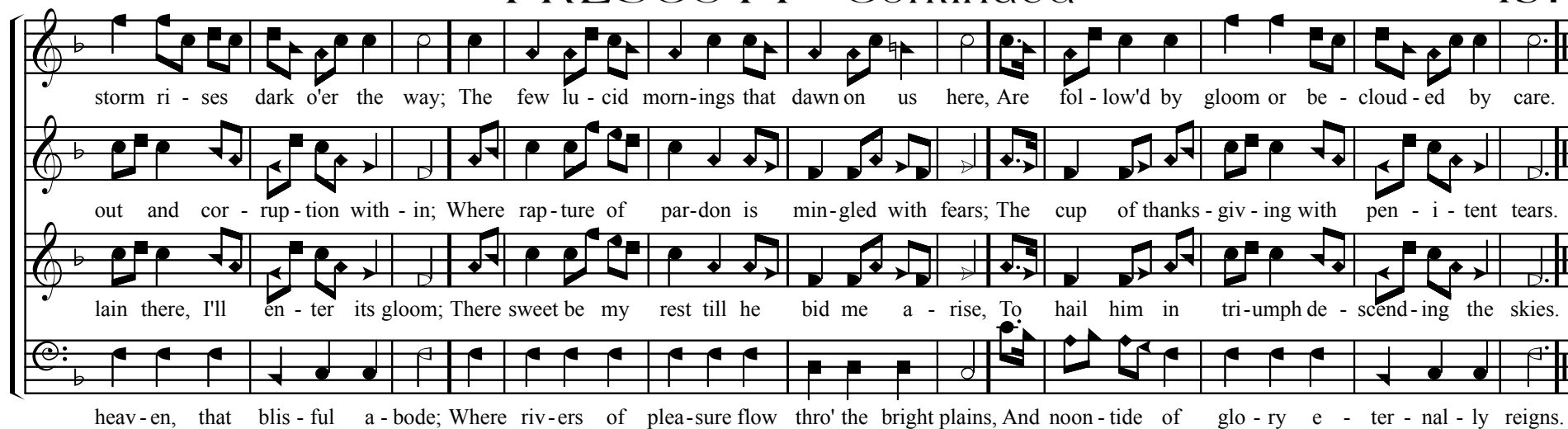


PRESCOTT—Continued

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storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid morn-ings that dawn on us here, Are fol - low'd by gloom or be - cloud - ed by care.

out and cor - rup - tion with - in; Where rap - ture of par-don is min-gled with fears; The cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.

lain there, I'll en - ter its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri-umph de - scend - ing the skies.

heav - en, that blis - ful a - bode; Where riv - ers of plea-sure flow thro' the bright plains, And noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.