The Candle Light

by Mary Elizabeth Colmer

While I was driving home to Berea, Kentucky from Rochester, New York this summer, the air conditioner broke and in the 95 degree heat, I wrote these words to the Abbot's Bromley Horn Dance.

The Candle Light, a Beautiful Sight The Spirits are coming to fill up the Night. They're stately and slow, from High and from Low. Their Lives are a Blessing As onward They go. The Old the Young and the In-between, They Dance through Our Lives, And They Sing in Our Dreams. The Creatures of Forest, Our Work, and Its Chorus. They Teach Us and Guide Us along. Sorrow and Joy, Friendship so True, Love of the Highest Degree, They march through Our Lives, Touching Our Souls, Giving Us Strength to be Free.

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