

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

I stood beside a cabin door

And looked upon the stars

And wondered if forevermore

Their light would shine on wars;

I wondered if the sun's bright knife

would ever mark the time

When human life and human strife

No longer made a rhyme.

I wondered if the sun or moon

Would mark the day or night

When humankind would find the boon

Of peace and cease to fight.

I stood beside a mountain shack

And gazed on mountain stars

And wondered if man's almanac

Would mark the end of wars.

A man, there on the mountain trail,

Sang as he walked along --

And even if man's hopes may fail,

He still can sing a song.