

Roll back ye dark clouds, to the brow of the  
sky  
Silence, ye loud thunders! ye mad lightnings  
fly  
Back from my vision! through the starlight  
o'erhead,  
We'll gaze once more upon the beautiful  
dead. Chorus.

The thunders obey. Now the clouds roll apace.  
The wild lightnings sleep, while the storm  
clouds embrace.  
Oh! God of the whirlwind, through the open-  
ings o'erhead,  
We see the bright angels; *our* beautiful dead.  
Chorus.

Oh, thus may we all— though the tempest be  
high,  
And the storm clouds encamp on the trem-  
bling sky.  
'Through the wonderful light the Gospel has  
shed,  
Hear the loved angels, see the beautiful dead.