

What lurks within the shadows  
When the moon has risen high  
That seems as black and distant  
As the reaches of the sky?  
And where does all the shade reside,  
When the morn is coming nigh,  
Is it blown away in a whisper  
Of the breeze's endless sigh?

The shadows loom mysterious  
Reflections on the walk  
And when you go away again,  
Your shadow it will stalk.  
When on a moonless, cloudy night,  
You are alone, you balk  
For only the shadows know the dark  
They inhabit, graceful hawks