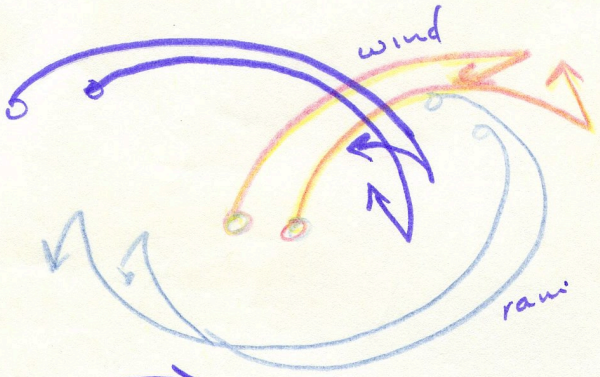
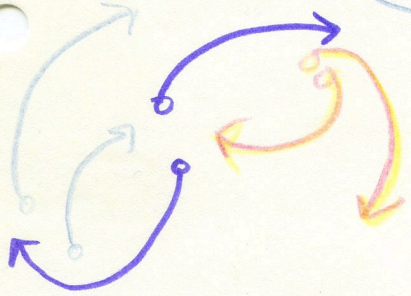
Let in the wind
Let in the rain
Let in the moor tonight

M.L.

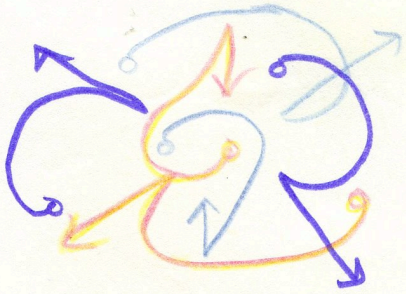
K. Raine

1

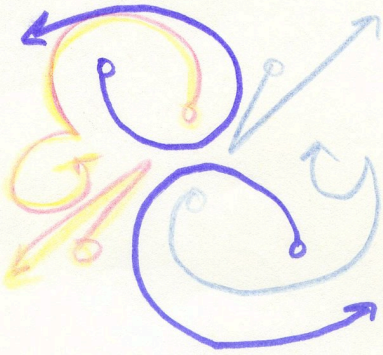




The storm beats on my
window pane



Night stands at my
bed foot

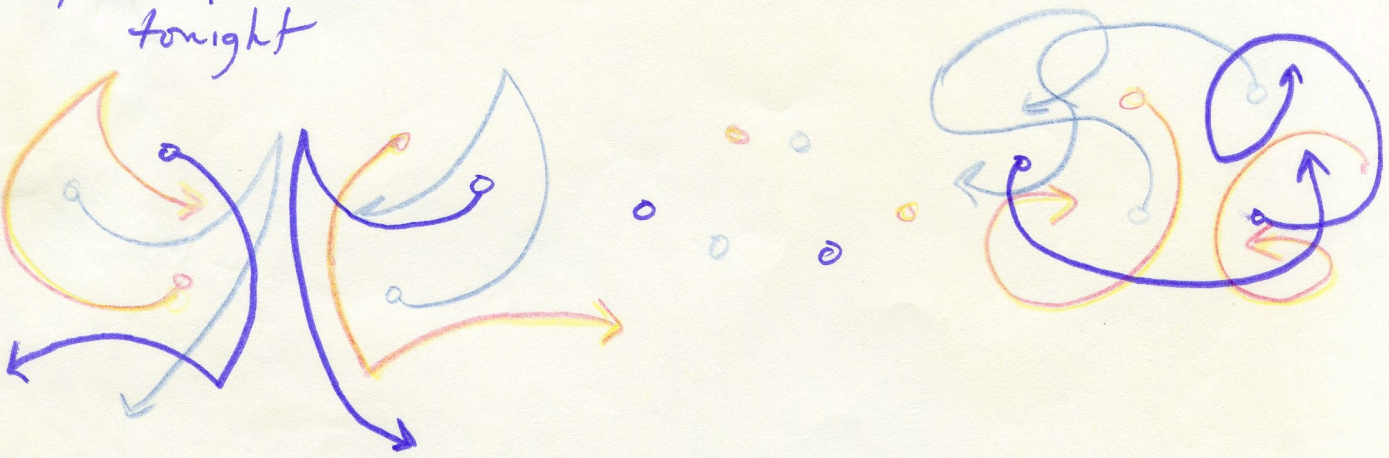


Let in the fear
Let in the pain

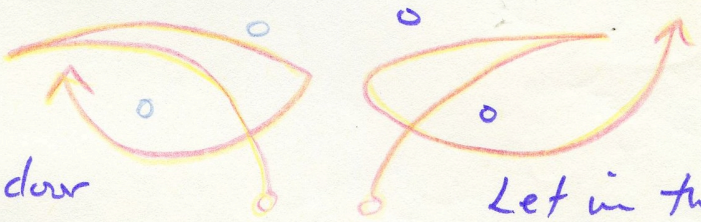
Let in the trees that
toss + groan

168-5048

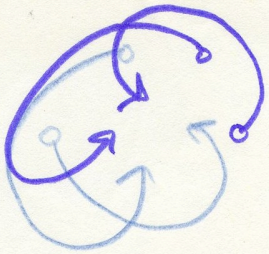
Let in the north
tonight



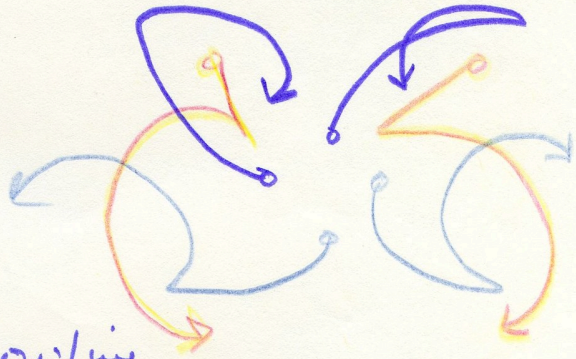
Let in the nameless
formless power



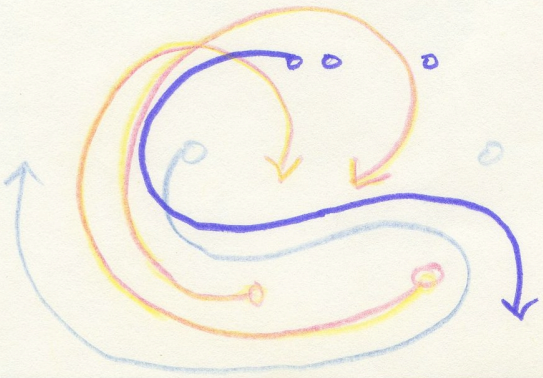
That beats upon my door



Let in the ice
let in the snow

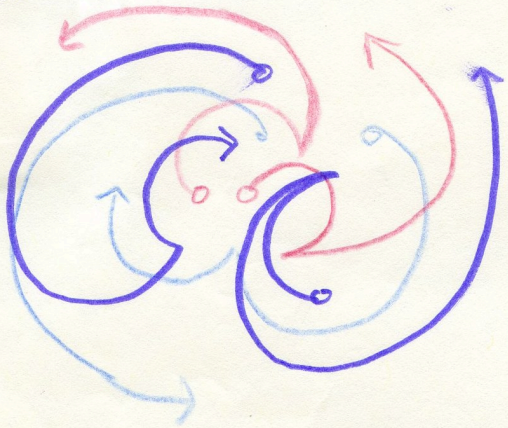


The banshee howling
on the moor

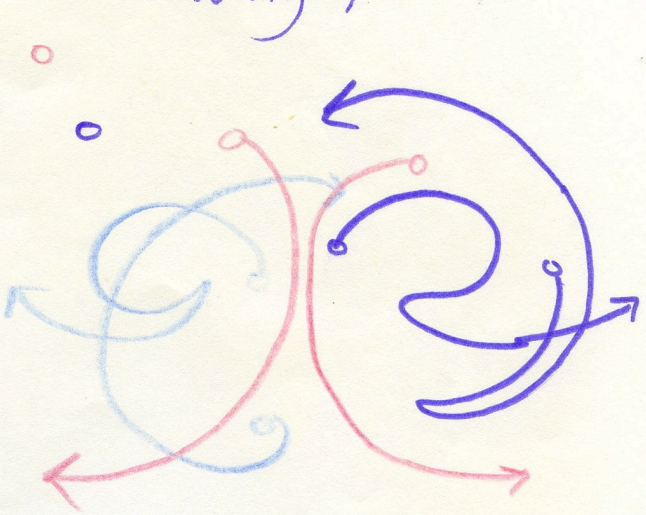


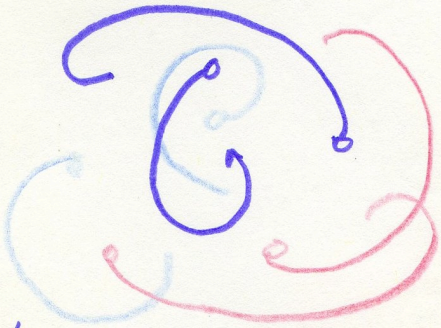
168-5049

The broken bush on the bleak hillside

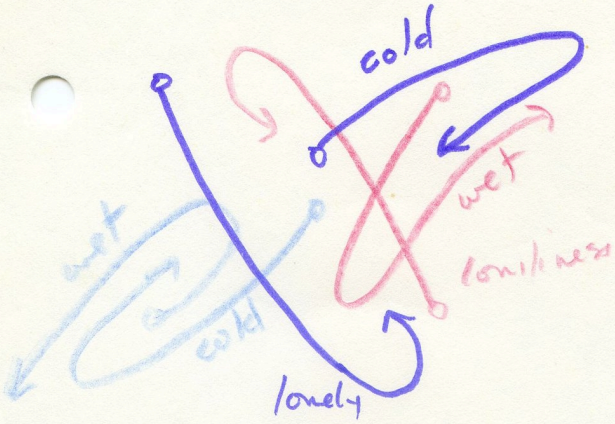


Left in the dead (3
tonight



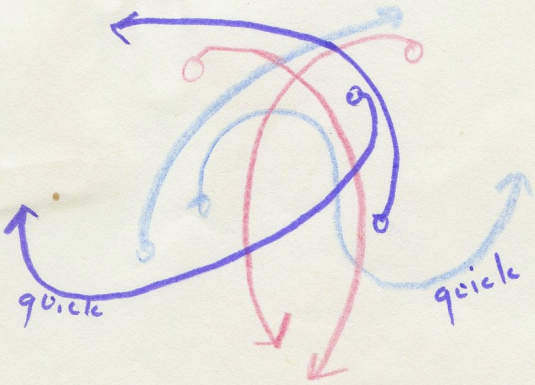


Left in the cold, Left in the wet, Left in the loneliness

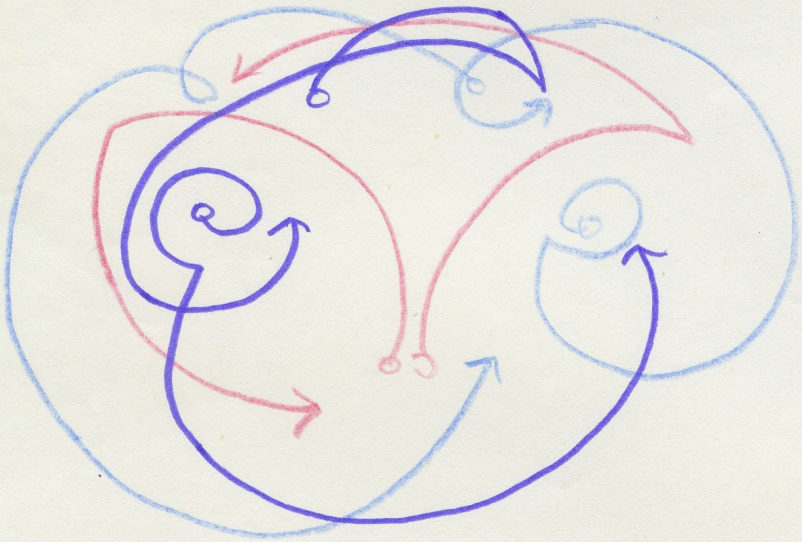


168-5050

Left in the quick, Left in the dead (4



Left in the unpeopled skies



168-5051