High o'er the lonely hills





High o'er the lonely hills Black turns to grey, Birdsong the valley fills, Mists fold away; Grey wakes to green again, Beauty is seen again— Gold and serene again Dawneth the day.

So, o'er the hills of life, Stormy, forlorn, Out of the cloud and strife Sunrise is born; Swift grows the light for us; Ended is night for us; Soundless and bright for us Breaketh God's morn. Hear we no beat of drums, Fanfare nor cry, When Christ the herald comes Quietly nigh; Splendour he makes on earth; Colour awakes on earth; Suddenly breaks on earth Light from the sky.

Bid then farewell to sleep: Rise up and run! What though the hill be steep? Strength's in the sun. Now shall you find at last Night's left behind at last, And for mankind at last Day has begun!

Jan Struther

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