

New Year's Morning

Nephew

Blown off was my power - and murdered my peace
If thundered in darkness: and if you had faith
To move even mountains
If profits you nothing
When stony and cold is the heart

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Then misery taught me - in midwinter's chill
That light without warming - is torment of hell
To struggle I wanted
Towards love's very fountain
Myself I did wish to transform

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Where darkly from mountains - a thundering sound
Ascends with much power - from song of the old
Where tones fully bustle - with roar over field
As torrent do welter - in dale of the cliffs
Just there felt belonging
My heart which when speaking
Like roar, was an echo in stone

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Sing low over forest
Sing high over water:
God's peace over people of the north

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