

Nephew

"New Year's Morning"

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

New Year's Morning

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

New Year's Morning

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

New Year's Morning

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

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