Shepherds

Bruce Cockburn

They wake up suddenly in the night There is light And figures d ancing in the sky Clothed in more colours than the world can contain

And all the silences of the night Leap in song Like that of a r iver cascading from the wild mountain to the slow human plain Gloria! Gloria in the highest!

A child's cry sounds from far away It's almost day And in the b rown-air town away below Three travelers reap a star harvest an d then go on their way again

Gloria! Gloria in the highest! Gloria! Gloria in the highest