

The Dark will hide from ev'ry side
The things which are amiss
What we don't know won't bring us woe
And ignorance is bliss

The dark is deep and lets us sleep
In comfort ev'ry night;
We do not see the misery
Of victims and their plight

O, stay away, you break of day!
It can't be time to rise.
Depart from me, have sympathy,
Have mercy on these eyes.

If closed they stay, in spite of day,
No one will be the worse;
The world will wend, world without end,
But knowledge is a curse!

I love the dark, ignore the spark
That might ignite the day!
'Tis better so. With no cockcrow
We can the dawn delay.

My dreams to keep, I'd rather sleep;
Set my alarm to snooze.
And leave me be! I ought be free
To rise whene'er I choose.

Wait, what is that? Was it a rat
Which brushed my leg just then?
Away from me! I cannot see!
Protect me, God, Amen!

And now my hat! Was that a bat
That gave me such surprise?
The dark has flaws, I dread the claws
Of things the nights disguise.

And now, I fear, there's chaos here
Somehow by darkness hid;
A real effect I'd not expect
When trusting as I did.

O, this is wrong! The night's too long.
O, hurry, break of day!
Yes, come with haste, time do not waste,
The dark to chase away.

Though I be tough, I've had enough
Of knowing not what's there.
And not to know, I worry so,
On me it starts to wear.

What's that I see, with subtlety,
Beginning in the East?
Before my sight, the sky grows bright
Or lighter now, at least!

O, quick it comes, and all phantoms
It drives away by force;
And with the dawn they'll all be gone,
The night has run its course.

And see the glare, it's everywhere!
The sun has shown his face!
The day is new, the dark withdrew,
And glory took its place!

O, truth to tell, I see so well
All manner of good thing;
Down in the dell the chapel bell
Has just begun to ring.

The old millpond, and hills beyond,
I now make out their form;
With fond farewells, the mist dispels
And all the town seems warm.

But now, alas, there in the glass,
My countenance I view.
My blood runs cold, I look so old.
Can such a thing be true?

It's not all right, this wretched light,
It shows now all my shame.
O, hide would I from ev'ry eye
For some would know my name.

And you, O Lord, might hear their word
Of how so oft I've strayed.
I know them well, they'd love to tell
How I your trust betrayed!

But in this light, and in your sight,
You tell me from above
That you see me just as I be,
And what you see, you love.

When so informed, my heart is warmed
But you have more today;
For as you point with finger joint
I plainly hear you say:

"See here my rams, and there my lambs,
So many in despair!
So many lost, at such a cost!
Please help me with their care."

The morning sun, O faithful one,
Illuminates my heart;
O, guide my hands to work your plans
That I might do my part.

Epiphany, I honor thee!
You manifest the Lord,
By light you show, what we need know
Our world to be restored.