

Shepherds

Bruce Cockburn

They wake up suddenly in the night There is light And figures dancing 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 river 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 brown-air town away below
Three travelers reap a star harvest and then go on their way again

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