When Rooks Fly Homeward

Joan Busby & John Grundy

When rooks fly homeward and shadows fall,
When roses fold on the hayyard wall,
When blind moths flutter by door and tree,
Then comes the quiet of Christ to me.

When stars look out on the Children's Path
And grey mist gathers on carn and rath,
When night is one with the brooding sea,
Then comes the quiet of Christ to me.
- Joseph Campbell

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