

Thy Wilderness

Crimson Moonlight

As I wonder through the frozen
Landscape of Scandinavia
I am surrounded by
The magnificent creation
Thy nature truly a testimony
Of Thy eternal might
Like a wall, ancient mountains
Rise beyond the endless forests
As a mirror, the cold lakes
Reflect their shadows
Star of the Nordic skies glimpse
In harmony with the heavenly
Symphony of colours
The majestic northern lights I praise Thee, o Master
For the gift of nature
I praise Thee
For the landscape of Scandinavia
Thou spread snow like wool
And scatter frost like ashes
Thou hurls down Thy hail like morsels
Who can withstand Thy icy blast?
Thou send Thy word and melt them
Thou stir the breeze
And let the water flow Ancient beasts of the north
Made by Thy hands
In the depths of the Swedish
Wastelands they live
Elks and bears
Kings of the wood
Who would not fear their creator?
Thou have shown me
The beauty of lynx and fox
Their cunning conceived
By Thy wisdom in days of old
I have heard the wolves
Lift their howls of praise heavenwards
While ravens and eagles sour
In the midst of the sky
Proclaiming that the hour has come For the day of the Lord is near

Soon it is upon us
Verily, I have seen Thy sign
The crimson moonlight

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