

It was a season for the soul to wait.

Cottingham

10 10. 10 10

Michael Hudson

Thurlow Weed

1. It was a sea - son for a soul to wait,
2. We stood with shep - herds in the grass - y field
3. There was the jour - ney through the dis - tant hills,
4. How soon he grows in - to a force him - self,

5
to wel - come dark - ness like the bur - ied corn,
and tossed our twigs on their com - mu - nal fire,
a rhyth - mic, mes - mer - iz - ing cam - el ride,
a voice for Wis - dom call - ing, Come and see

9
to sit with Ma - ry through her la - bor pain,
ex - chang - ing sto - ries as the mid - night moon
the star we learned to see through lid - ded eyes,
the pres - ent prac - tice of the reign of God,

13
ex - ult - ing in the mo - ment God was born.
it - self was lit by an an - gel - ic choir.
our joy in kneel - ing by a ba - by's side.
the dai - ly won - ders of E - piph - a - ny.

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Epiphany 2B

John 1:43-51