

Our Road Runs through a Wilderness

A voice calling in the wilderness

2 Advent, Years ABC

Our road runs through a wilderness,
a realm of wanderings;
beneath a silent, desert sun
the spirit finds its springs.

Each soul must make the exodus
through sacred, arid space
and stack the hallelujah stones
that mark the promised place.

We do not pass this way alone
but in profound array;
the wise, the peaceable, the just
are never far away.

In time we cherish desert roads,
the slow, demanding pace;
we are a people turned to God
by thirst as well as grace.

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Our Road Runs through a Wilderness

Michael Hudson (b.1950)

St. Flavian, from Day's Psalter, 1562
arr. Albert Blackwell

1. Our road runs through a wil - der - ness, a realm of wan - der - ings;
2. Each soul must make the ex - o - dus through sac - red ar - id space
3. We do not pass this way a - lone but in pro - found ar - ray;
4. In time we cher - ish des - ert roads, the slow, de - mand - ing pace;

3
be - neath a si - lent, de - sert sun the spir - it finds its springs.
and stack the hal - le - lu - jah stones that mark the pro - mised place.
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