

# Refugee Carol

Moon, drag clouds across the stars  
and hide your light  
while dark on dark the shadow figures flee.

Forget the shepherds and the kings,  
low upon skeletal wings  
hate sows its seeds and scatters  
shatters earth and sky.  
O the running of the deer!

Hush that child, lulla lullay.  
Smother his cry  
and pray the night  
holds back the day  
while dark on dark the shadow figures fly.

Until the morning sky's alight  
with angels  
whose rustling flight is slow, their singing low.  
The gift of peace they bring breaks easily  
on earth below.  
O the running of the deer!

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