Voices in the mist

O waly waly *

The time draws near the birth of Christ: the moon is hid; the night is still; the Christmas bells from hill to hill answer to each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round, from far and near, on mead and moor, swell out and

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Cecil Sharp and published in
Folksongs from Somerset (1906)
fail, as if a door were shut between me and the sound.

out and fail, swell out and fail, as if a door were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice changes on the

Each voice changes on the

wind that now dilate and now decrease, peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace, goodwill and peace, goodwill to all, peace and goodwill to all mankind.

peace, peace and goodwill to all mankind.