

# Faith

*Greg Wotton*

Sparkling dew flashes white  
The sun has come the break the night  
And with the dawn the Singers come  
To praise the rising of the Sun  
And drink deep of His power.

White and gold their robes flutter  
The beginnings of prayer their lips mutter  
Together they raise their mighty chorus  
For Isis, Osiris and the younger Horus  
For all are One on the Christian Tree.

From ancient times they've hailed the sun  
Even now they call God the Son  
For deep within the currents merge  
The Christian, the Pagan both resurge  
Under the shadows of Thy wings.

Hand in hand the Faiths do sing  
Peace and Love and Light to bring  
For all Gods are one within the Sun  
Though man might wish it had not been done  
All roads lead to Heaven.

The ritual draws to a close  
They depart but leave behind a rose  
Which grows upon the Cross of Life  
That which has returned from strife  
To bring hope to the World at last.

And another day, another time  
The Faiths will come, the sun will shine  
And Mid-Summer's Hope will once again  
See a rose flower in the gentle rain  
Upon a cross of gold.