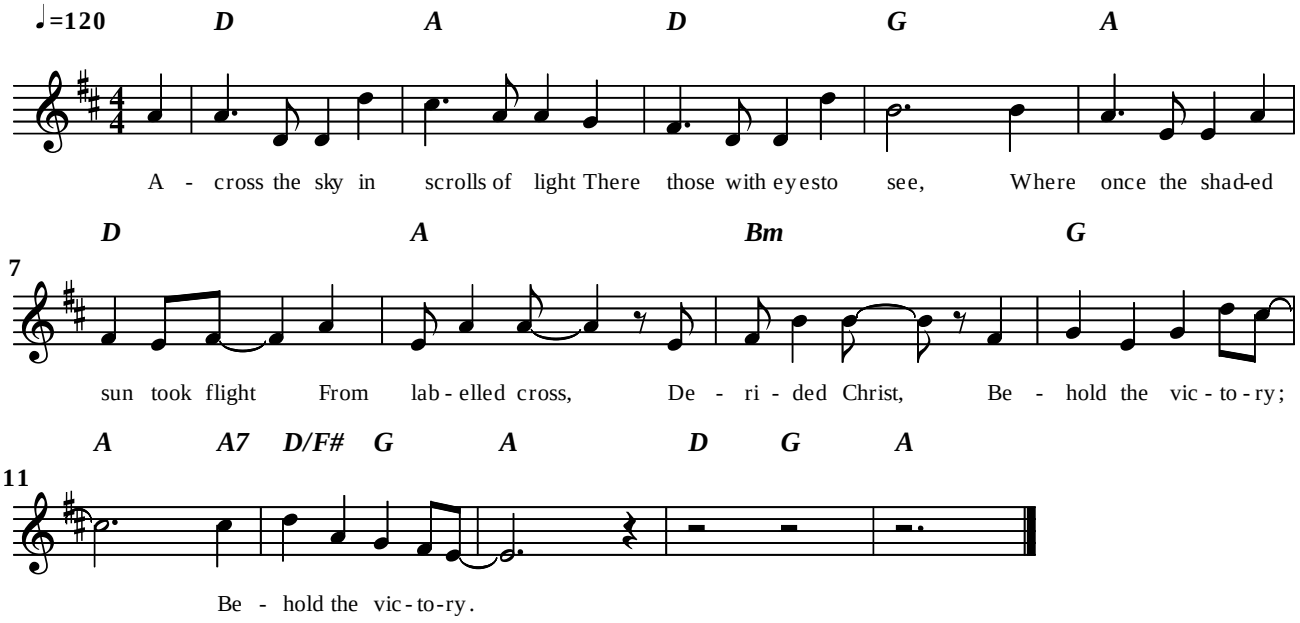
Across the Sky in Scrolls of Light

Donald Bell and Maarten Ryder



Across the sky in scrolls of light
There those with eyes to see,
Where once the shaded sun took flight
From labeled cross,
Derided Christ,
Behold the victory:

Behold the rise of Christ our Sun
As morn to watchmen's eyes;
Who knew no sin, but dies to sin;
Its mortal fate
Defeats in fight,
And all our deaths defies:

Defies the very gates of Hell
Now spoiled as harrowed field;
The Serpent feels the Victor's heel;
For captive host,
The fetters burst
Christ's highest life to yield:

To yield for fears a saving might,
For sin a healing touch,
A timeless grace our times to smite
- Our in-turned ways,
Our self-fraught age -
And change us into church:

A church now built of living stones,
By trials unsurprised,
With joyful hope, which still astounds
Our new-raised self
With lasting wealth
Here being realized.

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