

A Travelling Song (for Epiphany and all year round)

There's nothing very wise in what we do today.
It doesn't feel that clever to wander in this way.
You don't feel very bright
 when you don't know where you are.
You often feel quite foolish when you're following a star.
But we're trav'ling – it's the only thing to do,
and we're plodding to a place that's ever new.
We keep wand'ring in a world we don't know,
always looking for a sign of where to go.

There's nothing very wise when you have to ask the way.
It doesn't feel too clever not know what to say.
You don't feel very bright
 when they ask where you want to go,
You really feel quite foolish when you answer "I don't know."
But we're trav'ling, with uncertainty and fear,
And we're pladding on a road that's far from clear.
We keep wand'ring in a world we don't know,
always looking for a sign of where to go.

There's nothing very wise in what we do today,
It doesn't feel that clever to wander in this way.
You don't feel very bright when you know you must go on.
There's something really foolish when you sing this kind of song.
But we're trav'ling, and we're trusting in the One,
And we're pladding with One who made the stars and sun.
We keep wand'ring in a world we don't know,
always looking for a sign of where to go.

Anne Sardeson Epiphany 2016