

THE GIPPSLAND CAROL

Words by Rev. Jim Connelly. Music by Brian Chapman, Circa 2015

What is this that moves the heavens?
Morning breezes make reply;
Coopracambra's peaks are stirring;
Winds of life and love and joy;
Now the bandicoots are pausing,
Sniff the air in wonderment.
All creation hails the morning;
Christ has come into the world.

What is this that stirs the waters?
Patterns dance on Tambo's tide;
Rock to rock the message passes,
He who was to come is born.
Birds in chorus break the silence,
Brolgas dance, the bell birds chime.
All creation hails the morning;
Christ has come into the world.

What is stirring in this forest?
Ancient branches bending low;
Orchids tremble, tree ferns quiver
Nature's hidden litany.
Now the waves are clamed in homage
Cease their surge on Woolamai
All creation hails the morning;
Christ has come into the world.

Who are these that hail the sunrise?
Speaking to their spirit world?
Softly treading Baw Baw's summit,
People of this timeless land;
Those of every race and culture,
Now conjoined in Spirit's fold,
All creation hails the morning;
Christ has come into the world.