**Midsummer Hymn for Albantide**

(tune: When a Knight One His Spurs)

As we stand at the point of the sun's greatest power,

With her brightness around us, unfolding each flower,

While the springs of life rise up, and the water flows clear,

We rejoice in the light, at the height of the year.

When the light is its brightest, still shadows will fall,

As out of the corners new darkness will crawl,

To keep the light burning, some spill at the end,

The red blood of a martyr, in the cloak of a friend.

When life is surrendered, new life comes again,

There is love born from dying, and joy out of pain,

And all those who laid down a life for a friend,

Are standing close by, at the day's crimson end.

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