

The White Peace

Text by *Fiona Macleod (William Sharp)* (1885-1905) [Br]

Set by *Sir Arnold Edward Trevor Bax* (1883-1953) [Br]

It	lies	not	on	the	sunlit	hill
[ɪt	laɪz	nɒt	ən	ðə	'sʌn.lɪt	hɪl]

Nor on the sunlit plain:
Nor ever on any running stream
Nor on the unclouded main.

But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,
Slow moving o'er his pain,
The moonlight of a perfect peace

