

A kind of tune

by [Malcolm Guite](#) in the [September 11, 2019](#) issue

A kind of tune, a music everywhere
And nowhere. Love's long lovely undersong,
A trace in time, a grace-note in the air,
Borne to us from the place where we belong
On every passing breeze and in the breath
Of every creature. *All things hear and fear,*
For faintly, through our fall, we too may hear
The strong song of the Son that undoes death.

And one day we will hear it unimpaired:
The joy of all the sorrowful, the song
Of all the saints who cry "how long,"
The hidden hope of all who have despaired.
He sang it to his mother in the womb
And now it echoes from his empty tomb.