

TWO HYMNS ON THE FEAST OF THE
NATIVITY.

I.

THE cool December breezes
Appease the glowing sun.
The agonies and eases
Of all the year are done ;
When eastward through the lampless night
There shone a strange and splendid sight.

The noise of pomp and battle
Of Israel died away.
Amid the lowing cattle
The Holy Mother lay,
While at her breast the Child Divine
Drank in the starry milk and wine.

Three magicians Chaldean
Have bowed their royal knees
Before the Galilean,
The God of stars and seas,
And tasted all the fervent grace
That shone from Mary's maiden face.

That star of resurrection
Still stands above the night ;
Its portent of perfection
Shall bring us all to light ;
And by the peace of Mary's prayers
Our rapture stands, exceeding theirs.