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THE CRADLE OF MARY.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?

CANT, vi, 9.

MY soul, behold this wondrous sight,
Angelic multitudes descend,
And, lustrous with refulgent light,
O'er one sweet cradled Infant bend.

Here sleeps God's purest, chosen Pearl,
Hid, as in alabaster cave,
Here beauties doth His Rose unfurl,
While round her sheltering lilies wave.

This cradle—'tis morn's azure sky,
Here riseth Jacob's promised Star,
Which tells that Light divine draws nigh
To shine on nations from afar.

Let all creation gladly pay
Meet homage to the morning star,
That warns the gloomy night away,
And guides the Sun's resplendent car.