

air,

OUR PASSING GUEST

THE sun shone softly thro' the trees,
And birds trilled thrilling melodies;
The dark halls glowed with crimson light
From oriel windows burnished bright,
Sweet day succeeded dismal night,
When Baby came.

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The great halls rang with shouts of mirth;
Flowers sprang fairer from the earth.
His smile bade wounded hearts grow gay;
His laugh threw sunshine on our way.
Sad night was lost in blissful day,
While Baby stayed.

The sun went out behind the hill;
The merry laugh was hushed and still.
The gloomy halls once more grew dim,
For all their sunshine came from him.
Death's shadow entered, cold and grim,
When Baby went.

All things around this lonely place
Recall to mind his wistful face,
The tiny hands outstretched in play;
Oh, let us kneel and let us pray,
"Lord Jesus, lead us in the way,
Which Baby trod."