

On Lebanon, low bow the cedars' heads
To greet the new-born Saviour-Child below!
Rich Gilead's grove its precious balsam sheds,
And Siloa's wavelets warble as they flow!
Come and adore! When Nature utters praise
Let Man his accents too in rapturous measures raise.

Come and adore!—ye faithful ones of God
In Galilee and wide Samarian land,
And you, ye Gentiles where the palm trees nod
By Indus' shore and scented Samarcand;
Ye too, where Roman palaces upraise,
Or bellowing billows lash the stern Hesperides.

High Mystery of Love: in awe we bow
Here in the stable at an Infant's feet!
Vouchsafe, oh Lord, that as we worship now
In vigil with Thy Mother mild and sweet,
Strength we may find and solace on our way—
Led by Thy burning Star—to Heaven's Eternal Day!