

With viols thus and dulcimers,
Swift before the wind it came,
Thronged with angel mariners,
Misty pearl and rose and flame :
Singing, they waded to the shore,
And in their arms a Babe they bore,
Princeps Angelorum.

Thou Babe that from the shadowy wave
Liest here against my heart,
Thou of Whom all Heaven I crave,
Weak and little as Thou art,—
In the haven of my breast
Harbour Thou and ever rest,—
Spes et vita mea.

