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## Lux in Tenebris

Dark was the night and still  
The winter mist rose grey,  
On Bethlehem's town no moon looked down  
To show the way.

Judah was sad and worn  
The spirit almost dead,  
For Roman power was stern and dour  
Hope well-nigh fled.

In vain His people wait  
The Advent of their King,  
Nor trumpets blare, nor Courts prepare  
A welcoming.

Save through the shades a Star  
Brighter than all the rest,  
Sheds its clear beam o'er hill and stream  
Guiding the quest

Of Eastern Potentates  
From richest lands afar,  
Who homage bring to Israel's King  
Led by His Star.

Now suddenly the air  
Resounds with joyful song,  
Seraphs proclaim the Holy Name  
To heaven's throng.

Glory to Thee, O God !  
The darkness now is o'er,  
Gone is the night ! Thy Holy Light  
Shines Evermore.

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