

IN NAZARETH

'Twas night in Nazareth. Like a flower
The head of Jesus lay
On Mary's bosom; hour by hour
She crooned the gloom away.

"Oh, little Son! I hear a call
Though all the earth be still,
Perchance some evil doth befall
To a shepherd on the hill."

"Mother! make soft thy breast again
'Tis but the lonely cry
Of him that thro' the scorn of men
Shall thrice his Lord deny."

"Oh, little Son! the sound of wings
Is throbbing in the air,
With faint and raptured whisperings
And murmuring of prayer."

"Mother of mine! I fain would sleep
Ere yet the day begin;
'Tis but the vigil I shall keep
To save the world from sin."

"Oh, little Son! a cold night breeze
Has risen from the west,
It shivers thro' the olive trees
And strikes into my breast."

"Mother! within thine arms entwined,
Hold close and shelter me,
It is the moaning of a wind
That blows from Calvary."

ALAN SULLIVAN