

Ring the *glas* (1) and call the people
 From Miscouche and Carmel fair ;
 Come behold him, come extol him,
 He who loved you, lying there.

Clad in sacred priestly vestments
 In his hands the imaged Christ,
 On his lips a smile of gladness
 At the thought of morning's tryst.

Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar.
 Kings of the Epiphany !
 Join ye in the glad Hosanna
 Sung to welcome such as he.

He who in his youth and beauty
 Crowned with sufferings nobly borne,
 Went to keep the Feast in Heaven
 On this January morn.

His the gain and ours the sorrow ;
 We who knew and loved him well :
 Bishop, priests and people grieving
 All alike his praises tell.

God help her who loved him dearest,
 Who is with him in her dreams,
 When the winter winds blow keenest
 O'er the ice-bound Madeleine.

Christian mother, Catholic mother,
 No one can console thee now,
 Saving her whose heart was broken
 On Mount Calvary's dark brow.

Ye, this thought should bring thee comfort ;
 Fie, thy saintly, much loved son,
 Dying leaves a fair white record
 Filled with duties nobly done.

(1) Death bell.