

The holy patriarch see, stands anxious there,
Gazing abstracted, on his infant care ;
And half adoring, half in love, his soul,
Sees present, past, and future wonders roll.

Behold the Virgin & other—pure as mild,
Mutely embraces her mysterious child.
Oh ! who may tell the thousand thoughts which move
Tumultuous with her energies of love ?
Oh ! who may tell the sadder, deeper tone,
Which Inspiration's awful wing hath thrown,
In mystic shadows o'er her gentle breast,
Whispering the lonely pomp of her behest ?
Above all women is her unsought reign—
Supreme in honour, and supreme in pain.
What distant pangs before her vision rise ?
Her smiling babe is lamb for sacrifice !
The sword already pierces through her soul,
And thoughts unbidden gather to their goal.
But warmer feelings pour their balmy tide,
Flushing her modest cheek with holy pride ;
Her smiling babe is Israel's promised King !
The blest Messiah whom the Prophets sing !—
Again—and tones to high excitement wrought,
Each lofty scene, and melancholy thought
Pass off like moonlight clouds— a richer glow
Of milder beauty, swells her bosom's snow ;
There lies her babe—whatever scenes await
All vivid to the awful glance of fate—
'There, 'neath her glance, her own lov'd baby lies,
Above all else a mother's feelings rise ;
Lov'd for its innocent and helpless charms,
Lov'd for its smiles, and tearful weak alarms,
Yes, come what may, her smiling infant boy,
Gives to her bosom now, a mother's joy.

But who the fascinating charms may tell,
Which on that baby's budding features dwell ?
The soft and graceful lines—which turn to stone,
When childhood's joy, to manhood's care is grown ;
The dove-like eye—which gathers wilder fire,
As waning years to higher state aspire ;
The pouting lip—which early learns to chide,
As first the giddy world's deceit is tried ;
The glassy brow—which spoils its marble glow,
Too soon, with wrinkled lines of care and woe.
But distant now each harsher thought and line—
For beams of mildest beauty o'er him shine.

And does a halo round his temples play,
Bedimming thus, the feeble taper's ray ?
Or is it but the soft ascendant light
From yonder loveliest planet of the night,
Which thro' this lattice pours in silvery streams
Upon its new born charge, bright arrowy beams ?—
Full easy could the active fancy deem,
That yonder slowly-drifting cloud-heaps teem,
With angel shapes, which all in passing shed,
Soft lightning glances, on this honoured bed.
Oh ! castle, court, or sacred temple's state,
Could never boast a chamber half so great.