



'Tis winter, but to faithful hearts 'tis spring;  
And truly God, as longer grow the days  
And stronger the sun's beams, casts His bright rays  
Upon His Church's swiftly dawning year,  
To bid us forth from Advent gloom and fear  
And lift our hearts to Him and joyful sing.

Our happy souls mid vernal musings dwell,  
And all responsive, buds and blossoms bright,  
Of lovely forms and varied hues, mid light  
From countless flames, round cross and altar meet  
The wistful eye, through veil of incense sweet;  
While, from the organ, chords melodious swell.

O bless'd fulfilment of the prayers and dreams  
Of men of old, when, in the silent night,  
The shepherds heard the voice of angel bright;  
And hast'ning saw the Shepherd born to lead  
His docile sheep to pastures green to feed,  
In certain safety, by the quiet streams.

But lo! the myst'ries from their eyes concealed:  
The simple, wond'ring shepherds but a child  
Beheld; nor knew that He, Who lay and smiled  
So sweet, was Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, King,  
And Spotless Lamb for the world's ransoming  
Ere long, by desert seer, to be revealed.