

White, as a pearl sea-hidden ;
 White, as an Angel's wing,
 In purity celestial
 Is Christ, Our Virgin King !

White were His herald angels ;
 White is His Mother pure,
 That Mystic Rose which Heaven
 Gave to this earth so poor,
 White in the Cave's dark shadows
 Like a white star shone He,
 While the white stars above Him
 Sang His Nativity.

White upon Thabor's mountain
 His earth-morn vesture glowed ;
 White was the robe of mocking
 That Herod base bestowed ;
 White upon Easter morning
 His glistening raiment shone ;
 White His sweet earthly altars ;
 White, His Eternal Throne.

His virgin's hearts are dowered
 With a whiteness earth's above ;
 White in each Host uplifted
 Is Jesus whom we love.
 Lo ! through that veil resplendant
 Of dazzling *white* we see
 The spotless Agnus Dei,
 Whose Blood pleads ceaselessly.

“ DILECTUS MEUS..... RUBICUNDUS.”

(Cant. 5.)

II

Red by His Love eternal ;
 The Precious Blood He shed,
 An Infant in the Temple,
 To Calvary's summit dread
 Red, by the Sweat that bathed Him
 In dark Gethsemani ;