

A NATAL HYMN

FOR LITTLE JANET

GOD who made the white things—drifts
with curling edges,
Brooklet's fairy ice-glades, snowcloud
like the breast
Of white swan descending, gales in winter
sedges;
God who guides the sunbeams to the snow-bird's
nest—
Shine on the baby.

God who made the green things that grow in the
summer,
God who made the gaudy things that wave on the
stalk,
God who made the light winds that play with
every comer,
God who made the bright waves and tuned their
tender talk—
Welcome the baby.