

A Christmas Song

and

Other Verses

by

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Lux in Tenebris

Dark was the night and still
The winter mist rose grey,
On Bethlehem's town no moon looked down
To show the way.

Judah was sad and worn
The spirit almost dead,
For Roman power was stern and dour
Hope well-nigh fled.

In vain His people wait
The Advent of their King,
Nor trumpets blare, nor Courts prepare
A welcoming.

Save through the shades a Star
Brighter than all the rest,
Sheds its clear beam o'er hill and stream
Guiding the quest

Of Eastern Potentates
From richest lands afar,
Who homage bring to Israel's King
Led by His Star.

Now suddenly the air
Resounds with joyful song,
Seraphs proclaim the Holy Name
To heaven's throng.

Glory to Thee, O God !
The darkness now is o'er,
Gone is the night ! Thy Holy Light
Shines Evermore.

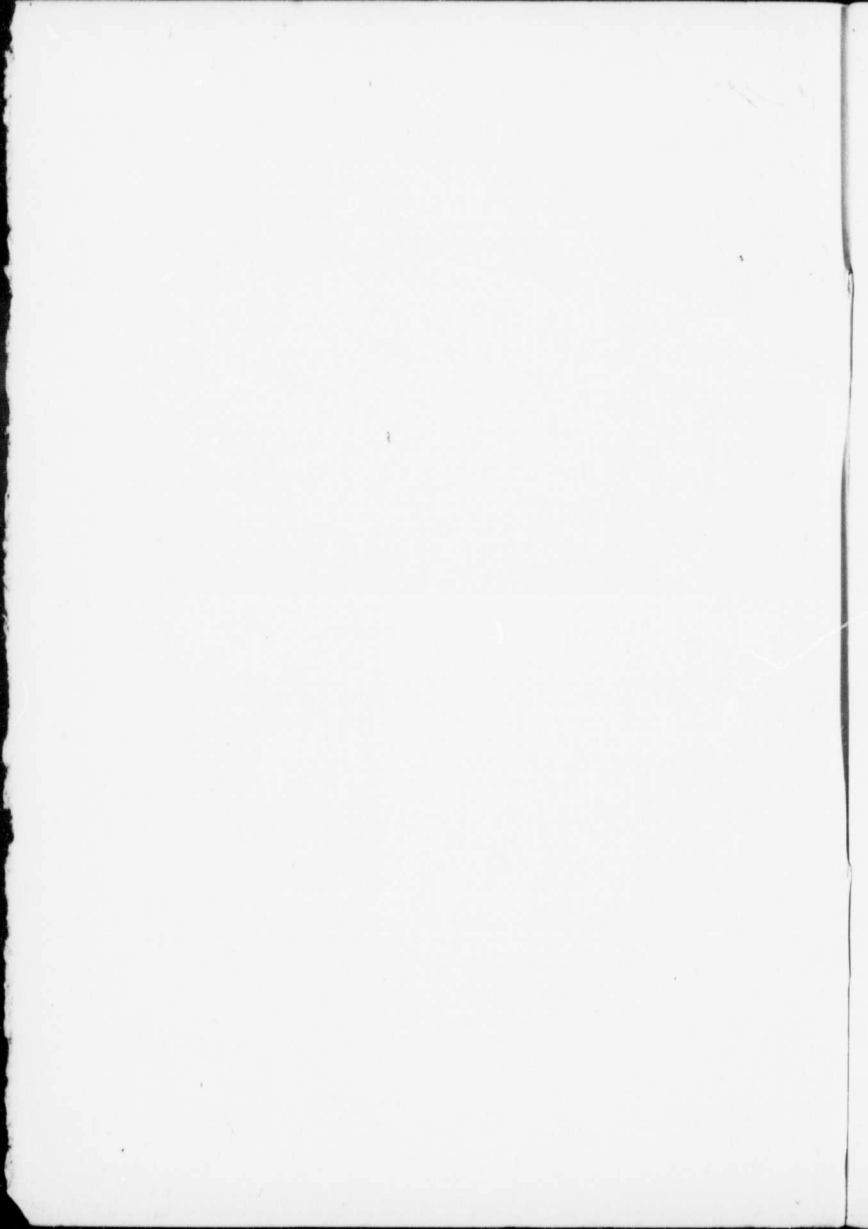
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Spring in the Sierras

On purple hills the Eucalyptus waves

Its feathery fronds to turquoise tinted sky.

Pacific breezes sweep the perfumed land,

And o'er it wild birds swiftly onward fly.

With glory lighting all the mist-wrapt coast,

Fresh from the East the morning sun now breaks,

Laden with tidings that shall save mankind,

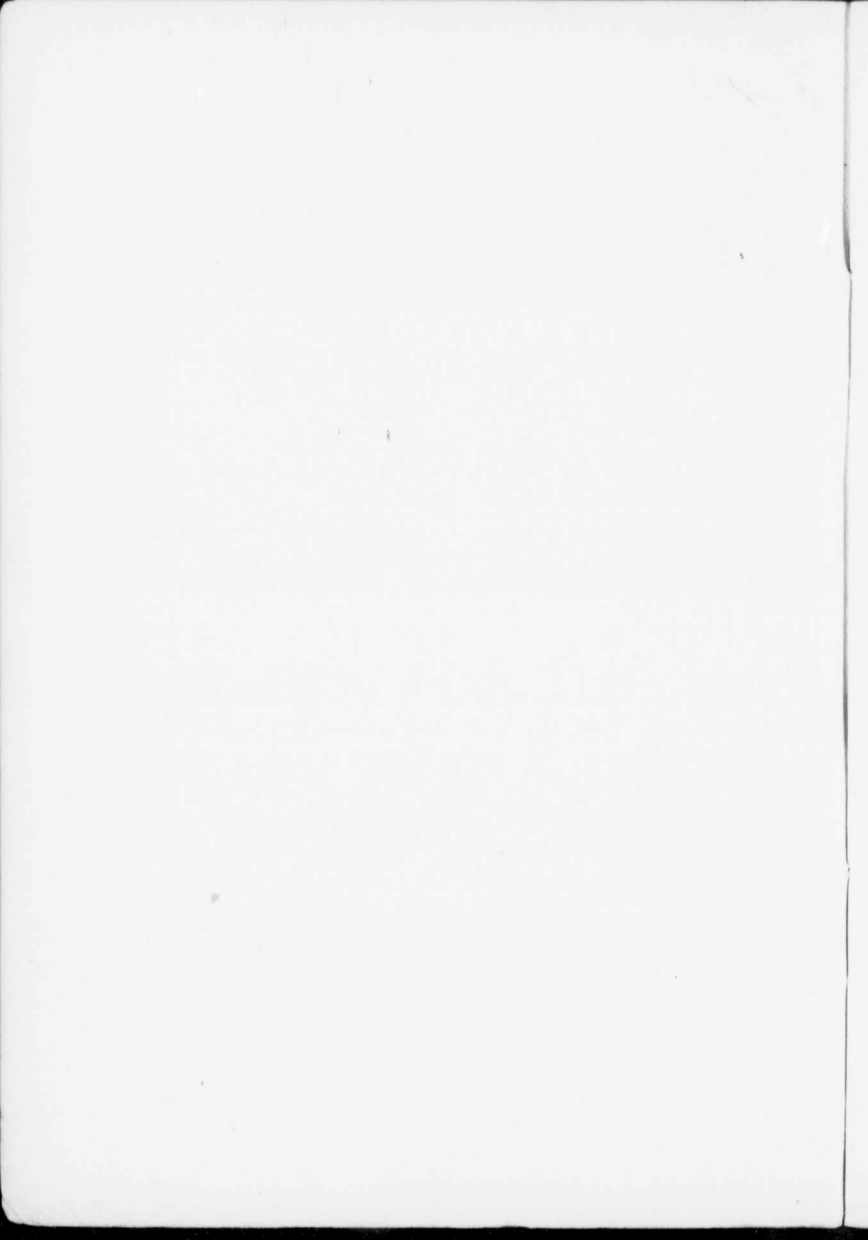
A new-born day with new born hope awakes.

Where the lone miner seeks elusive gold

In far Sierra camp 'mid sordid strife,

The message comes to many a sin-stained soul,

"I am the Resurrection—I, the Life."

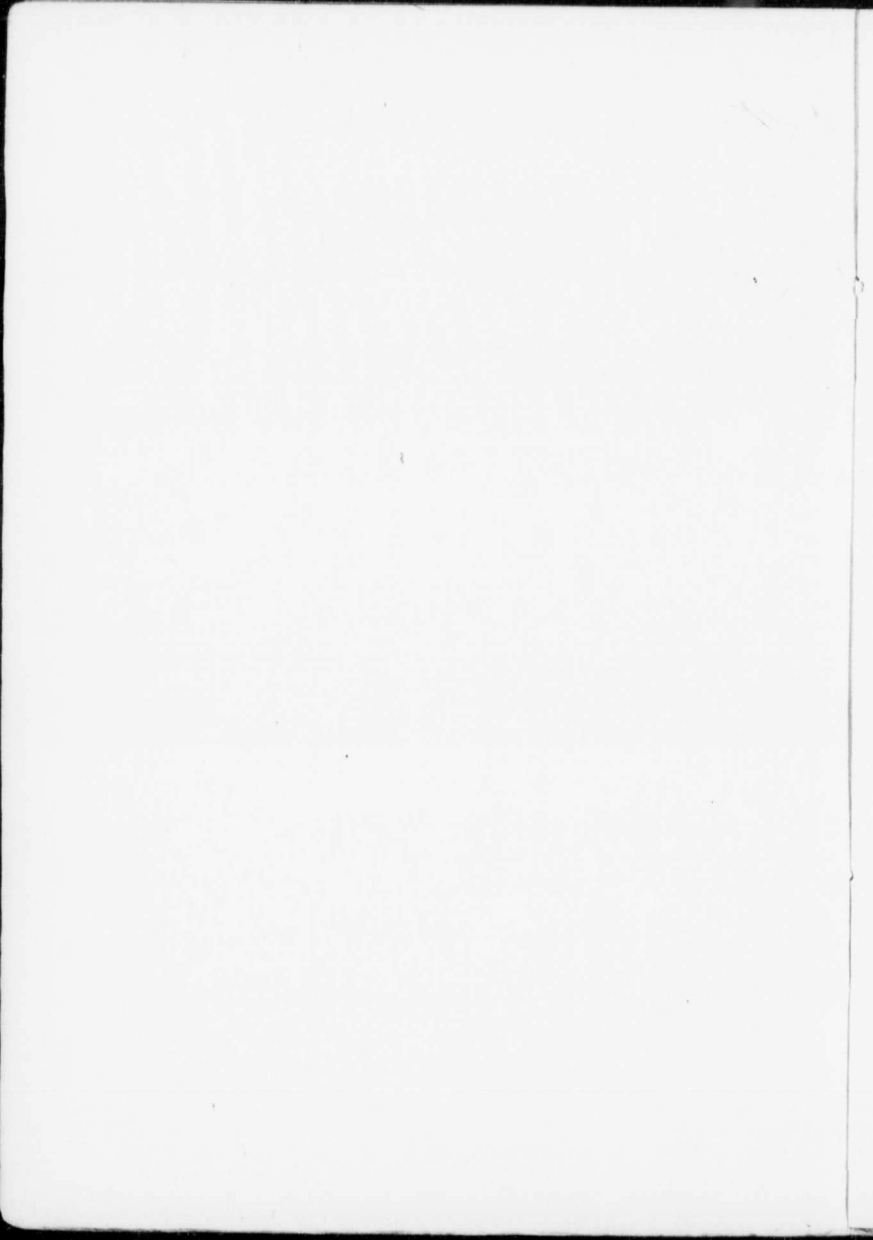


Easter tide

Now all the buds on all the trees are thrilling
With life renascent in the soft Spring air,
And ev'ry bird on ev'ry bough is trilling
The Song of Life, which is a song of prayer.

Tall lilies bow their heads in adoration,
And daffodils, sun-kiss'd, all golden bright,
Mingle with crocus bells in glad oblation
Of crimson, amethyst and sapphire light.

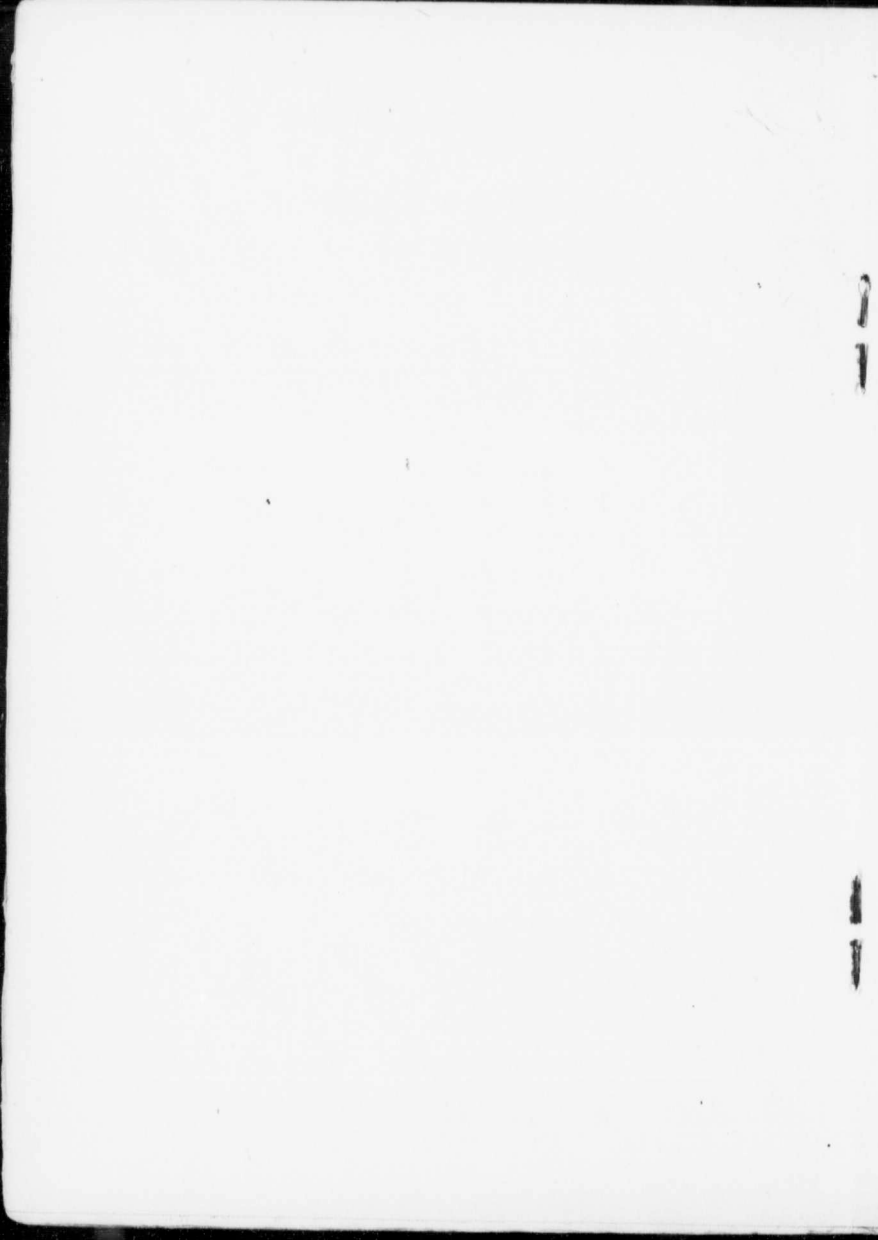
For Christ, the Holy One, to-day is risen,
From the dark grave the victory is won,
Light hath shone forth on the sad souls in prison,
And Death's dominion is forever gone.



An Easter Thought

Thou canst not die: for, were the whole world riven,
The richest memory of Thy life would be
Not in the sad farewell on Calvary given,
Nor agony of dark Gethsemane.

Death is o'ercome! Our songs on high ascending
To Heaven's great vault in thankful outbursts
ring,
With choirs celestial in glad chorus blending,
Proclaim the Conqueror—laud the risen King.



The Lone Grey Cross in Mojave Desert

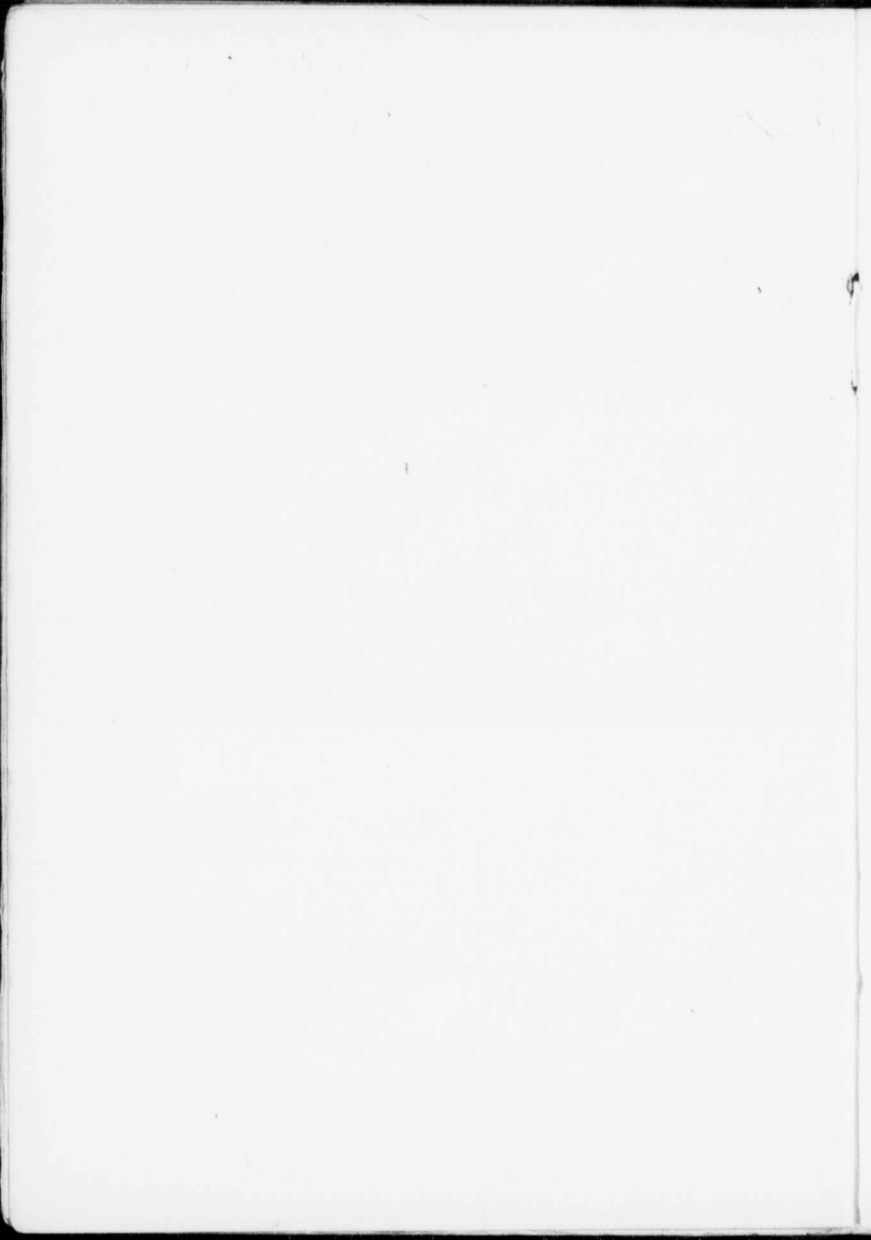
It stands alone ! No foot doth tread

The tawny sand
Where lies the solitary dead,
In Mojave land.

The eagle screams a requiem,
The turquoise sky,
Unfleck'd and cloudless as a dream,
His canopy.

No noisy din disturbs his rest,
Nor thundering car,
God's silences are round his breast—
Above—God's star.

Sleep on, thou lonely one in peace
'Neath Desert sky,
Till Christ shall bid the silence cease
In harmony.



A California Garden

Bright April roses, pink and red,
Fair prodigals their petals shed
 Around the garden gay,
While purple bells and hollyhock
With the soft zephyrs gently rock
 And swing the livelong day.

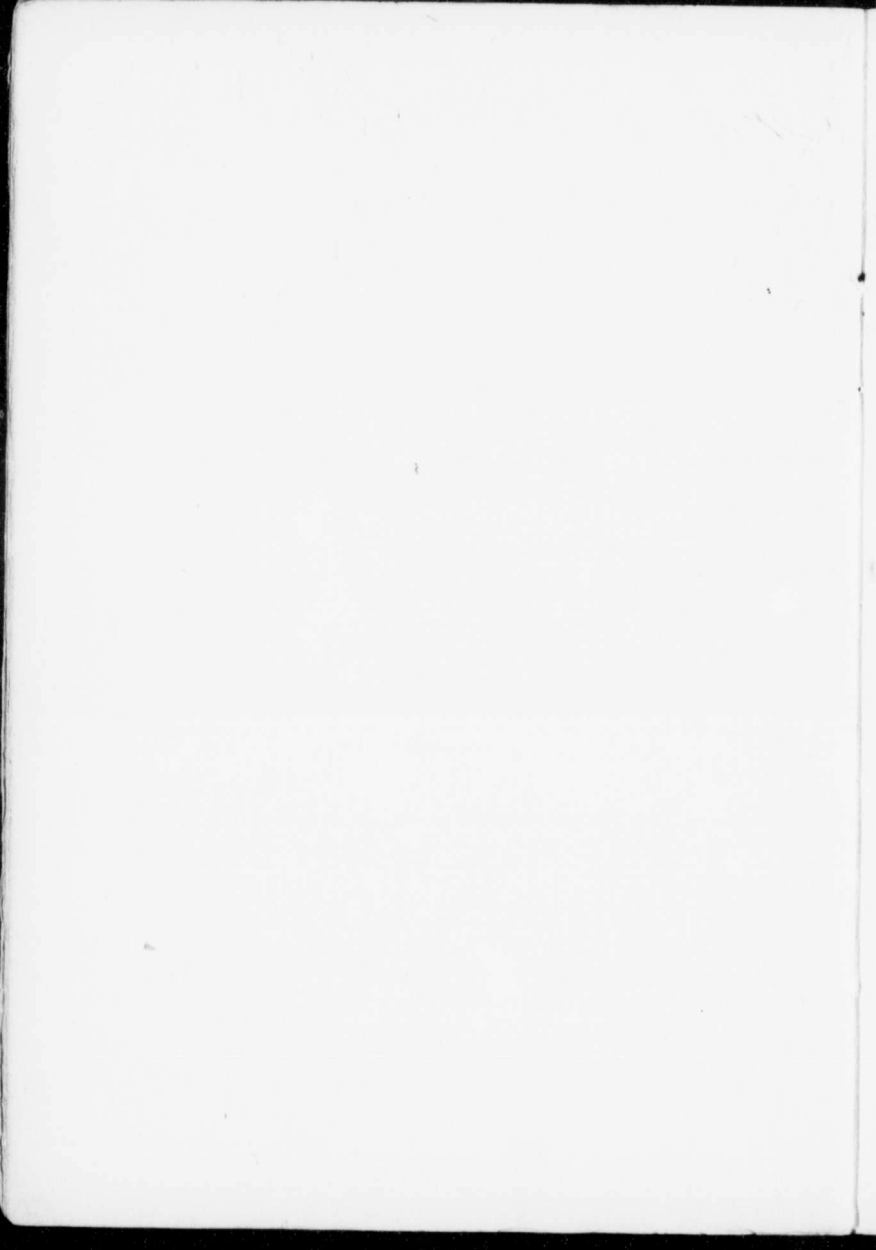
The honeysuckle gold and rare
Hath lent its fragrance to the air,
 And nurtures thirsty bee.
And mignonette and columbine,
With spicy pink and sweet jasmine,
 Join in the revelry.

The humming bird with dancing flight
Sips honey from the flower-cups bright
 A jewell'd glittering toy.

A meadow-lark, not far away
Peals out on ambient air his lay,
 His note incarnate joy.

A sudden hush—the air is still,
The sated bee hath drunk his fill,
 And all the flowers await

The Vesper hymn of feather'd choir
In long drawn sweetness mounting higher
 To reach th'Eternal Gate.



Sonnet

The song of meadow lark is hush'd,
The feather'd chorister is dumb,
For over all the iron rust
Of deep, corroding grief hath come.
They laid her where pale ashphodel
A calm and holy radiance shed;
With starry jasmine from the dell
They decked her lowly grass lined bed,
While the datura's snow white bell
Toll'd requiem o'er her golden head.
And nought remains except regret,
And sweetly bitter memory,
And the faint scent of mignonette,
Of mignonette that used to be.



The Dominion Hymn

Crimson and azure! Fling thy banner gleaming

With wreathed maples to the northern breeze,
O'er silver pools and vernal forests streaming
From wild Atlantic to Pacific seas.

O'er mountains, where the pines are darkly waving
Their gloomy tops to greet the Polar star,
In lonely splendour icy heavens braving,
Throw forth thy banner regnant wide and far!

O'er lakes majestic, fields with corn o'erflowing,
O'er prairies that for unborn millions sigh,
O'er fertile farms and teeming cities glowing,
The badge of Empire blazon to the sky!

From lust of gold, from greed of power or pleasure
Preserve this great Land. With Thy wisdom guide,
O Lord! its constant increase without measure
By Thee completed, blest and sanctified.