

TWO CAROLS

TWO CAROLS. Written to Basque Melodies for the forthcoming Carol-Book of Sir Richard R. Terry. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne.)

I

I

O Bethlehem!
'Tis not the rosebud's time to open
O Bethlehem!
Yet fallen petals haunt thy ways.
Deep desolation moans in Rama,
Rachel bewailing sons that are not,
Disconsolate, O Bethlehem!

2

O Bethlehem!
Incarnadin'd in riven roses,
O Bethlehem!
Hadst thou no room at all for Him?
So very small was royal Juda?
Now there is room in every cradle,
And He is gone, O Bethlehem!

3

O Bethlehem!
Most heavy is the price of glory,
And thou hast paid.
God gave thee His beloved Son
And for His own hath ta'en thy darlings:
Never from Heaven's golden story
Thy name shall fade, O Bethlehem!

II

I

When David's daughter to David's City
Bore Jesus, strong to save,
No home found she, nor pity,
But crept into a cave.

2

In cave she chanced on, the hillside under
Where David hid from Saul,
That Maid mothered in wonder
The dear Lord of us all.

3

Saint Joseph wandered, well-nigh heart-broken,
In search of food and fire,
But found helpers, bespoken
By God's messenger-choir.

4

'Twas thus Jehovah His promise royal
Fulfilled just where He made,
And Christ, unto death loyal
At birth, loyal obeyed.

5

We praise the Son that He doth inherit
The splendour of the Sire;
And praise be to the Spirit:
Sing out, choir upon choir.

JOHN O'CONNOR.