

Rosy Dawn, with Locks of Gold
Translated by John Brownlie, 1913.
George Le Jeune(1841-1904)

Rosy dawn, with locks of gold,
Looks upon the world awaking;
For the day by prophets told,
Lo, in beauty now is breaking,
And the Christ is come to earth:
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

Minstrels from the realms of light,
Bend to earth to sing His praises,
For, from depth to highest height,
God our fallen race upraises;
Now the Christ is come to earth,
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

Go to Bethlehem, wanderers lone,
Seek the Christ, for whom such glory
Flashing from the heavenly throne
Floods with light the ancient story:
For the Christ is come to earth,
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

There, in weakness see Him lie,
Cradled where His mother laid Him,
Who, by minstrels from the sky,
Hath immortal honors paid Him;
See the God-man come to earth,
Hail, all hail His wondrous birth.

King immortal treasures rare,
Gifts of heart and life we bring Thee;
Hearts and voices everywhere,
More than gold their praises bring Thee;
Thou, O Christ, art come to earth,
Hail, all hail Thy wondrous birth.