

Royal Day That Chaseth Gloom
From 14th Germany.
Herman Schroeder, 1887.

Royal day that chasest gloom!
Day by gladness speeded!
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded;
Whom, true Man, with praise our choir
Hails, and love, and heart's desire,
Joy and admiration;
Who, true God, enthroned in light,
Passeth wonder, passeth sight,
Passeth cogitation.

On the virgin as He hung,
God, the world's Creator,
Like a rose from lily sprung
Stood astounded nature:
That a maiden's arms enfold
Him that make the world of old,
Him that ever liveth:
That a maiden's spotless breast
To the King eternal rest,
Warmth and nurture, giveth!

As the sunbeam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth,
Thus the virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth:
Blessed mother, in whose womb
Lay the light that exiles gloom,
God, the Lord of ages;
Blessed maid! from whom the Lord,
Her own Infant, God adored,
Hunger's pains assuages.