

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Nativity

Dear Maiden Mother, holy, and so pale
In that first hour of His nativity,
How did your heart make answer to the wail
That voiced the mortal in Divinity ?

Ah, did you win to rapture from your pain,
As is the way of mothers in all days
With new-born sons ? Did your white soul attain
That highest recompense,—that sweet amaze ?

Or, wise in prophet lore, did that first cry
Proclaim your agony of motherhood ?
And when you soothed Him with a lullaby,
Did you foresee the thorns—the cross of wood ?

We know not; though the centuries have kept
A living record of that holy morn;
'Tis known to angels only if you wept
Or joyed the hour that God the Son was born.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.