

A SOLIS ORTUS

1. From the point where the sun rises in the east,
to the uttermost end of the earth, let us sing
Christ our Prince, born of the Virgin Mary.
2. The blessed Author of the world
put on a lowly body,
so that, freeing flesh by means of flesh,
what He made should not be lost
3. Heavenly grace enters the womb
of His chaste mother;
a maiden's womb bears
secrets which she had not thought of.
4. The house of a chaste heart
suddenly becomes the temple of God;
undefiled, knowing no man,
she conceives a Son by a word.
5. The mother has brought forth Him
Whom Gabriel foretold,
Whom John had perceived, leaping
while enclosed in his mother's womb.
6. He bears with lying on hay,
He does not scorn the crib;
He is nourished with a little milk, He through
Whose power not even a bird goes hungry.
7. The chorus of heaven's citizens rejoices,
and the angels sing of God;
the Shepherd and Creator of all
is made manifest to the shepherds.
8. O Jesus, glory be to You,
Who were born of the Virgin,
with the Father and the loving Spirit,
for ever and ever.