

DAVID

By BRO. GREGORY HEROLD, O. P

O David, when a shepherd lad,
Did you more sweetly sing,
Or when a crown of beaten gold
Made you a mighty king?

O did you not in after years,
Within your halls of light,
Through sudden tears behold again
Sweet distant hills of night?

And did you not with dewy feet,
Beneath a golden moon,
Retrace again the rim of brooks,
And hear their silver tune?

O David, mid the courtly pomp,
And all the brilliant show,
At times did you not see again
Your sheep as white as snow?

Did you not see them meekly come,
And nestle at your feet,
When bursting like a lily bloom,
Your voice rose full and sweet.

When like a lark at early dawn,
You soared above the sod,
And lost among the stars, you sang
The glories of your God!

O David, when a shepherd lad,
Did you more sweetly sing,
Or when a ring of beaten gold
Crowned you a mighty king?