

Legend of the Infancy

Christmas traditional

Allegro ♩=120

1. Come forth, ye wond' ring

child - ren all, Come forth from wood and wild, And let us sing the days of Christ When

He was but a Child, When He was but a lit - tle Child, As ten - der as might

be, That bless - ed night pale Ma - ry come From dis - tant Gal - i - lee.

D.S. ♩

2.

That night when 'mid the cattle herd,
Pure as the snow that falls,
The Voice that breathed our Father's love
Was hushed among the stalls,
It was the dreary winter-tide,
And dark the hour He came;
But such a brightness round Him burned,
The East was all aflame.

3.

He made a wonder where He lay:
Quickened with love and fear,
The barren straw did swell with grain,
Ripe in the fruitful ear.
All round the shed the frozen bees
Went singing, singing sweet;
The lowly herd, bowed down with fear,
Fell kneeling at His feet.

4.

And Mary on her sleeping Son
In solemn gladness smiled:
Remember! 'twas the sacred time
When Christ was but a Child.
And yet upon His heaving breast,
By troubled visions tossed,
Still folded in a mystic sign
His tender arms He crossed.

5.

Though Mary Mother loosed the clasp,
Her care it was but loss;
For still the silent Sleeper's arms
Would form that mystic cross.
The daylight dawned, and Jesus woke
And on His mother smiled;
Remember! 'twas the hallowed time,
When Christ was but a Child.