Legend of the Infancy

Christmas traditional

Allegro $\frac{\text{b}}{\text{e}}=120$

1. Come forth, ye wond'ring children 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 little Child, As tender as might be, That blessed night pale Mary come From distant Galilee.

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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.