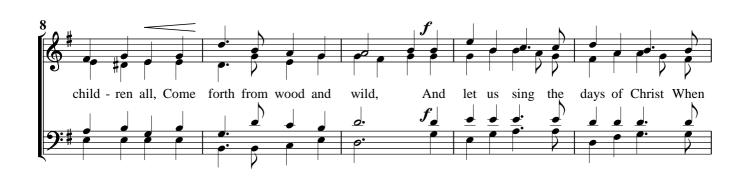
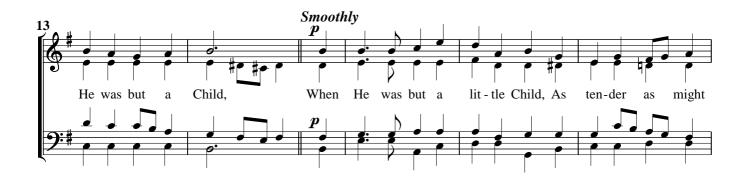
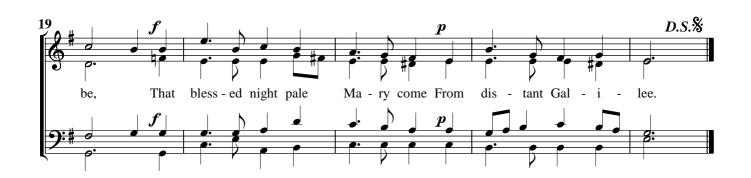
Legend of the Infancy

Christmas traditional









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.