

Then said the Child, " In wind and wet
I seek and seek a dwelling yet :
Here is no stable and no manger
For Me the Stranger.

" The flower-girl on whose tawdry gown
The drops of rain are soaking down,—
Beneath her tattered shawl, unbidden,
Whiles have I hidden.

" The shabby, weary, faded folk,
Bowed down beneath the accustomed yoke,
With coarsened hands and faces hollow,
Homeward I follow ;

" And I will enter all unknown
Across their dingy threshold stone ;
Poor, tired, obscure, they shall be blest there ;
For I will rest there."