

Canadian Missionary Link

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The First Christmas

The little Lord Jesus lay meek in
the manger,
No room in the inn for the tiny
new stranger;
So out with the creatures so quiet
and weary,
In the stable so humble, so dark-
some and dreary,
The little Lord Jesus was cradled
in hay,
And the dawn when it came
brought the first Christmas
Day.

But that night on the plains there
was wonder and waking
There were songs in the sky, and a
glory-light breaking
O'er hill and o'er valley, and white
wings were gleaming,
And far to the eastward a new
star was bearing
To guide the wise kings to the dear
little stranger,
Who lay in his beauty asleep in
a manger.

Sel.