

'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing Angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth—
God become a Child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed,
Where I lay my little head ;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

Saviour, 'twas to win me grace
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love
Child, and man, and God above.

Hear me as alone I lie,
Plead for me with God on high ;
All that stained my soul to-day,
Wash it in Thy blood away.

If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee :
Darkness cannot make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep ;
Thou wilt watch around me keep ;
Him no danger e'er can harm,
Who lies cradled on Thine Arm.

HYMN OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

WE are little Christian Children ;
We can run, and talk, and play ;
The Great God of earth and Heaven
Made, and keeps us every day.