

Chime A



AND WAS MADE MAN.

Out of the ivory palaces
Whereby they have made Thee glad,
Out of the sovereign majesties
Wherewith Thou wert crowned and clad,
Adown a cloudy stairway Thou hast stept,
And into a poor stable Thou hast crept,
While the world slept.

Out of the spheral harmonies
And singing of sevenfold quires,
Out of the passionate ecstasies
That the Face of the Lord inspires,
Unto the lowing of awakened kine,
And twitter of birds above that bed of Thine,
Pilgrim Divine.