



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(After Gustave Doré.)

Behold a simple tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies ;
Alas ! a piteous sight.

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed ;
But forced He is with silly beasts,
In crib to shroud His head.

Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is inquire :
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

● Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed ;

Weigh not His mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of State ;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate ;

The persons in that poor attire,
His royal liveries wear ;
The Prince himself is come from Heaven,
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King ;
And highly praise His humble pomp,
Which He from Heaven doth bring.

SOUTHWELL.

Immortal Babe, who this dear day
Didst change Thine heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh Thy godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail !

Shine happy star, ye angels, sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King.
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of God in meanness dressed.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wild sages,
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth !

[BISHOP HALL.]