

And who are those that mute adoring bow,
 Grouping around the infant Saviour now ?
 There is the frost of age—youth's lusty pride,
 And hearts which many tempest shocks have tried ;
 And hearts all willing, yet unbent, to try,
 Approaching storms, from which they may not fly :
 And who are those stark hinds, tho' rugged mild,
 That prostrate bow before the smiling child ?—
 Why they are wont, abiding in the field
 To watch their flocks by night, and careful shield
 Their bleating charge from ill—a shepherd band,
 Men of enduring heart and faithful hand.
 And hark ! a heaven-taught song the rustics sing—
 " Glory supreme to Heaven's eternal King,
 To Earth good will and peace—on Judah's plain
 Messiah's come, to hold his promised reign."
 Fitting attendants—shepherds bow with awe—
 This is the Prince, prophetic Abram saw !
 The babe is Israel's Shepherd, come to save
 His straying flock from an eternal grave ;
 Tis David's son—that shepherd King, who told
 The wonders of this mightier Shepherd's fold.
 Glad then should bowing shepherds hail his sway,
 Group round their Lord, and earliest homage pay.
 Oh ! humble chamber, loftiest state is thine,
 Creation's King accepts thee as his shrine.

Hail holiest group ! tho' wrong and pain await,
 The babe who smiles upon his new born state ;
 Yet who can count the future pomps which swell
 Around his regal seat ?—see baffled hell,
 And vanquished grave, and ransomed earth combine,
 Their awful hosts, to make his triumph shine.

And she who rests in dove-like meekness there,
 Whose soft and downcast looks attest her care ;
 Tho' humble now, and small in worldly note,
 In after times her hymns shall sweetest float
 Upon the softest airs of earth—and they
 Who may not worship, will affection pay ;
 And all shall call her blessed—and her name
 In mildest pomp go down time's troubled stream.

The humble shepherds too, shall be renowned—
 And as this happy day comes yearly round,
 Their memory shall spread a rural tone
 Of fields and flocks, around the Saviour's throne ;
 Their Heaven-taught song shall be on every tongue,
 " Glory, goodwill and peace," in anthems sung ;
 And holiest themes, from hence, in ceaseless chime,
 Shall be re-echoed down the waves of time.

T.