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THE FIERCE WIND HOWLS.

Words by REV. M. G. PEARSE.

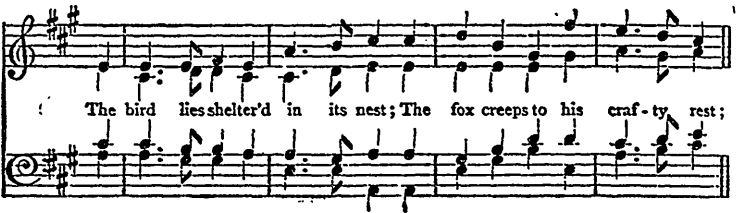
SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.



The fierce wind howls about the hills Most an-gri-ly, most drear-i-ly;



The stars shine out with brilliant light, All trem-bling-ly, all frost-i-ly;



The bird lies shelter'd in its nest; The fox creeps to his crafty rest;



And an-gels watch by children blest, All ten-der-ly, all ten-der-ly.

- 2 But who are these that through the night
Move wearily, all drearily?
'Tis Joseph, forth from Bethlehem,
All hastily, all eagerly;
For Herod seeks the Child to slay,
And death will come if they delay,
And forth ere ever break of day,
They thus must flee, to Egypt flee.
- 3 The mother screens Him at her breast,
All carefully, all prayerfully;
She feels Him shiver in the blast,
All fearfully, all tearfully;

- And so along their way they go,
Now numbed by night winds as they blow,
Now starting, fearful of the foe,
All helplessly, all homelessly.
- 4 Had we been there, O gracious Lord,
Most tenderly, most longly,
Our hands, our home, our all were given,
To comfort Thee, to shelter Thee.
And we may still—for Thou hast said
When hungry little ones are fed,
And outcast ones find home and bed,
'Tis done to Thee, as unto Thee.