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THE SONG OF THE NEW-BORN.



HE drowsy midnight dreameth
O'er Kedron's grassy vale ;
The running water gleameth
Against the moonlight pale ;
And where the pasture stretches
Along the hillsides steep,
Lone shepherds keep their watches
And guard the folded sheep.

Now suddenly, O wonder !
What music greets their ears !
The heavens cleave asunder,
An angel band appears ;
And one, whose face the morning,
With all its glory, shames,
God's light his eyes adorning,
The joyful news proclaims :—

“ Fear not, O meek and lowly !
For unto you is born
A Saviour pure and holy,
This glad and wondrous morn.
He cometh, like a stranger,
Without a home on earth ;
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
The Virgin gives Him birth.”