

THE NATIVITY.

CHRISTMAS 1897.

THE Virgin lies at Bethlehem.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The root of David shoots a stem.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

She lies alone amid the kine.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

The straw is fragrant as with wine.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

Mine host protects an honest roof.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

His spouse sniffs loud and holds aloof.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

The Angel has not come again.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

Why did God deal her out such pain?

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

Her love-hours held the Holy Ghost.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

Where is he now she needs him most?

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

Joseph drinks deep outside the inn.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

She is half hated by her kin.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

The agony increases fast.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

Each spasm is a holocaust.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

There are three kings upon the road.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

She hath thrice cursed the name of God.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

There stands her star above the sky.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

She hath thrice prayed that she may die.

(O Holy Spirit, pity her!)

Her bitter anguish hath sufficed.

(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)

She is delivered of the Christ.

(The angels come to worship her.)