

CHRIST CHILD – HENRY TREECE

Warm as a little mouse he lay,
Hay kept him from Winter's harm;
Bleating of puzzled lamb he heard,
And voices from the near by farm.

His mother's eyes were bent on him
As to her frozen breast he clung;
His father stopped the draughty cracks
And sang a merry herding song.

Who would have thought upon that hour
Those little hands might stay a plague,
Those eyes would quell a multitude,
That voice would still a rising wave?

Only the omens of the night,
The lowing ox, the moaning tree,
Hinted the cruelty to come:
A raven croaked, 'Gethsemane!'