

A Christmas Folk-Song

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide the stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a horned head:
“Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed.”

Up rose the Sheep were folded near;
“Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here.”
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!