

As Joseph was a-walking

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing:
'This night shall be bornèd our heavenly King.

'He neither shall be bornèd in housen nor in hall,
nor in the place of paradise, but in an ox's stall.

'He neither shall be clothèd in purple nor in pall,
but in fair white linen, as usen babies all.

'He neither shall be rockèd in silver nor in gold,
but in a wooden cradle that rocks upon the mould.

'He neither shall be christenèd in white wine nor red,
but with the fair spring water with which were christenèd.'

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Anonymous