

In His Rude Manger-Bed Sleeping
Palmer Hartsough, 1896.
James Fillmore.

In His rude manger-bed sleeping
See Him, the heavenly Child,
O'er Him her silent watch keeping,
Mary the mother, so mild;
Round Him the zephyrs are sighing,
O'er Him the bright halos shine;
Mother in wonder replying,
Baby, O Baby divine.

Refrain

Mother, the Babe that thou holdest
Shall for a lost world atone;
Mother, the Son thou enfoldest
Scepters and kingdoms shall own.

Mother, a star now is rising,
Clear on the listening night;
See how its beauty surprising,
Makes all the heavens so bright;
Mother, it comes and is standing
Over thy poor manger-bed;
Wise men the way now are finding,
By it they hither are led.

Refrain

See them, their treasures outpouring,
Gold, with their incense so sweet;
See them, in worship adoring,
Low at the little One's feet;
Mother, so poor and so lowly,
Take the glad gifts that we bring;
He is the blessed and holy,
He is the Savior and King.

Refrain