

The Day the Christ-Child's Tender Eyes  
May Smith(1842-1927)  
Dimitri Bortniansky, 1825.

The day the Christ-child's tender eyes  
Unveiled their beauty on the earth,  
God lit a new star in the skies  
To flash the message of His birth;  
And wise men read the glowing sign,  
And came to greet the Child divine.

Low kneeling in the stable's gloom,  
Their precious treasures they unrolled;  
The place was rich with sweet perfume;  
Upon the floor lay gifts of gold.  
And thus adoring they did bring  
To Christ the earliest offering.

I think no nimbus wreathed the head  
Of the young King so rudely throned;  
The quilt of hay beneath Him spread  
The sleepy kine beside Him owned;  
And here and there in the torn thatch  
The sky thrust in a starry patch.

Oh, when was new-born monarch shrined  
Within such canopy as this?  
The birds have cradles feather lined;  
And for their new babes princesses  
Have sheets of lace without a flaw,  
His pillow was a wisp of straw!

He chose this way, it may have been,  
That those poor mothers, everywhere,  
Whose babies in the world's great inn  
Find scanty cradle-room and fare,  
As did the Babe of Bethlehem,  
May find somewhat to comfort them.