

The Babe of Bethlehem

by William Walker, 1835

To Abraham the promise came,
And to his seed for ever,
A light to shine in Isaac's line,
By scripture we discover;
Hail, promised morn! the Savior's born,
he glorious Mediator—
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood,
Assumed the human nature

His parents poor in earthly store,
To entertain the stranger
They found no bed to lay his head,
But in the ox's manger:
No royal things, as used by kings,
Were seen by those that found him,
But in the hay the stranger lay,
With swaddling bands around him.



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