A Christmas Carol poem

The shepherds went their hasty way

And found the lowly stable-shed

Where the Virgin-Mother lay:

And now they checked their eager tread,

For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,

A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,

Streaming from a heavenly throng.

Around them shone, suspending night!

While sweeter than a mother's song,

Blest Angels heralded the Savior's birth,

Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine,

And closer still the Babe she pressed:

And while she cried, the Babe is mine!

The milk rushed faster to her breast:

Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;

Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,

Poor, simple, and of low estate!

That strife should vanish, battle cease,

O why should this thy soul elate?

Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,

Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?