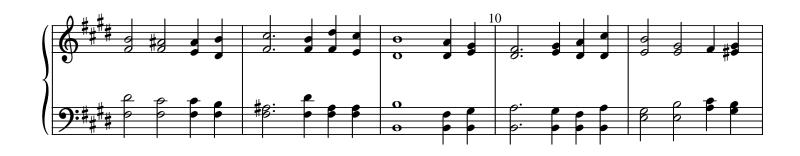
## Cradled in a manger







Cradled in a manger, meanly, Laid the Son of Man His head; Sleeping His first earthly slumber Where the oxen had been fed. Happy were those shepherds listening To the holy angel's word; Happy they within that stable Worshipping their infant Lord.

Happy all who hear the message Of His coming from above; Happier still who hail His coming, And with praises greet His love. Blessèd Savior, Christ most holy, In a manger Thou didst rest; Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower, And abide within my breast? Evil things are there before Thee; In the heart, where they have fed, Wilt Thou pitifully enter, Son of Man, and lay Thy head? Enter, then, O Christ most holy; Make a Christmas in my heart; Make a heaven of my manger: It is heaven where Thou art.

And to those who never listened To the message of Thy birth, Who have winter, but no Christmas Bringing them Thy peace on earth, Send to these the joyful tidings; By all people, in each home, Be there heard the Christmas anthem; Praise to God, the Christ has come!

George S. Rowe