

The Gentle Maiden.

O gentle maiden Mary who sat with the baby child
Her gaze fixed on the baby
O Mary that maiden mild.

The child who lay before her,
He opened his little eyes,
And smiled at the pretty young mother,
and father and three men wise.

The shepherds all stood round her,
And greeted the mother mild
Amazed at the little boy baby
The holy and God like child.

The cattle all were lowing
While the birds and the sheep stood still,
And Mary the gentle maiden so happy she thought she would cry.

