

THE CAROL OF THE THREE BROTHERS.

By FRANCES CHESTERTON.

Come with me little brothers three
And though the winds blow chill,
And dark the night, the star burns bright
Over Bethlehem's hill.

The path is rough with splintered stones
And heavy lies the snow,
But here a latch and 'neath the thatch
A lamp swings to and fro.

"Open the door and peep within
Brother, what do you see?"

"An ass asleep, and an ox asleep,
All dreaming peacefully."

"Brother of mine what see you here
At opening of the door?"

"A man, a maid, who unafraid
Kneel on the sanded floor."

"Brother so small look through the chink,
What do you find, oh, say?"

"A Child I see, who smiles at me
From out a bed of hay."

"What brought you, brother, to the Child?"

"A crown of holly bright;"

"A crown of thorn, shall His head adorn;
Holly He wears to-night."

"Have you a gift, oh! brother, dear?"

"A silver reed I bring;"

"At passion-tide, it pierced His side
Now a sceptre for a King."

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"What bring you Him, brother, so small?"

"A bunch of hyssop wild;"

"A drink of gall, for the Lord of all;

A posy for a Child."

Sleep little brothers, oh, sleep sound;
Sleep till the breaking dawn;
Ox, ass and sheep a vigil keep
To-night a Child is born.