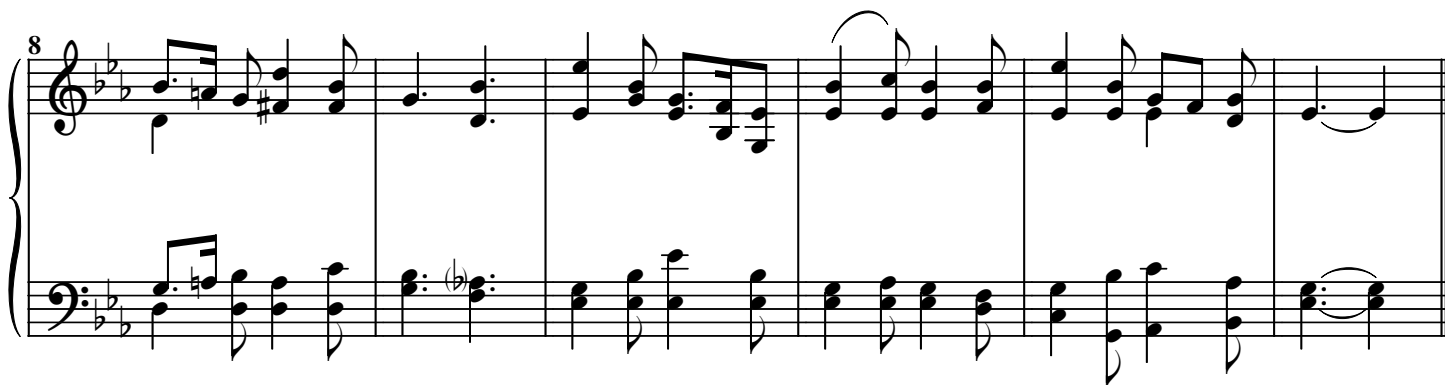
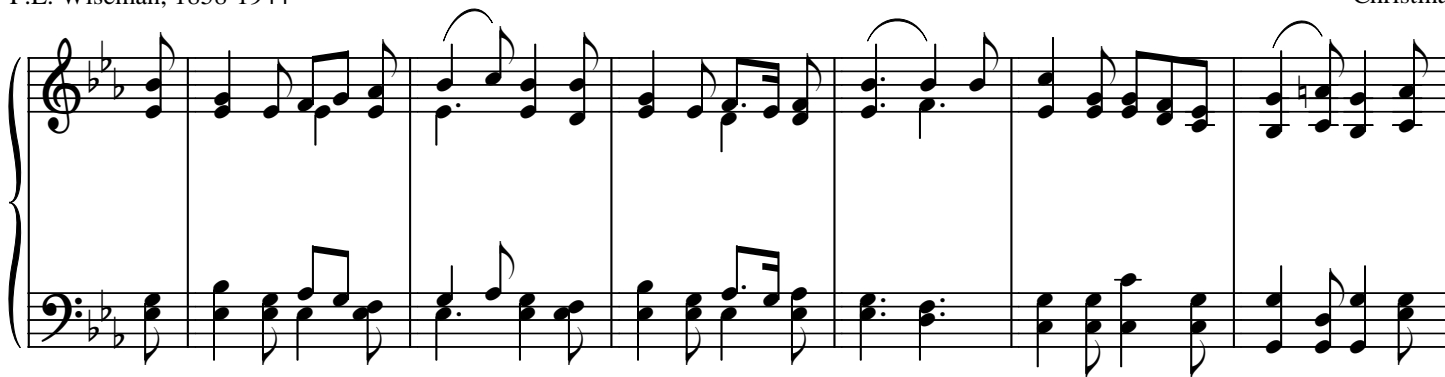


The shepherds had an angel

F.L. Wiseman, 1858-1944

Christina



The shepherds had an angel,
The wise men had a star;
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together,
And singing angels are?

Lord Jesus is my guardian,
So I can nothing lack:
The lambs lie in His bosom,
Along life's dangerous track;
The wilful lambs that go astray
He, bleeding, fetches back.

Those shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep.
All singing Glory, glory
In festival they keep.

Christ watches me, His little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their Glory, glory
For my sake in the height.

Lord, bring me nearer day by day,
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my Glory, glory
With angels clad in white,
All Glory, glory given to Thee
Through all the heavenly height.

Christina G. Rossetti