BEHOLD THAT STAR



Behold that Star!

Behold that star! Behold that star up yonder! Behold that star! It is the star of Bethlehem.

There was no room found in the inn,

This is the star of Bethlehem,

For Him who was born free from sin.

This is the star of Bethlehem.

The wise men came on from the East, To worship Him, the Prince of Peace.

A song broke forth upon the night, From angel hosts all robed in white.

THOMAS W. TALLEY

CORSONS CONS

VOL. II

108881

FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

With English Versions by American Poets

Compiled and Edited

by

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

Volume Two

There I beheld a book
With golden leaves clasped with two chrysolites
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."
Whatever was writ there might no man know;
But when one opened it, headlong there came
A flood of simple, importuning song—
Lays of the throstle and the soaring lark,
With now and then a note from nightingale.
. . . We might have had more joy of nightingales
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.

-Images of a Mystic.

THE WOMANS PRESS

600 LEXINGTON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

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New York