

Gatherine Peascods

Old English Melody



Saint Jo-seph, meek and mild, Em-braced the new-born Child, Then



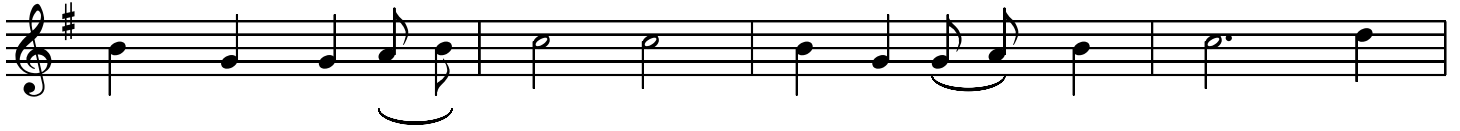
knelt u-pon the sod: The old man, well a-ware That De-i-ty lay



there, A-dored the Child as God. Full fain was he to own Yon-der



Babe, the source a-lone Of health and wealth and light, As



awe-struck he did bless The Sun of righ-teous-ness. Sooth,



'twas a won-drous sight; Sooth, 'twas a won-drous sight.