

Saint Joseph, Meek & Mild

St. Ephrem Syrus (c. 307-373), tr. G. R. Woodward *Gathering Peascods*, c. 1600

1 Saint Jo-seph, meek and mild, Em-brac'd the new - born Child, Then knelt up-on the sod:
 2 "Who gave me charge and care Of God's own Son and heir? The Lord, I well dare say.
 3 "Mine an-ces - tor of yore Was Da - vid, he that wore The roy - al crown by right:

1 The old man, well a-ware That De-i - ty lay there, Ad - ored the Child as God. Full
 2 The Mo-ther-maid — as blind 'Twas once with-in my mind To put her clear a - way; Now
 3 Now - be - it I from great Fell in - to low e - state, — Am but a tim-ber-wright: Yet,

1 fain was he to own Yon - der Babe, the source a - lone Of health and wealth and light, As
 2 knew that she most blest, Ev - er Vir - gin, in her breast Such price-less jew - el bare — A
 3 Son of Da - vid, thou Wilt ere long up - on my brow Set king - ly di - a - dem: Mean -

1 awe - struck he did bless The Sun of right - eous - ness. 'Sooth,
 2 heaven - ly pearl, the which Poor Jo - seph shall en - rich O'er
 3 while, mine arms en - fold The King of kings, of old — The

1 'twas a won - drous sight, 'Sooth 'twas a won - drous sight.
 2 peo - ple ev - 'ry where, O'er peo - ple ev - 'ry where.
 3 Babe of Beth - le - hem, The Babe of Beth - le - hem."