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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surpris'd I was with sudden heat which made my heart
to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears
did shed

As though his floods should quench his flames which
with his tears were fed.

"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire
but I!

My faultless breast the
furnace is, the fuel wounding
thorns,

Love is the fire, and sighs the
smoke, the ashes shame and
scorns;

The fuel Justice layeth on,
and Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace
wrought are men's defiled
souls,

For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their
good,

So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood."



With this he vanish'd out of sight and swiftly shrunk
away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas
day.