



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Star Song

Robert Herrick

I

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily banks among?

II

Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light, thou can'st clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

III

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find Him out?



Star

No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A Princely Babe, in's mother's breast.

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