

Sting & Police

"The Burning Babe"

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As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised 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 !!

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 vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk
away,

And straight I called unto mind that it was
Christmas day.

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