

FROM:

THE RT. HON. LORD HAILSHAM OF ST. MARYLEBONE, C.H., F.R.S., D.C.L.



HOUSE OF LORDS,
SW1A 0PW

1982

Holy Thorn that blooms in the cold winter's night
Holy beasts that kneel in the leaping candle light

Holy star that shines on the roof tree glimmering
Holy song that sounds which the angels sing

Holy men with gifts, prince and shepherd offering
Tribute to the King.

Holy maid that weeps, tending alone
Holy babe that sleeps on the cold stone

Holy Babe, sleeping there, who dost not despise
Love of the simple, worship of the wise
Treasure of Belshazzar, homage of the poor
And neither ass, nor wise man honest from thy door,
Grant that we too, Lord, kneeling may receive
Joy of thy coming this Christmas eve.

With love to you both
& thanks for your
I wrote this in Beirut in the war