

The First Christmas



AS THAT Judean land which long ago
Waited through centuries to find a face
Where human and divine met first in grace
And proved high love incarnate here below :—
A little world that worshipped pomp and show,
Yet lay, as many a strange, imperial race,
Whom haunting dreams forevermore encase,
Calling a vision that the soul must know—

So through the ways I could not understand,
Through light that dawned to disappear again,
And pale mirage upon the distance cast,
I waited even as that lonely land,
And no dark night has ever been in vain,
Since heaven shines through thee to me at last.