



## “OUR HOPE AND PURPOSE”



### Nativity

By Robert Whitaker

I know not how the Christ was born,  
Nor whether music rang  
Among the spheres that ancient morn  
While choirs angelic sang,  
Nor whether Magi came from far  
With frankincense and gold,  
Nor whether song, and seer, and star  
Are but a story told.

I know the tale is wondrous fair  
And full of song to me,  
I catch angelic meanings there  
Howe'er the substance be;  
I ask nor care to prove it fact  
Since I have found it true,  
So much there is the letter lacked  
The spirit shows anew.

For they who dare not yield a jot  
And they who yield it all  
Are fellow victims of the plot  
Wherein the many fall:  
They love, or love not, truth's disguise,  
Both strangely like at last  
Since both see only with their eyes  
The masque that truth has cast.

'Tis not that only one was born  
In that prodigious way,  
That angels did but hail the morn  
Of one ecstatic day;  
'Tis this, that every birth is so,  
A miracle and sign,  
O'er every cradle burns the glow  
Of genesis divine.

No Joseph woos and wins his bride  
But God is there before,  
The Holy Ghost is not denied  
Life's every mystic door:  
The tax-worn poor, outside the inn,  
Who share the cattle's place,  
Through all the ages long have been  
The chosen of God's grace.

Last night, and every night for long,  
The toilers here and there  
Amazed are waking to the song  
That thrills the vibrant air;  
The song of universal peace  
And heaven's goodwill to all,  
When every man shall leave his fleece  
To heed life's humblest call.

Out of the east, a guiding star,  
This glorious truth appears:  
Few are the Wise Men, few and far  
Their journey down the years.  
Lo! every Herod lifts his sword,  
Howe'er he fawn or feign,  
To smite this only sovereign word,  
The truth that comes to reign.

And still the weak are slain for Him,  
And Rama's Rachael cries,  
A myriad mothers' eyes are dim  
Until His Kingdom rise:  
And still, led by the laborer's hand,  
The child and mother flee,  
Their refuge still the laborer's land,  
Or far-scorned Galilee.

But God shall call from Egypt now,  
And Nazareth shall bring  
The Son of Man from bench and plow,  
And make sheer manhood king:  
Till every lowliest baby born  
Is so divinely priced  
That every dawn is Christmas morn,  
And every child a Christ.