



“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.