

Poems by Mary Baker Eddy, p. 29; Hymn 23

Christmas Morn

Blest Christmas morn, though murky clouds
Pursue thy way,
Thy light was born where storm enshrouds
Nor dawn nor day!
Dear Christ, forever here and near,
No cradle song,
No natal hour and mother's tear,
To thee belong.
Thou God-idea, Life-encrowned,
The Bethlehem babe —
Beloved, replete, by flesh embound —
Was but thy shade!
Thou gentle beam of living Love,
And deathless Life!
Truth infinite, — so far above
All mortal strife,
Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint:
Fill us today
With all thou art — be thou our saint,
Our stay, alway.