

Christmas
Poetry
Readings



Another Christ-Song

GEORGE MACDONALD

From heaven the angel-troop come
near

And to the shepherds plain appear:
A tender little child, they cry,
In a rough manger lies hard by,

In Bethlehem, David's town of old,
As Prophet Micah has foretold;
'Tis the Lord Jesus Christ, I wis,
Who of you all the saviour is.

And ye may well break out in mirth
That God is one with you henceforth;
For he is born your flesh and blood--
Your brother is the eternal Good.

He will nor can from you go hence;
Put you in him your confidence.
However many you assail,
Defy them--He can never fail!

What can death do to you, or sin?
The true God is to you come in.
Let hell and Satan raging go--
The Son of God's your comrade now!

At last you must approval win,
For you are now become God's kin:
For this go thanking God alway,
Happy and patient every day. Amen.

A Child of the Snows

G.K. CHESTERTON

There is heard a hymn when the panes are dim,
And never before or again,
When the nights are strong with a darkness long,
And the dark is alive with rain.

Never we know but in sleet and in snow,
The place where the great fires are,
That the midst of the earth is a raging mirth
And the heart of the earth a star.

And at night we win to the ancient inn
Where the child in the frost is furled,
We follow the feet where all souls meet
At the inn at the end of the world.

The gods lie dead where the leaves lie red,
For the flame of the sun is flown,
The gods lie cold where the leaves lie gold,
And a Child comes forth alone.

Carol

KENNETH GRAHAME

Villagers all, this frosty tide,
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow, and snow beside,
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide;
Joy shall be yours in the morning!

Here we stand in the cold and the sleet,
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,
Come from far away you to greet —
You by the fire and we in the street —
Bidding you joy in the morning!

For ere one half of the night was gone,
Sudden a star has led us on,
Raining bliss and benison —
Bliss tomorrow and more anon,
Joy for every morning!

Goodman Joseph toiled through the snow —
Saw the star o'er a stable low;
Mary she might not further go —
Welcome thatch, and litter below!
Joy was hers in the morning!

And then they heard the angels tell,
"Who were the first to cry Nowell?
Animals all, as it befell,
In the stable where they did dwell!
Joy shall be theirs in the morning!"