

The Nativity: O Wondrous Child

O Wondrous Child! The lowing Kine
Hark most gazed on face like Thine;
The light of Stars was never shed
On cradle like Thy manger bed;
The wise have found no greater joy
Than comes from Thee, Thou Blessed Boy.

Do now the rugged shepherds press
Their worship on Thy helpless neck?
Shou dost not in Thy weakness cry,
Hushed by Thy mother's lullaby;
Yet earth is bringing Thee surprise;
The wonder deepens in Thine eyes.

The mysteries of Thy life begin
Here in this stable of an inn;
The paths Thy tender feet must tread
Reach out from this, Thy humble bed;
Thy outstretched hand, so soft, so wee,
Must know the Cross's agony.

O Wondrous Child! Where Angels sing,
Where wise men richest treasures bring,
Where shepherds worship, can there be
A place at Thy nativity
For us whose hearts in eager quest
Are seeking joy and peace and rest?

The love of God which lived in Thee
Was nurtured at Thy mother's knee;
Thy kinship with the word of men
Was deepened, steeled and strengthened then;
Lo, too, come near Thee; wilt Thou take
The lives we give, for Thy dear sake?

'Tis joy to have the joy Thou hast,
'Tis peace when sin and shame are past,
'Tis love to have Thee in the heart,
'Tis power to know the Christ Thou art;

O Wondrous Child! Our Light, our Guide,
We worship Thee, this Christmastide.

Frank Maxim Smith