



THIS CHRISTMAS MORN

FRANCIS BRABAZON



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Dear Christ upon this Christmas morn
Let all men weep that you were born
Upon this earth that's thought so fair
That's but the Cross which you must bear.

The beauty of the budding rose,
The lovely diamonds of the dew,
Proclaim naught but the pain you chose
That we might live one day as you.



All lover's speech, all infant's cry,
All sick-bed sweat and dying groan,
Is you in us that we may die
To us and live as you alone.

Let us then, brothers, lift our hands
And pledge our souls in holy bands
To labor for Him through the lands
Till earth itself in Christhood stands.

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By Kind Permission of The Author

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KEIL MOUNTAINS.

POST BOX No. 6.

WOOMBYE.

QUEENSLAND.

AUSTRALIA.

PUBLISHED BY

ADI K. IRANI.

KING'S ROAD.

AHMEDNAGAR.

BOMBAY STATE.

INDIA

PRINTED IN U. S. A. AT THE PRESS OF
WARREN C. HEALY, SEATTLE, WASH.