

Baby Born on Christmas



Lo, the baby born on Christmas~
Sisters, hear the silv'ry sound:
angels singing *Alleluia*~
angels here and all around.
He is sweet as Heaven's clover
meadow in the morning sun,
fed by love and living water.
Feed, O sacred spring, in us
the hope that clings at summer's end
like frail petals to the dying
rose; and we sing *Alleluia*~
Can you tell me why?

Lo, the baby born in winter
in a dark and barren land;
Brothers, can you see the tender
growth upon the arid sand?
Even as death tears away the
spreading vine out of the ground,
yet the angels cease their sighing,
singing joyful carols now.
Noel! Glory, Alleluia,
fills the mountains and the sky.
We, too, sing him *Alleluia*~
Can you tell me why?

Underneath the brittle
surface of the lake,
creatures keep their vigil;
soon the land will wake
fertile seeds, at rest before
their season has begun,
sleeping until morning,
waiting for the sun.

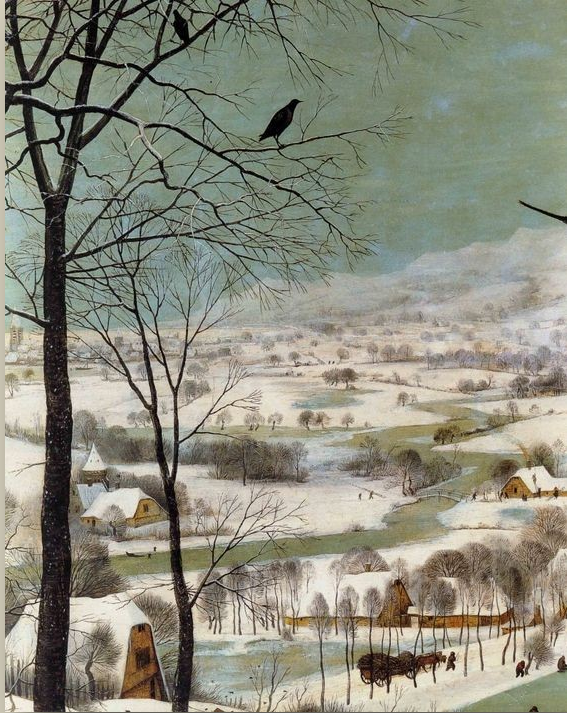
Life does not surrender
when the dry leaves, stung
by frigid fingers, flutter,
yielding one by one.
When the wind blows bitter
o'er the frozen earth,
Life comes new in winter
with the baby's birth.

We are born anew then,
clean and fresh as morning;
All has been forgiven
seventy times seven—
every time we seek it,
on the wind the breath of
grace descends. Let us receive it;
breathe, and breathe it in.



A N N A
G R A M
M A T I C A
. C O M





ABOVE: Pieter Bruegel the Elder, *Hunters in the Snow*, 1565

RIGHT: Pompeo Batoni, *The Sacred Family* (detail), 1760

COVER: Leopold Kupelwieser, *The Journey of the Three Kings*, 1825



Baby born in winter,
Children, this we celebrate
on Christmas, for his innocence
is born in us today.

*May each day become
a celebration of
God's grace*