



THIS CHRISTMAS MORN

FRANCIS BRABAZON





MEHER BABA

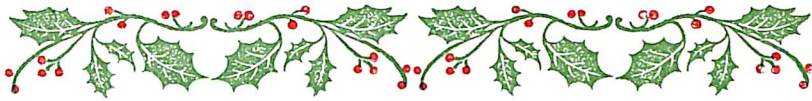
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## THIS CHRISTMAS MORN

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.

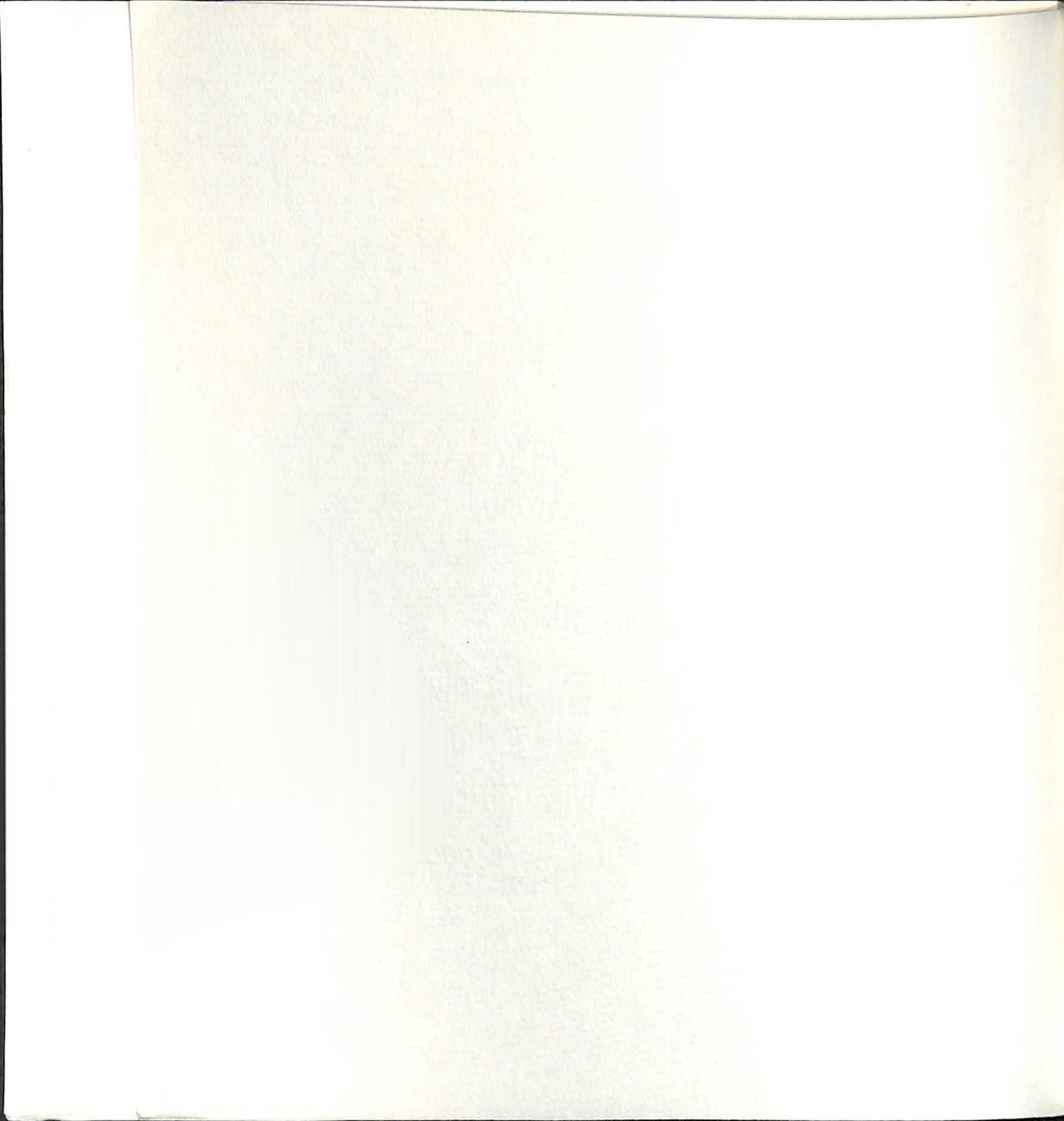
The beauty of the budding rose,  
The lovely diamonds of the dew,  
Proclaim naught but the pain you chose  
That we might live one day as you.

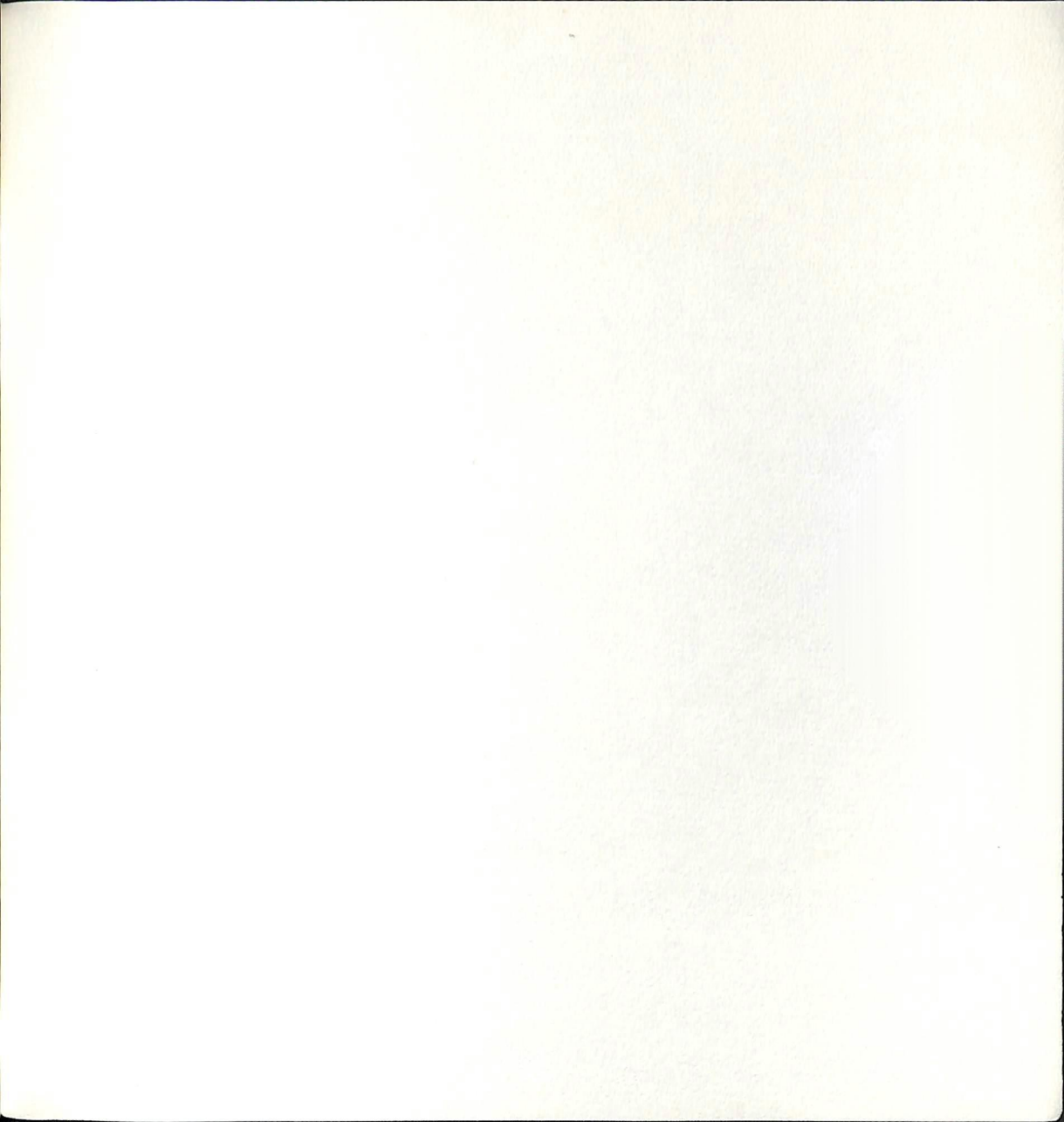


All lover's speech, all infant's cry,  
All sick-bed sweat and dying groan,  
Is you in us that we may die  
To us and live as you alone.

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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