

The Christ Child

G. K. Chesterton

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.

(O, weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.

(O, stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.

(O, weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.

And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.