

CHRIST WAS BORN IN DEEP OF WINTER

Christ was born in deep of winter,
When summer's warmth had flown;
Water froze and ground was solid,
Trees looked stark and lone.

Not in the rush of blooming springtime
With flowers all a-bud,
When grass pokes up through melting snow
And little creeks a-flood.

Not in the haze of lazy Autumn
With leaves brown, gold and red,
But in the bone chill of midwinter
When all of life seemed dead.

Why was He born such time as this?
Why come when hope lay low?
For He brings with Him the springtime,
His warmth can melt the snow.

He is our spring, He is our summer,
His grace to us imparts;
In Him there is no changing season,
His love will warm our hearts.

~Nick Bowen