

CHRISTMAS VERSE

Morning by Morning

Morning by morning there's work to be done;
And morning by morning we witness the sun:
It rises with brightness, a sign of new birth,
That God's in His heaven, all's well with the earth.
And morning by morning His mercies are new
(In spite of the suffering and pain we go through);
His grace was in Christ like a hand in a glove—
Great is His faithfulness; great is His love.

Barry Chant © 2001

A Christmas Family Greeting

The year is nearly over and it's almost Christmas time,
And so we thought we'd send to you some rambling thoughts in rhyme;
This greeting comes from all of us—our Christian family—
Our prayers are for your blessing and, next year, prosperity.

We hope that God our Father Who has showered us with His love,
Will send His Holy Spirit down upon you, like a dove,
And fill your days with music, and your evenings with delight,
With every moment steadied by His peace, His joy, His might.'

The months of last year's calendar are now just history,
Is it a year since last we gathered round the Christmas tree?
Well, time goes on, and so do we, from grace to glowing grace,
Until that sunburst morning when we meet Him face to face.

Barry Chant © 2004

The Christmas Guest

The saga of Christmas is not just a fable
How Jesus was born in an old Eastern stable
With stars shining bright in a sky dark and sable;
It undoes the curse of the murder of Abel;
Reverses the farce of the tower of Babel.
It's not just a tag or a name on a label,
Or old urban legend by email or cable,
But God working out His prophetic timetable.
We thank Him this Christmas that He has been able
To neutralize sin and its power disable.
So welcome, Lord Jesus, come under our gable;
We're honoured to have you as guest at our table.

Barry Chant © 2007

If I had been there

When angels brought the stunning news
That God had come to earth,
Would I have been excited
Or been dubious of the birth?

When shepherds stared dumfounded
At this new phenomenon,
Would I have shared their wonder,
Or felt anxious to be gone?

Would I have hurried in to see
That little Holy One,
Or simply shrugged indifferently:
'You reckon that's God's Son?'

When Magi came with costly gifts—
Gold, frankincense and myrrh—
Would I have given Him my best,
Or chosen to demur?

It's easy to look back and think
How eager I would be,
That I would not be one to shrink
Or fail to bow the knee.

But how I might have acted then
Is meaningless somehow;
The question facing me is this:
How am I acting now?
Barry Chant © 2017

At His Feet

When Jesus came initially, divine but human, too,
our destiny was radically upended and renewed.
His name divides the panoply of passing centuries,
but still his power is best displayed in those who bow their knees.
No manger for the Christ this year – your heart's his royal throne;
he comes as Saviour, Lord and King and loves you as his own.
Don't edge him to the sidelines where discarded wrappings lie
and empty plates are strewn with turkey bones and cold mince pie.
Invite him to his rightful place, where stars and angels meet,
and worship and adore him as you fall down at his feet.
Barry Chant © 2011

A Christmas blessing

May this Christmas be a special time
of gentle and good cheer;
may every blessing fill your life
throughout the coming year.
Walk calmly in the light and love
the Saviour came to bring,
As Jesus' peace upon you
turns each winter into spring.

Barry Chant © 2012

An Outback Aussie Prayer

With Islam at our doors and Middle Eastern wars,
and ancient values coming under fire;
With churches on the wane and profit on the gain
The Christmas message shines amidst the mire.
The story still survives and still inspires our lives
(The star shines brightest when the night is black);
We pray for you today that Christ will light your way
And walk with you along life's Outback track.

Barry Chant © 2015