

## **THE NIGHT OF FOREKNOWING**

When Christ lay in the manger  
And men slept in the inn,  
He knew they slept as softly  
As if there were no sin.

His secret wrapt Him closely  
As any swaddling-band,  
And Joseph, even Mary,  
Not yet could understand.

He knew He was a King then  
To wear a plaited crown,  
He had a reed for sceptre  
And men were bowing down.

He looked into the twilight  
And men were sleeping sound  
Within a little Garden,  
And Blood was on the ground.

His Hands so soft and tiny  
Were lifted to the sky,  
Both were red as any rose,  
A rose that cannot die.

He found a Hill in darkness  
With crosses set for three,  
Forsaken was the hill-top  
And God was far to see.

But albeit as softly  
As if there were no sin,  
When Christ lay in the manger  
Men slumbered at the inn.

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