DIVINE EXCHANGE

PIUS M. SULLIVAN, O.P.

On a winding road from Bethlehem,
Where whirring, chill winds moan,
In a tiny cave, our King has come,
And a manger is His throne.

He, Who is the hope of nations,
The Lord of glory and of might,
Has come quietly in a stable,
In the hushed silence of the night.

He has sped from realms of splendor,
Where angel choirs obeisanced;
His courtiers here—poor, tattered shepherds,
Who serve their Lord, entranced.

He, Who is the Fount of treasures
And could command great wealth untold,
Receives, in His bare stable-palace,
The weary Magi’s gift of gold.

He, Who forever fashions joys,
Is not subject to surprise;
Yet, the earthbound Infant must have thrilled,
When first He looked in Mary’s eyes.