

## The Wonder of His Birth

Dub McClish

We know not on what day it was  
The Savior-babe was born;  
We only know that this event  
With wonder is adorned.  
While early Christians are not known  
Who kept the Christ-child's birth;  
It must be placed near to His death  
In all events of worth.

We wonder at the tasteful words  
That simply tell the tale  
Of Heaven's Child, the End of Grace,  
Our Means beyond the veil.  
The sheer finesse of Luke and Levi  
Leave us struck with awe,  
As Mary's secret they reveal  
With absence of all flaw.

And then we stand amazed to see  
Just where His birth occurred.  
Not Jericho or Zion boasts  
The sound of angels heard.  
But Bethlehem, the village small—  
No birthplace for a crown—  
Providing but a stable-stall  
To lay Messiah down.

And what think ye of sages, who,  
Attracted by His star,  
Would make their way, by night and day,  
From such a distance far,  
To ask, "Where is the new-born king,  
Him honor we would pay?"  
And then to kneel on hallowed straw  
And gifts before Him lay?

But now consider Herod's scheme,  
When wrapped in jealous rage—  
A tiny Babe would steal his throne,  
So murder he must wage.  
With cruel heart and bloody hands  
He sought Immanuel's place,  
But then a Father's perfect love  
Preserved Him for our race.

Behold! It was with angel-voice  
The first announcement came;  
To virgin Mary Gabriel spoke  
And called her Baby's name.  
To Joseph meek, to shepherd's lone,  
Angelic word was giv'n.  
It's wondrous that this Infant's birth  
Was paid such note by Heav'n!

We marvel as we read about  
The source of Jesus' life.  
How could He form in Mary's womb  
E'er Joseph knew his wife?  
The seed of life from which Christ grew,  
Unlike all others known,  
Came not from human fatherhood,  
But from Almighty's throne.

But what should these astounding facts  
Provoke within my heart—  
To merely stand in awe-struck trance,  
And see them soon depart?  
“Nay, nay,” the answer swiftly flies,  
In words sent from above,  
“But faith, obedience, and service true  
Must be my gifts of love.”

**[Note:** I wrote these verses in 1968, while living and preaching in San Angelo, TX.]

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