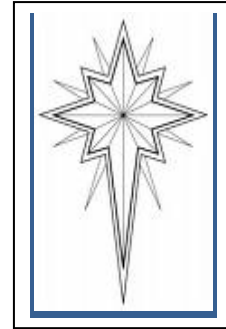


## HOPE IS BORN

Echo still from ages past  
The sin of man from first to last,  
Hope embodied comes in a whisper,  
The conception complete in humble *fiat* from her.  
Mercy has come to save this world so vast.

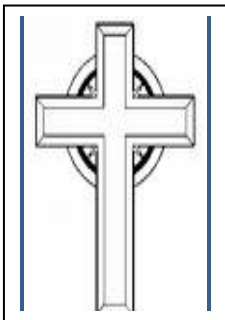


A helpless child is born, meek and mild  
Who by priests and leaders will be reviled,  
Peaceful shepherds who protect the sheep  
Follow angel choirs to watch Him sleep.  
As at her breast she feeds the holy child.

Herod plots his own doom  
The cruel death of Holy Innocents does loom,  
As Magi guided by the star,  
Bring gifts to the child king from afar.  
Whose merciful love will pierce the gloom.

Her *Magnificat* gives glory to the Lord  
Whose body she gave is pierced by the sword,  
His death foretold in Old Testament  
And lived in His Passion during Lent.  
Is the path by which the River Styx is ford?

At the foot of the cross flows out her sorrow  
But His miracles and promise speak of Hope for tomorrow,  
His tree of death undoes Eve's taking from the tree of life  
In His Love for us, He gives birth to the Church, His wife.  
The earth-haven for men; Spirit filled to the marrow.



Give glory to the Lady and the child she bore  
Whose humble beginning was a straw floor,  
Give glory to the Trinity, three persons in One  
Their wonder and majesty proclaimed by the rising sun.  
Give glory to sacrificial Love enabling sinful souls to soar.

*Sue Kennedy*