

Praise God for Christmas.  
Praise Him for the Incarnation, for the Word made flesh.  
I will not sing of shepherds watching flocks  
on frosty night or angel choristers.  
I will not sing of stable bare in Bethlehem or lowing oxen,  
wise men trailing distant star with gold  
and frankincense and myrrh.  
Tonight I will sing praise to the Father  
who stood on heaven's threshold  
and said farewell to His Son  
as He stepped across the stars  
to Bethlehem and Jerusalem.  
And I will sing praise to the  
infinite eternal Son  
who became most finite  
a Baby  
who would one day be executed  
for my crimes.  
Praise Him in the heavens.  
Praise Him in the stable.  
Praise Him in my heart.

—Joseph Bayly