

Christmas Song

Bruce Cockburn

Fire-bright faces in winter night
a dog in the distance barks
the sky speaks in patterns of starlight
the fire replies in sparks

The stream is a motionless moment
salmon in the sea swims deep
pregnant with force as a prayer is
spring in the hard earth sleeps

Like the snow on the stark spruce limb
coated with ice, then stripped by wind
we melt away and return again
stronger for the tempering flame
stronger for the Saviour's name.