

Christmas, 1939

By Patrick Kavanagh

O Divine Baby in the
cradle,
All that is poet in me
Is the dream I dreamed
of Your Childhood
And the dream You
dreamed of me.

O Divine Baby in the
cradle,
All that is truth in me
Is my mind tuned to the
cadence
Of a child's philosophy.

O Divine Baby in the
cradle,
All that is pride in me
Is my mind bowed in
homage
Upon Your Mother's
knee.

O Divine Baby in the
cradle,
All that is joy in me
Is that I have saved
from the ruin
Of my soul Your
Infancy.

Patrick Kavanagh: Collected Poems edited by Antoinette Quinn (Allen Lane). Reprinted by kind permission of the Trustees of the Estate of the late Katherine B. Kavanagh.

Left: A Nativity stained glass window at the Abbey stained glass studios in Kilmainham, Dublin. The window is being restored for the Cistercian Monks in Mount St Joseph Abbey, Roscrea. Photograph: Alan Betson

