

## COME.

Is it over a troubled way you go,  
And under a troubled sky ?  
Have the seeds of your planting failed to  
grow,  
And the joy birds passed you by ?

Do you shrink from the seeming barren  
stretch  
Of toil in the waiting years ?  
Does the shrine of your heart hold an empty  
niche ?  
Do you walk through a mist of tears ?

Then come, we will go where the shepherds  
went  
In the wake of an angel song ;  
We will know of the calm of a sweet content  
Apart from the worldly throng.

We will lose our dread of the waiting road,  
Though the skies be tempest wild.  
Come, weary heart, let us rest our load  
At the feet of the Christmas Child.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.