



James W. Foley







A  
CHRISTMAS  
PRAYER



BY  
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Dear Lord, these friends of mine,  
where they may stray,  
Wilt Thou bear each Thy blessing  
on this day?  
For now the season comes when  
Yule-logs burn,  
When hearts grow kind, and sweeter  
dreamings turn  
Unto these olden, golden friends.  
I pray  
Thy benediction on them all this  
day,  
And let Thy light of love and mercy  
shine,  
Dear Lord, this day, on all these  
friends of mine!





Dear Lord, if any weep, wilt Thou  
be kind?  
If any stray in error, wilt Thou  
find  
The way for them and bring them  
back to Thee  
With gifts of Thy rare love and  
sympathy?  
If any grieve, wilt Thou not bring  
them cheer,  
This day, another day and all the  
year?  
Break them the bread of love and  
pour the wine  
Of sympathy for all these friends  
of mine!





Dear Lord, if some be far from  
home this day,  
If some be wanderers upon the  
way,  
If some shall be in tears, and some  
shall cry  
With bitter pain, wilt Thou not pass  
me by  
And minister to them with tender  
care,  
And what of joy or gladness be  
my share  
Wilt thou not give to them? Be  
Thy divine  
And glorious peace upon these  
friends of mine!





Dear Lord, if some be rich, bid  
Thou them bear  
Some joy this day to Sorrow and  
to Care.  
If some be glad with living, bid  
them go  
Afar or near and minister to Woe.  
Bring love to every heart and let  
it fill  
The cup of joy for each, and over-  
spill,  
And let the light of sympathy so  
shine  
That none shall weep of all these  
friends of mine.





So now when hearts grow kind  
and Yule-logs burn,  
When thoughts grow gentler, sweeter,  
and return  
To olden, golden friends, or far or  
near,  
This prayer of mine be hallowed  
with a tear  
Welled from the fount of love and  
sympathy,  
And sent upon the wintry night to  
Thee,  
Till all the world is warmed with  
love divine, —  
Dear Lord, bless all these olden  
friends of mine!



