Poem for January 1st, Feast of Christ's Circumcision

by Con Chapman

Who is this Prince of Glory—
Eight days ago was born?
Who is this Prince of Glory—
Today who will be shorn?

He'll have the name of Jesus
This day his blood's first shed.
And he will wear a crown of thorns
One day upon his head.

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Who has the child's foreskin
The *mohel* has removed?
Who took the bleeding piece of flesh
His human nature proved?

A woman took the foreskin
And put it in a box,

Poured spikenard oil upon it,
And sealed it with a lock.

And then where went that ointment
That she thought thus to keep?
And what use did she plan for it
As Jesus lay and weeped?
She sold it to the woman
Named Mary Magdalene
Whom Jesus saved from stoning
For her former life of sin.

And what use did she make of it
Whom Jesus had thus saved?
She poured it on his feet
And when they were thus laved

She dried them with her hair
For she was by him saved.
    Who is this Prince of Glory
Whose feet were thusly dried?
He is the King of Glory
And for your sins he died.