

# Be Not Afraid, Beloved

Abel Guevara

This be the tale I whisper

A tale of yesteryears:

When the earth was dry and barren  
And the earth was cold and dark,  
The east was flushed with starlight  
And a winding trail revealed  
That led to a little cavern  
Where lay a little Babe.

Then did brightness wash the heavens,  
Then did music sweep the hills,  
And the springs of earth were opened  
And the grass grew green again.

This be the tale I whisper

Softly to your ears

Now that they say the springs are drying

And the grass is growing sere.

Be not afraid, beloved,  
In the darkness and the cold.  
There is light in the east, beloved,  
There is music in the hills,  
And the winding trail is open  
To those who do not fear,  
For brightly lit is the cavern still  
Beloved, where the Infant lies asleep,  
Sweetly waiting, waiting, waiting  
As of yesteryears...