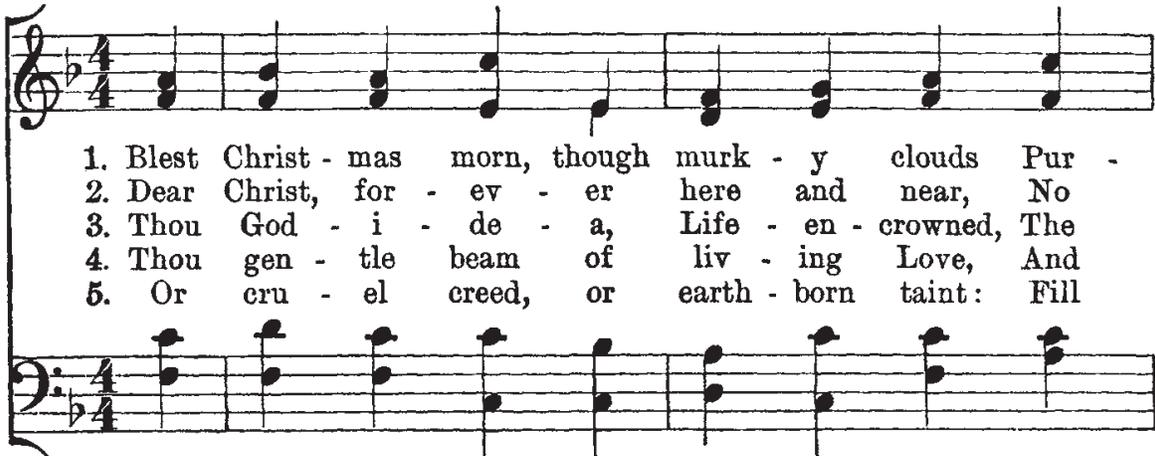


CHRISTMAS MORN 8. 4. 8. 4.
ALBERT F. CONANT

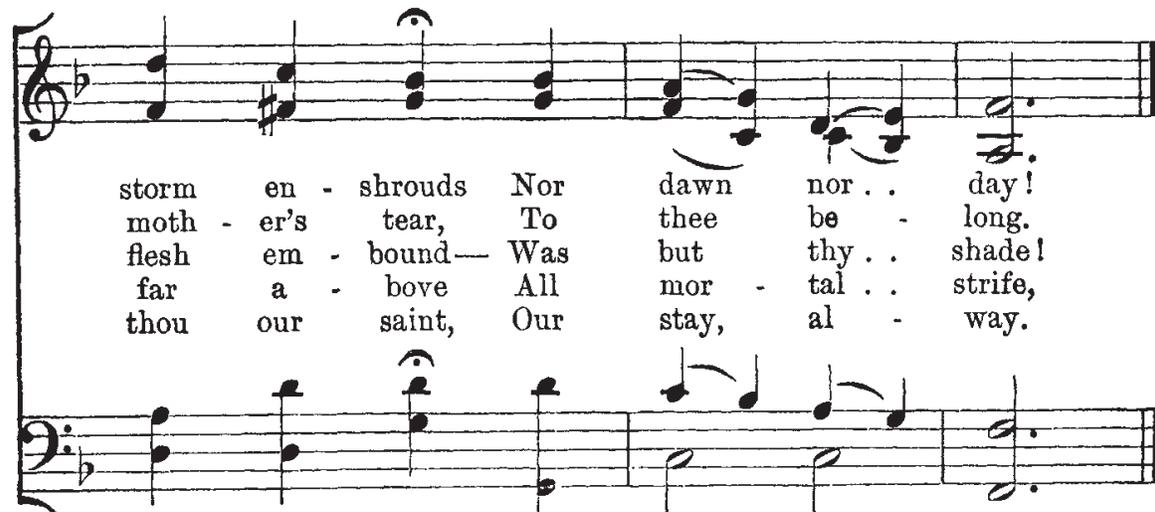
CHRISTMAS MORN
MARY BAKER EDDY



1. Blest Christ - mas morn, though murk - y clouds Pur -
2. Dear Christ, for - ev - er here and near, No
3. Thou God - i - de - a, Life - en - crowned, The
4. Thou gen - tle beam of liv - ing Love, And
5. Or cru - el creed, or earth - born taint: Fill



sue . . thy . . way, Thy light was born where
cra - dle . . song, No na - tal hour and
Beth - lehem babe— Be - loved, re - plete, by
death - less . . Life! Truth in - fi - nite,— so
us . . to day With all thou art— be



storm en - shrouds Nor dawn nor . . day!
moth - er's tear, To thee be - long.
flesh em - bound— Was but thy . . shade!
far a - bove All mor - tal . . strife,
thou our saint, Our stay, al - way.