

INFINITAS 8.4.8.4.

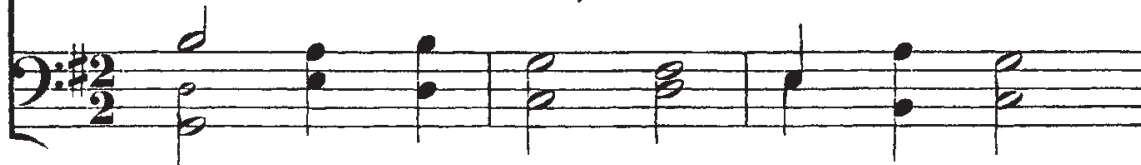
PERCY WHITLOCK

CHRISTMAS MORN

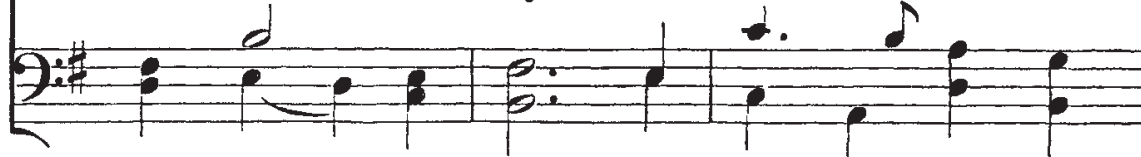
MARY BAKER EDDY



1. Blest Christ - mas morn, though murk - y clouds
 2. Dear Christ, for - ev - er here and near,
 3. Thou God - i - de - a, Life - en - crowned,
 4. Thou gen - tle beam of liv - ing Love,
 5. Or cru - el creed, or earth - born taint:



Pur - sue . . thy way, Thy light was born where
 No cra - dle song, No na - tal hour and
 The Beth - lehem babe— Be - loved, re - plete, by
 And death - less Life! Truth in - fi - nite,— so
 Fill 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.

