1. Blest Christmas morn, though murky clouds pursue thy way, Thy light was born where storms enshroud. Nor dawn nor baby—Beloved, replete, by... flesh embound—Was but thy day!

2. Dear Christ, forever here and near, No shade! 4. Thou gentle beam of living Love, And
cradle song, No natal hour and mother's tear, To
death-less Life! Truth in-finite,—so far a bove All

thee be-long. mortal strife, Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint:

Fill us to-day With all thou art—be thou our saint, Our stay, al-way.