

Hail to the Morn That Dawns on Eastern Hills
Translated from the Greek by John Brownlie, 1911.
Frank Stoney(1874-1918)

Hail to the morn that dawns on eastern hills,
More radiant far than any earthly morn;
'Tis heavenly light that all creation fills
The Christ is born.

Mystery profound, through all the ages sealed,
Now, to a world all hopeless, and forlorn,
In Bethlehem's manger is at length revealed
The Christ is born.

Lo, from their watch the herdsmen raise their eyes,
For dazzling light the robe of night had torn,
And angels poured their raptures from the skies
The Christ is born.

Bring ye your gifts of gold and incense rare,
Wise men who come, all travel-stained and worn;
Find ye the Child, and pay your homage there
The Christ is born.

Hail to the morn, the world exulting sings;
Only to Him, in fealty we are sworn,
Lord of our lives, immortal King of kings!
The Christ is born.