

The Blasts of Chill December

Norval Clyne, 1875.

R. F. Smith.

The blasts of chill December sound
The farewell of the year,
And night's swift shadows gathering round
O'ercloud the soul with fear;
But rest you well, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn;
December's darkness brings again
The Light of Christmas morn.

The welcome snow at Christmastide
Falls shining from the skies:
On village paths and uplands wide
All holy-white it lies;
It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
And glitters on the thorn;
But purer is the Light that shines
On gladsome Christmas morn.

At Christmastide the gracious moon
Keeps vigil while we sleep,
And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon,
On vale and mountain-steep;
O'er all the slumbering land descends
Her radiancy unshorn;
But brighter is the light, good friends,
That shines on Christmas morn.

'Twas when the world was waxing old,
And night on Bethlehem lay,
The shepherds saw the heavens unfold
A light beyond the day;
Such glory ne'er had visited
A world with sin outworn;
But yet more glorious Light is shed
On happy Christmas morn.

Those shepherds poor, how blest were they
The angels' song to hear!
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their Lord so dear!
The Lord of Heaven's eternal height
For us a Child was born;
And He, the very Light of light,
Shone forth that Christmas morn!

Before His infant smile afar,
Were driven the hosts of hell;
And still in souls that childlike are
His guardian love shall dwell:
O then rejoice, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn;
December's darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn.