

The Golden Carol

Old English.

Traditional.

We saw a light shine out afar,  
On Christmas in the morning,  
And straight we knew it was Christ's star,  
Bright beaming in the morning.  
Then did we fall on bended knee,  
On Christmas in the morning,  
And praised the Lord, who'd let us see  
His glory at its dawning.

Oh! every thought be of His name,  
On Christmas in the morning,  
Who bore for us both grief and shame,  
Affliction's sharpest scorning.  
And may we die, when death shall come,  
On Christmas in the morning,  
And see in Heav'n, our glorious home,  
That star of Christmas morning.