

When Mother Love Makes All Things Bright

Tudor Jenks, 1895.

E. M. Wren, 1890.

When mother love makes all things bright,
When joy comes with the morning light,
When children gather round their tree,
Thou Christmas Babe, we sing of Thee.

When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
Wise Temple Child, we learn of Thee.

When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
Man of the Mount, we turn to Thee.

When shadows of the valley fall,
When sin and death the soul appall,
One light we through the darkness see
Christ on the Cross, we cry to Thee.