

Blest Christmas Morn

Mary Eddy, 1903.

Uzziah Burnap, 1856.

Blest Christmas morn, though murky clouds

Pursue thy way,

Thy light was born where storm enshrouds

Nor dawn nor day.

Dear Christ, forever here and near,

No cradle song

No natal hour and mother's tear

To Thee belong.

Thou God-idea, Life encrowned,

The Bethlehem Babe

Beloved, replete, by flesh embound

Was but Thy shade!

Thou gentle beam of living Love,

And deathless Life!

Truth infiniteso far above

All mortal strife,

Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint:

Fill us today

With all Thou artbe Thou our saint,

Our stay, alway.