

The Song of Christmas

Marian Froelich, 1901.

Gideon Froelich.

I come from the East on the wings of the morning,  
The stars on my pathway made luminous night;  
The glory of ages my brow is adorning,  
By choirs I'm attended from heavenly light.

Refrain

Oh, jubilant chorus, repeat it again,  
Today is the advent of Christ to all men;  
Oh, jubilant chorus, oh, happy refrain,  
It echoes its music o'er ocean and main.

Where far in the Orient the green palms are waving,  
They sing of my coming with rapturous joy;  
Where pines in the north are the winter blasts braving,  
They chant of the birth of sweet Bethlehem's boy.

Refrain

The dark mines of earth ne'er my jewels have yielded,  
My pearls ne'er were rocked in the ocean's deep cave;  
The heart of the Father this treasure has shielded,  
Till time was fulfilled and His Son came to save.

Refrain

With evergreens wreathed as the type of immortals,  
I, Christmas, appear on the wings of the morn;  
'Twixt Heaven and earth, wide apace swing the portals,  
Today to the world is a great Savior born.

Refrain