

The Light of Christmas Morn

Celtic Woman

The winds of chill December sound
The farewell of the year
And evening shadows gather â€™round
And cloud the soul with fear
But rest you well good Christian men
Nor be of heart forlorn
Decemberâ€™s darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn

â€™Twas when the world was waxing old
And night on Bethlehem lay
The shepherds saw the heavâ€™ns unfold
A light beyond the day
Such glory neâ€™r had visited
A world with sin outworn
But yet more glorious light is shed
On happy Christmas morn

The welcome snow each 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 still the light that shines
On gladsome Christmas morn

The shepherds poor, how blest were they
The angel song to hear
In manger cradle, as he lay
To greet the Saviour dear
The Lord of heavâ€™nâ€™s eternal height
For us a babe was born
And He, the very light of light
Shone forth that Christmas morn

The chapel lights above the snow
Do warm the coldest chill
And manger scene, by candle glow
Inclines us to goodwill

Ablaze in wonder and in awe
As every heart adores
But brighter still, the light that falls
On gladsome Christmas morn

And oâ€™er the child a guiding star
Shall lead us into peace
And still in souls, that childlike are
His guardian love shall be
Oh then rejoice, good Christian men
Nor be of heart forlorn
For unto you, in Bethlehem
The Son of God is born
Decemberâ€™s darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn.

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