

An Irish Christmas Blessing

[Keith & Kristyn Getty](#)

Now may the fragrance of his peace
Soar through your heart like the dove released:
Hide in His wings, oh weary, distant soul,
He'll guide your spirit home. And may His love poured from on high
Flow to the depths of your deepest sigh;
Oh come and drink from the only living stream
And on His shoulder lean. And may the hope that will not deceive
Through every pain bring eternal ease;
There is no night that can steal the promises
His coming brings to us. So may His joy rush over you;
Delight in the path He has called you to;
May all your steps walk in Heaven's endless light
Beyond this Christmas night.

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