

The light of Christmas Morn

Celtic Woman

The winds of chill December sound
The farewell of the year
And evening shadows gather 'round
And cloud the soul with fear
But rest you well good Christian men
Nor be of heart forlorn
December's darkness brings again
The light of 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 torn
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 heav'n's eternal height
For us a babe was born
And He, the very light of light
Shone forth that Christmas morn
The chapel light 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 December's darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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