

# 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 form 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 sheperds 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.