Blest Christmas morn, though murky clouds pursue thy way, Thy light was born where storm enshrouds Nor dawn nor day!
Dear Christ, forever here and near, No cradle song, No natal hour and mother's tear, To thee belong.

Thou God-idea, Life-en-crown'd, The Beth-lehem babe—Beloved, The Beth-lehem babe—Beloved, re-
dolce
plete, by flesh bound— Was but thy shade!

Thou gentle beam of livi—

Love, And deathless Life! Truth infinite, so far above

mortal strife, Or cruel creed, or earth-born taint: