

Christmas

Lo ! With the dawning's crimson glow
Clear breaks the winter's morn;
The snowy breast of earth below
A million gems adorn;
A hoary frost doth steel the air;
But peace and beauty everywhere
Seem but to tell what all must know
That many many years ago,
On such a bright and frosty morn,
A Babe in Bethlehem was born.

A heavenly choir, that Christmas morn,
'Round Bethlehem's cave did sing:—
"For lo ! the Prince of Peace is born
To be our Lord and King."
The shepherds on the snowy sward
Did hear the Cherubs praise the Lord,
And hastening to the lowly cave
To Him their humble homage gave
While, guided by supernal star,
Come royal Magi from afar,

So we, on this bright Christmas day,
Do one and all adore
And pay our homage to the Babe
As they in days of yore.
We offer Him, not myrrh and gold,
As Sages did in days of old;
But hearts of love and charity
And loyal pledge of fealty.
And fill the air with joyous hymn
As angels did in Bethlehem.

—F. P. S., '35.