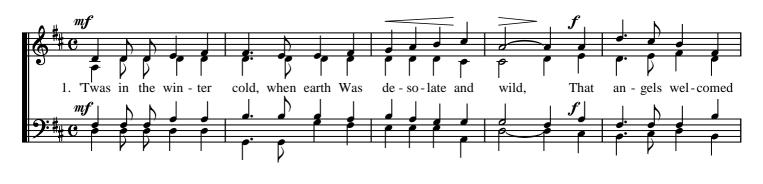
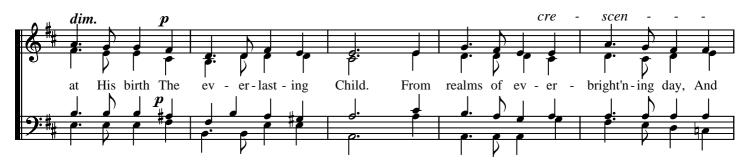
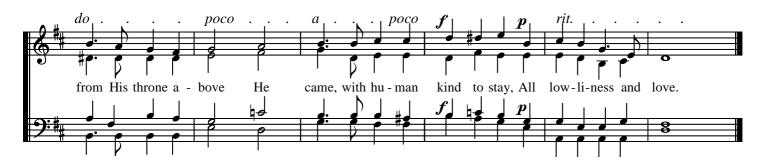
'Twas in the winter cold

A Christmas morning hymn







- Then in the manger the poor beast Was present with his Lord; Then swains and pilgrims from the East Saw, wondered, and adored.
 And I this morn would come with them This blessed sight to see,
 And to the Babe of Bethlehem Bend low the reverent knee.
- But I have not, it makes me sigh, One offering in my power;
 Tis winter all with me, and I Have neither fruit nor flower.
 O God, O Brother, let me give My worthless self to Thee;
 And that the years which I may live May pure and spotless be:

- 4. Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind, The Spirit undefiled,
 That I may be in heart and mind As gentle as a child;
 That I may tread life's arduous ways As Thou Thyself hast trod,
 And in the might of prayer and praise Keep ever close to God.
- Light of the everlasting morn, Deep through my spirit shine; There let Thy presence newly born Make all my being Thine: There try me as the silver, try, And cleanse my soul with care, Till Thou art able to descry Thy faultless image there.

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