

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE

'Tis Christmas day, ah, joyful time!  
Sweet sounds thy name in prose or rhyme.  
For thou dost bring to mortal man,  
A memory of redemption's plan.

Gone are the years since first there came  
To Bethlehem, that town of fame;

A Christ-child,  
meek and lowly  
born;



Long years ago  
on Christmas  
morn.

He came not with vain pomp and show.  
No place was there for Him to go.

But in a manger was He born,  
Long years ago, on Christmas morn.

No door was open in that land;  
There stood no one with beckoning hand,  
Inviting Mary to come in,  
E'er He was born, who knew no sin.

While men were seeking to destroy;  
The angels came to earth with joy  
And tidings dear to all mankind:  
Telling the shepherds where to find

The One who came through love for man,  
To carry out redemption's plan.

And so today we look with pride,  
Upon the blessed Christmas-tide.

POUGEON.