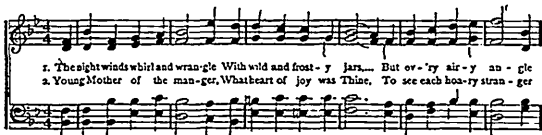


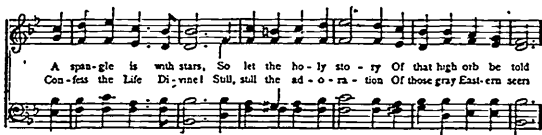
On That First Christmas Night. A Carol.

Words by Clinton Scollard.

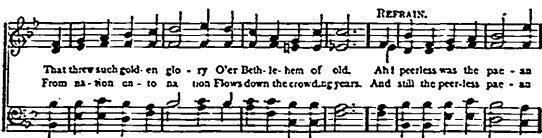
Music by H. P. Danks.



1. The night winds whirl and wrangle With wild and frost-y jars... But ev'-ry air-y an-gle
2. Young Mother of the man-ger, What heart of joy was Thine, To see each hoar-y stran-ger

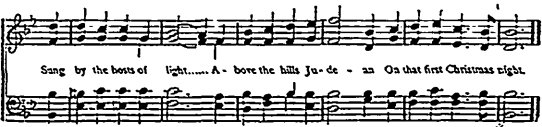


A span-gle is with stars, So let the ho-ly sto-ry Of that high orb be told
Con-fess the Life Di-vine! Still, still the ad-o-ra-tion Of those gray East-ern seers



REFRAIN.

That threw such gold-en glo-ry O'er Beth-le-hem of old. Ah! peerless was the pac-an
From na-tion on-to na-tion Flows down the crowd-ing years. And still the peer-less pac-an



Sang by the hosts of light..... A-bove the hills Ju-de-an On that first Christmas night.