

THE CHRIST-CHILD

A CROSS the waste, across the snow,
O the pity! O the pity!
Past sentinel of friend and foe
O the pity! O the pity!
Comes the Christ-Child clad in white
Through the storm-clouds of the night,
Bearing in His lily hands
Gift of peace to warring lands,
O the pity! O the pity!

"*Adeste fideles!*" sing the choirs
O the pity! O the pity!
Lurid flame the battle fires
O the pity! O the pity!
Shepherds hear the heavenly song,
Mid the strife and piteous wrong;
Peace on earth but not of men,
Peace that knows not crime nor sin,
O the pity! O the pity!