

# 'Twas in the winter cold

A Christmas morning hymn

1. 'Twas in the win - ter cold, when earth Was de - so - late and wild, That an - gels wel - comed

at His birth The ev - er - last - ing Child. From realms of ev - er - bright'n - ing day, And

from His throne a - bove He came, with hu - man kind to stay, All low - li - ness and love.

2. 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.

3. 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.

5. 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.