

This is Christmas Morning

by Edwin Waugh (1817-1890)

Come all you weary wanderers,
 Beneath the wintry sky;
This day forget your worldly cares,
 And lay your sorrows by;
 Awake, and sing;
 The church bells ring;
For this is Christmas morning!
With grateful hearts salute the morn,
 And swell the streams of song,
That laden with great joy are borne,
 The willing air along;
 The tidings thrill
 With right good will;
For this is Christmas morning!
We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath,
 And make the yule-log glow;
And gather gaily underneath
 The winking mistletoe;
 All blithe and bright
 By the glad fire-light:
For this is Christmas morning!

Come, sing the carols old and true,
That mind us of good cheer,
And, like a heavenly fall of dew,
Revive the drooping year;
And fill us up
A wassail-cup;
For this is Christmas morning!
To all poor souls we'll strew the feast,
With kindly heart and free;
One Father owns us, and, at least,
To-day we'll brothers be;
Away with pride,
This holy tide;
For it is Christmas morning!
So now, God bless us, one and all
With hearts and hearthstones warm;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm;
And teach us still,
His sweet good-will,
This merry Christmas morning

2022 Our Cooper Nest

