



The Word Was Made Flesh and Dwelt Amongst Us

DOMINICANA

New Series

DECEMBER, 1921

Vol. VI. No. 3

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

O, at this hallowed season of the year,
I ever seem to hear again,
The angels singing sweet and clear,
Across the hills of Bethlehem!

“Glory, glory to our King!”

All the stars re-echoing:

“Glory to our King!”

Mary, Virgin mother mild,
Holding close thy lovely Child,
Filled with heaven's own delight,
Press the tiny hands and feet,
Tender rose-buds soft and sweet,
To thy lilled bosom white!

“Glory, glory to our King!”

Hark, the vales re-echoing:

“Glory to our King!”

Shield the little head of gold,
For the world is bitter cold,
Cold the starlight winter air;
Keep, O keep the baby brow
Free from crimson roses now,
That shall bloom encircling there!

“Glory, glory to our King!”

Angel voices sweetly sing:

“Peace to men we bring,

Peace to men we bring!”

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.