

## A YULETIDE LULLABY

*By BRO. MAURICE O'MOORE, O. P.*

Why the Heav'nly holy light  
Shining through the snowy night?  
Angels singing in their flight  
Of Jesus?

Night is cold and snowflakes fall,  
I hear Him call—I hear Him call—  
Bethl'hem's Babe—my God—my All,  
—My Jesus!

Come—O—Come to worship there!  
Let us kneel in love and prayer,  
Join in praise with Cherubs fair  
To Jesus.

Lead us to that Holy Place,  
There to see His Baby Face,  
There, for Love to ask—and Grace  
Of Jesus.

Shepherds thro' the night are led,  
To a lonely cattle shed,  
Where, within a manger bed  
Sleeps Jesus.

There with tiny hands and feet,  
There with budding lips to greet  
Me and mine—in rapture sweet  
—Is Jesus.

Mary, Joseph, bending low  
Whisper tender words; and so  
He smiles on us ere we go  
—Our Jesus.

Baby Jesus—pity me!  
Keep, O keep me, near to Thee,  
Now, and thro' Eternity  
—O Jesus!