'Twas in the winter cold

A Christmas morning hymn

Rev. J. C. Black

John Barnby
(1838-1896)

1. 'Twas in the winter cold, when earth was desolate and wild,

2. Then in the manger the poor beast was present with his Lord;

3. But I have not, it makes me sigh, one off 'ring in my pow'r;

4. Grant me thy self, O Saviour kind, the Spirit undaied,

5. Light of the everlasting morn, deep through my spirits shine;

that angels welcomed at his birth the everlasting Child.

the swains and pilgrims from the East saw, wondered, and adored.

'tis winter all with me, and I have neither fruit nor flow'r.

that I may be in heart and mind as gentle as a child;

there let thy presence newly born make all my being shine:

From realms of ever-bright'ning day, and from his throne above

And I this morn would come with them this blessed sight to see,

O God, O Brother, let me give my worthless self to thee;

that I may treat life's arduous ways as thou thy self hast trod,

there try me as the silver, try, and cleanse my soul with care,

he came, with human kind to stay, all lowliness and love.

and to the Babe of Bethlem bend low the reverent knee.

and that the years which I may live may pure and spotless be.

and in the might of prayer and praise keep ever close to God.

till thou art able to des-cry thy faultless image there.