A Christmas Song

James Freeman Clark

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES

SUNDAY SCHOOL

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A · Christmas · Song
Jamaica Plain, Mass.,

Feb. 1st, 1888.

Dear Mr. Humphreys:

I received your kind note some days ago. I am glad you liked my little Christmas song well enough to have it set to music.

Perhaps, when this is done, we may be allowed to purchase some copies for our own school to sing next Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

James Freeman Clarke.
Christmas Song
By James Freeman Clarke

1
Once more, returning Christmas brings
Its storms and winter weather;
Once more the Christmas angels sing
Of praise and peace together.
Our Christmas trees, on gentle wings
Descend with downy feathers.

2
We see behind us happy days,
Which time may not restore us;
But while the joy of friendship stays,
And hope is bright before us,
Our hearts can sing their song of praise
And join the angel chorus.

3
Where dwells the joy which Jesus had
In child or grandchild hoary?
Where hearts are calm though eyes are sad,
When ends life’s long story?
And all the little ones are glad.
Peace, peace is God’s best story.
1. Once more returning Christmas brings its storms and wintry weather; Once
2. We see behind us happy days, Which time may not restore us; But
3. Where dwells the joy which Jesus had In child or grandchild's heart; Where

more the Christmas anthem sings Of praise and peace together; And
while the joy of friendship stays And hope is bright before us; Our
hearts are calm though eyes are sad Where endeth life's long story; And

Christmas doves on gentle wings, Descend with downy feather.
hearts can sing their song of praise, And join the angel chorus.
all His little ones are glad Man's peace is God's best glory.

In unison.

James Freeman Clarke.

Frank E. Shepard.
Christmas.

ALBERT G. GLOVER.

1. We love to think of Thee, as near to each and every one, And hear to-day the song so clear, The advent of Thy Son, “Peace on the earth, to men good will!” With-in our hearts proclaim... And with our voices echo still Our love for Jesus’ name...

2. We’ll try to make his life our own, And love him more and more, That we may in our hearts enthrone The love he bore. Oh, may we show our love for him By being kind and true... And while we sing our Christmas hymn, Our good resolves re-new...