

## **A CHRISTMAS CAROL**

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap, His hair was like a light. (O weary,  
weary were the world, But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast, His hair was like a star. (O stern and  
cunning are the kings, But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart, His hair was like a fire. (O weary,  
weary is the world, But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee, His hair was like a crown, And all  
the flowers looked up at him. And all the stars looked down.