

The Song of Christmas

Marian Froelich, 1901

Gideon Froelich

♩=90

1. I come from the East on the wings of the morn - ing, The stars on my
 2. Where far in the Or - ient the green palms are wav - ing, They sing of my
 3. The dark mines of earth ne'er my jew - els have yield - ed, My pearls ne'er were
 4. With ev - er - greens wreathed as the type of im - mor - tals, I, Christ-mas, ap-

path - way made lu - mi - nous night; The glo - ry of ag - es my brow is a -
 com - ing with rap - tu - rous joy; Where pines in the north are the win - ter blasts
 rocked in the o - cean's deep cave; The heart of the Fa - ther this trea - sure has
 - pear on the wings of the morn; 'Twill Heav-en and earth, wide a - pace swing the

rit. *Refrain*
 - dorn - ing, By choirs I'm at - tend - ed from heav - en - ly light. Oh, ju - bi - lant
 brav - ing, They chant of the birth of sweet Beth - le - hem's boy. save.
 shield - ed, Till time was ful - filled and His Son came to save.
 por - tals, To - day to the world is a great Sav - ior born.

cho - rus, re - peat it a - gain, To - day is the ad - vent of Christ to all men; Oh, ju - bi - lant
 and a - gain to all men;

cho - rus, oh, hap - py re - frain, It e - choes its mu - sic o'er o - cean and main.
 hap - py re - frain, o'er o - cean and main.