A Christmas Carol

G.K. Chesterton

David Byers

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The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap, His hair was like a

light. (O weary, weary were the world, But here is

all a right.) 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 de-

(O weary, weary is the world,

sire.) The Christ-child stood on Mary's knee, His hair was like a
crown, And all the flow'rs looked up at

And all the flow'rs looked up at Him,_

Him, And all the stars looked down.