

Christmas Coloring Book



All poetry taken from: *Greetings to the Christ Child*, 1879
Credit is given to Masha who's beautiful artwork inspired us
to make the coloring pages.

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FOUR THOUSAND YEARS EARTH WAITED

FOUR thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nations sighed
That their King delayed.

The prophets told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed;
And the Star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

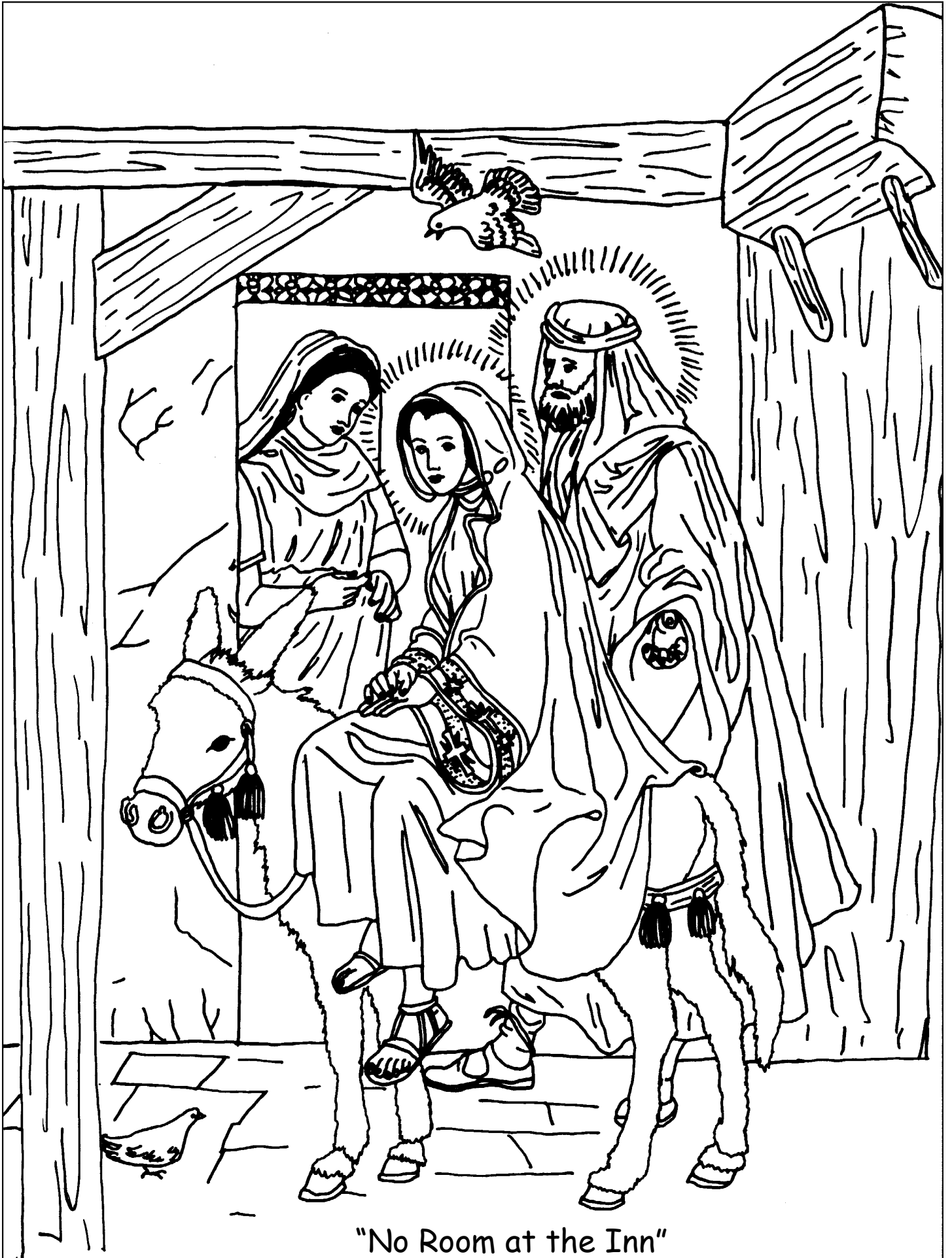
Their faces toward the future,
They longed to hail-the Light
That, in after-centuries,
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried
In His Father's home;
And the nations wept and wondered why
The Promised had not come.

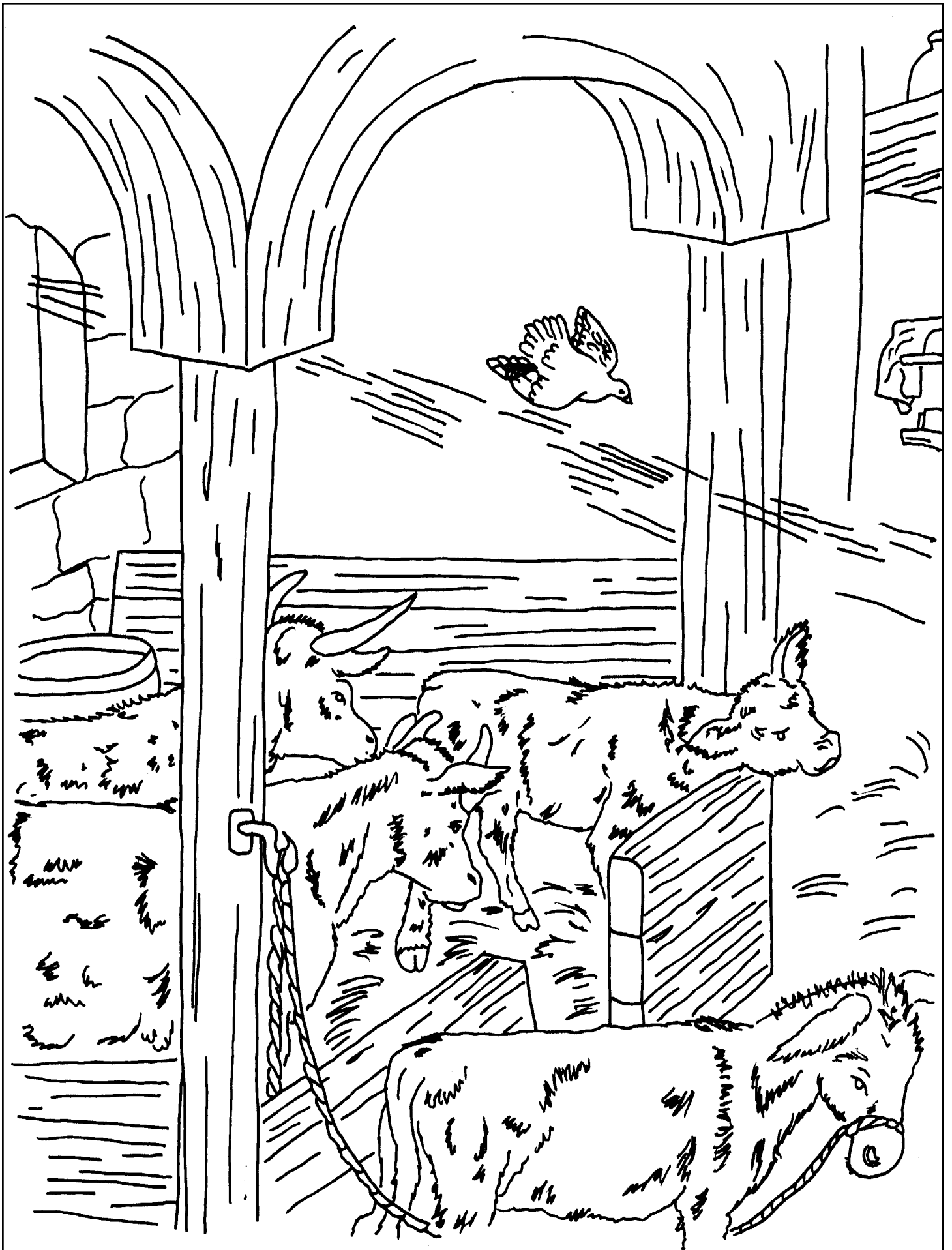
At last earth's prayer was granted,
And God was a Child of earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour than Paradise;
And the light of earth that night eclipsed
The splendors of the skies!

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.



"No Room at the Inn"





Glad Tidings

Happy tidings, glorious tidings,
I have brought from heaven this night;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Jesus Christ, the Lord of light.

"In a lowly manger lying,
You will find the Holy Child,
With His ever Blessed Mother,
Mary, Virgin pure and mild.

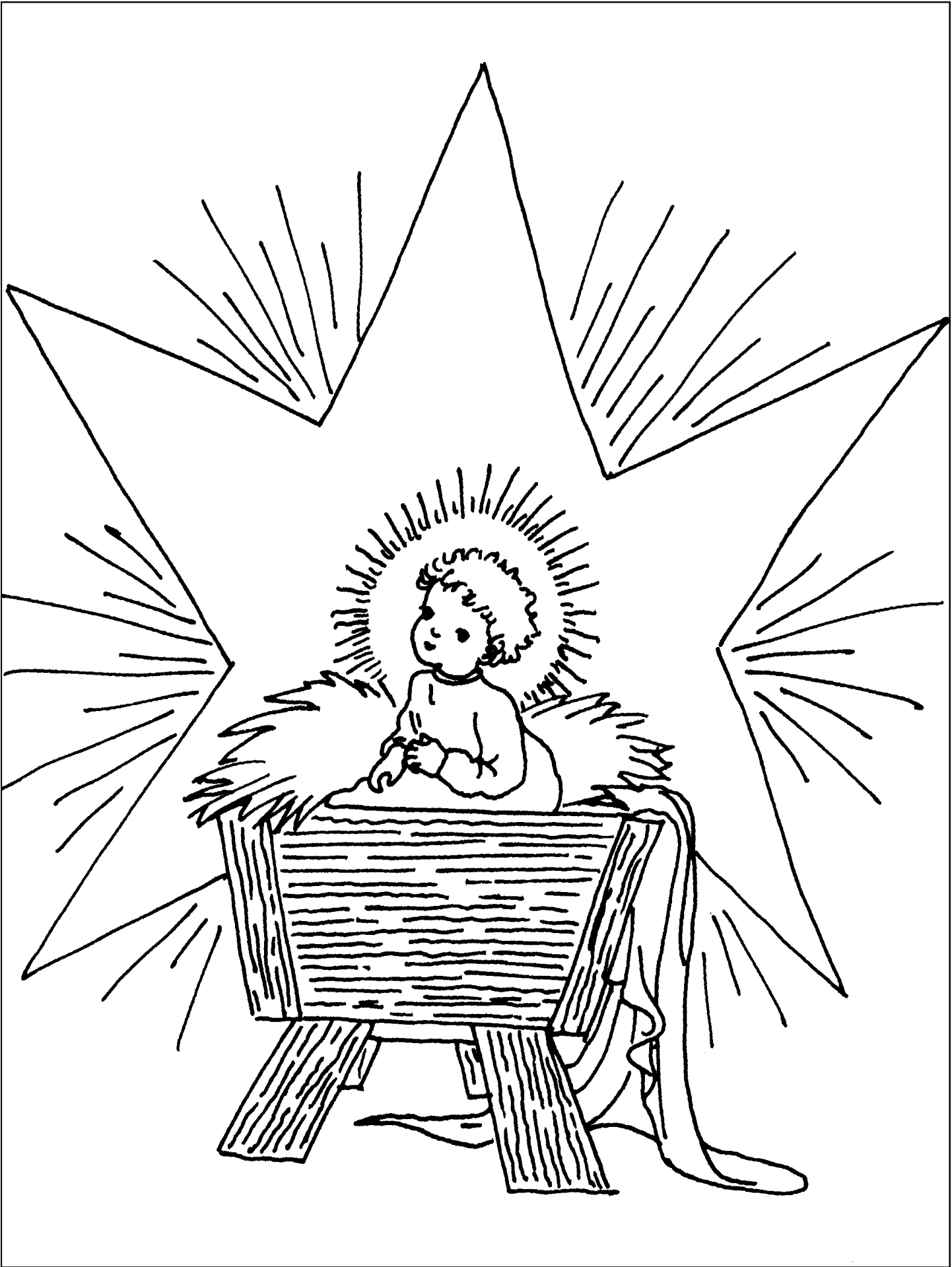
"Yon bright star of heavenly radiance
Shines, to point the way to Him;
Go, and seek His crib, and worship
Christ, your Saviour and your King.

"Worship, while the choirs of angels
Sing His praises from the sky;
Join their hymn of adoration,
'Glory be to God on high!"

Little children, shall we follow
In the way the shepherds trod?
Shall we seek our Blessed Saviour,
Mary's child, the Son of God?

Yes, with humble hearts and grateful,
Let us make our offerings too;
Dear Child Jesus, bless, we pray Thee,
All who come this day to You.





CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

AT last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song:
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

All hail, eternal Child !
Dear Mary's little Flower !
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's little One,"
, Hail God's eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

Rev. F. W. Faber



SHEPHERDS RECEIVE THE GLAD TIDINGS

Engaged in duty lowly,
Watching their flocks by night,
The Shepherds heard the holy
Song of the angels bright.

The GLORIA IN EXCELSIS
Then first on earth began,
Announcing to all people
Peace and good-will to man.

Obedient to the summons,
They haste their Lord to greet;
And, with the good St. Joseph,
They bow at Jesus' feet.

Wherever duty calls you,
Dear children, quickly go;
And then, whatever befalls you,
God will His peace bestow.

When over life's rough pathway
Your failing feet have trod,
Then may you, with the Shepherds,
Be called to meet your God.



HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS ASLEEP IN THE ARMS OF MARY

SLEEP, Jesus, sleep,
Upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie—
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Jesus, sleep,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Jesus, sleep;
O take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
Which death alone shall close.

Then must those hands,
Which now so small I see,
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me ?

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live ?

O Mary blest! Sweet Virgin,
hear my cry:
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die.





CHRISTMAS OFFERING OF THE CHILDREN.

LORD, what shall we bring Thee, poor children of earth,
Upon this happy Christmas morn ?
Thou hast given us all; on this day of Thy Birth,
We would fain make Thee some return.

*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And give our childish hearts to Thee.*

When tempted to murmur at crosses so light,
We find in our journey below,
Let us look on Thy cross, and the pitiful sight
Shall courage to bear them bestow.

*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And yield our murmuring hearts to Thee.*

Should the sharp thorns of life make our tender feet smart,
Dear Jesus, we'll think on Thy crown:
Oh! may not our sins wound Thy Merciful Heart,
As it's thorns weighed Thy weary Head down.

*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And give our sorrowing hearts to Thee.*

If our hands e'er refuse to give to Thy poor,
Or folded in sloth shall lie still,
By Thy Hands- which were wounded our souls to restore,
Dear Lord, bend our hearts to Thy Will.

*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And give obedient hearts to Thee.*

When from the straight pathway our feet go astray,
And wander in danger and sin,
By the wounds in Thy Feet, forgive us, we pray,
All is lost "less Thy pardon we win."

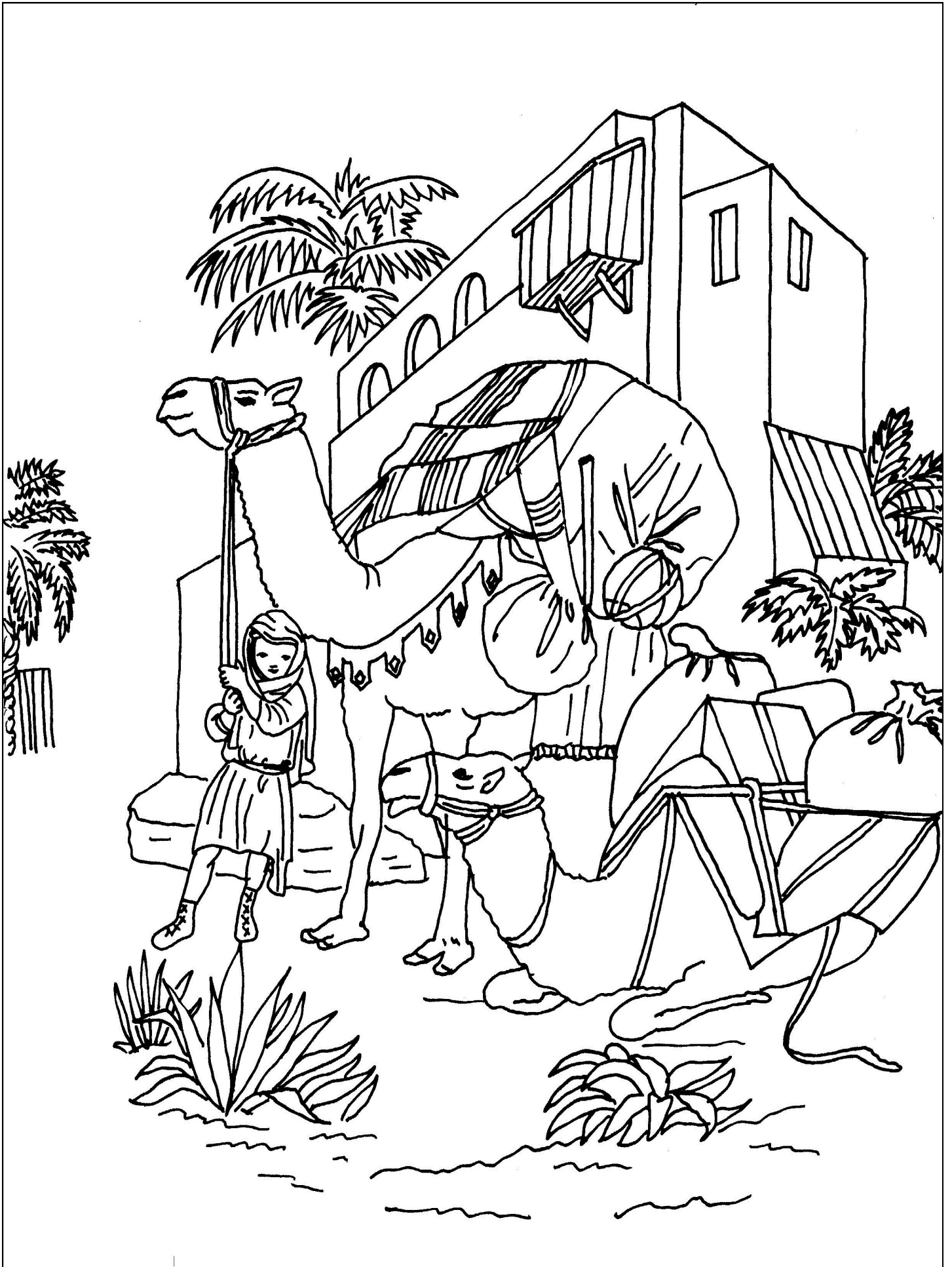
*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And trust our wandering hearts to Thee.*

When evil thoughts make their abode in the heart,
Fierce anger and envy and pride—
Shield us, kind Lord, bid temptation depart,
We pray, by the wound in Thy Side.

*Dear Infant Lord, we bend the knee,
And give repentant hearts to Thee.*







CHRISTMAS DAY

A CAROL

*"And all the angels in Heaven shall sing. On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day.
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing On Christmas-day in the morning"*

THEN Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows 'tis Christmas-day
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls,
And all the night the heavens shine
With lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With " Merry Christmas!" in their sleep,
And dream about the Christmas-tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift comes the hour of joy and cheer,
Of loving friends and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the " Merry Christmas!" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angel's song:

" Glory be to God above,
On earth be peace and helpful love !"
And on the streets, or hearths within,
The Christmas caroling begins:

*"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voices the praises"
Of our new-born King.*

*"Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to Me."*

*" Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day."*

St. Nicholas.



THE ANGEL GUARD

HOLY Child, in holy keeping!
Watched by angels in Thy sleeping.

Infant weak, yet mighty Lord!
By Thy heavenly guard adored:

Haunts the coming time Thy dreaming,
When Thou shalt die for man's redeeming?

Thy Mother's grief dost Thou behold—
Her heart bowed down by woe untold ?

See'st Thou the life before Thee—
Does shadow of the cross fall o'er Thee ?

Dost dream how man requites Thy love,
Thou Lamb of God, Thou sinless Dove ?

Ingratitude, and mocking scorn,
The cruel scourge, the crown of thorn ?

Hard is the heart can list the story
Of Thy sad life, O Lord of glory!

Can see of Thy great love the token,
And yet not be contrite and broken.

What child can read the plaintive story
Of Thy blest life, O Lord of glory!

And hasten not to bow before Thee,
And with the Angel Guard adore Thee!



A DAILY HYMN TO MARY.

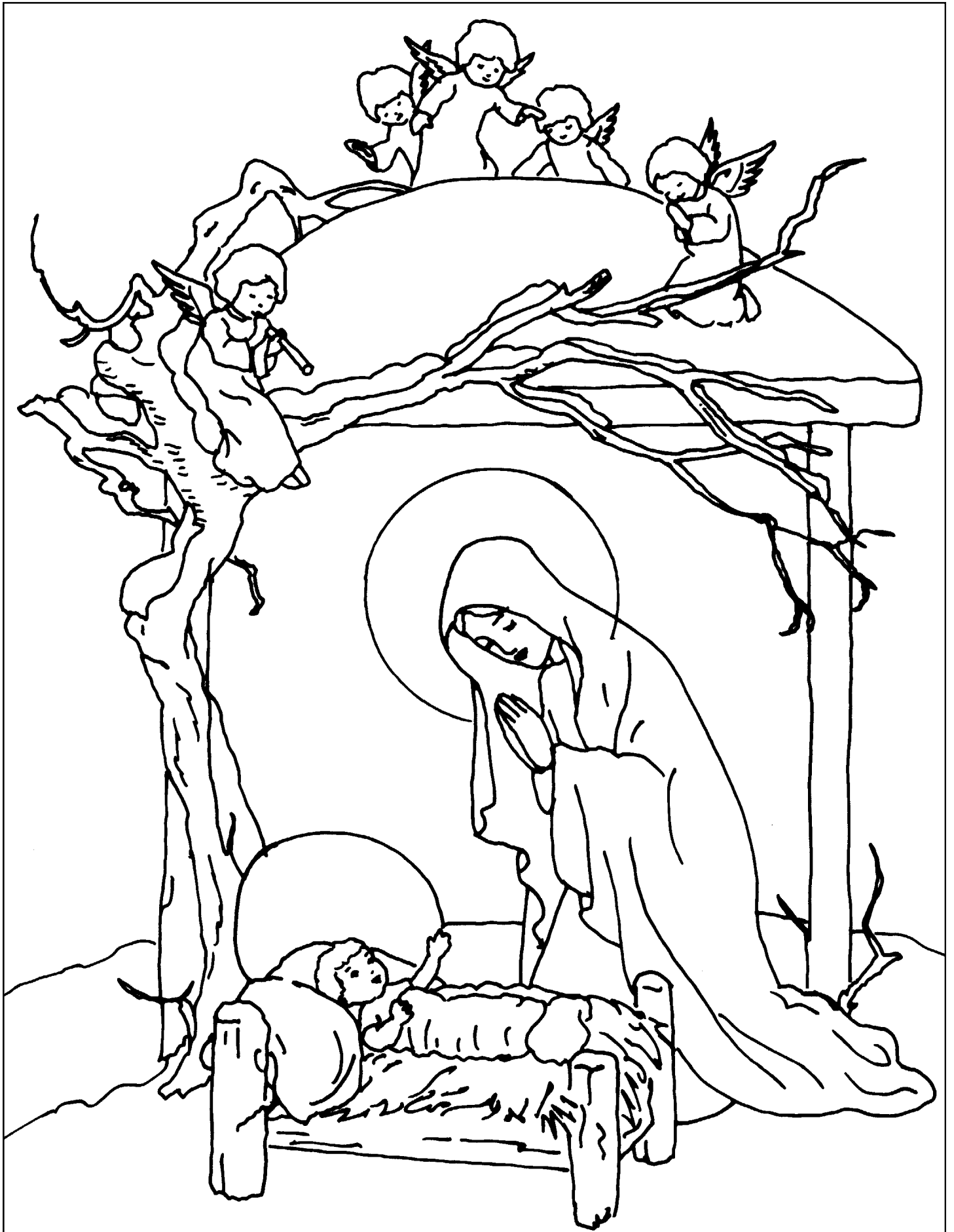
Mary! dearest Mother
From thy heavenly height
Look on us, thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary, purest creature !
Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring children
Peace in heaven to win.

Daughter of the Father!
Lady kind and sweet!
Lead us to our Father;
Leave us at His Feet.

Jesus! hear Thy children
From Thy throne above,
Give us love of Mary
As Thou wouldst have us love.

Rev. F. W. Faber.



THE CHRISTMAS MASS.

THE air is cold and silent,
The midnight hour is past,
The dawn is only coming,
The moon is waning fast.

You see the gleaming river,
And the star-light on its tide—
A giant sword of silver
Hung at the black night's side.

The stars are bright above you,
Long have those eyes kept ward,
Long have they watched and waited
For the coming of the Lord.

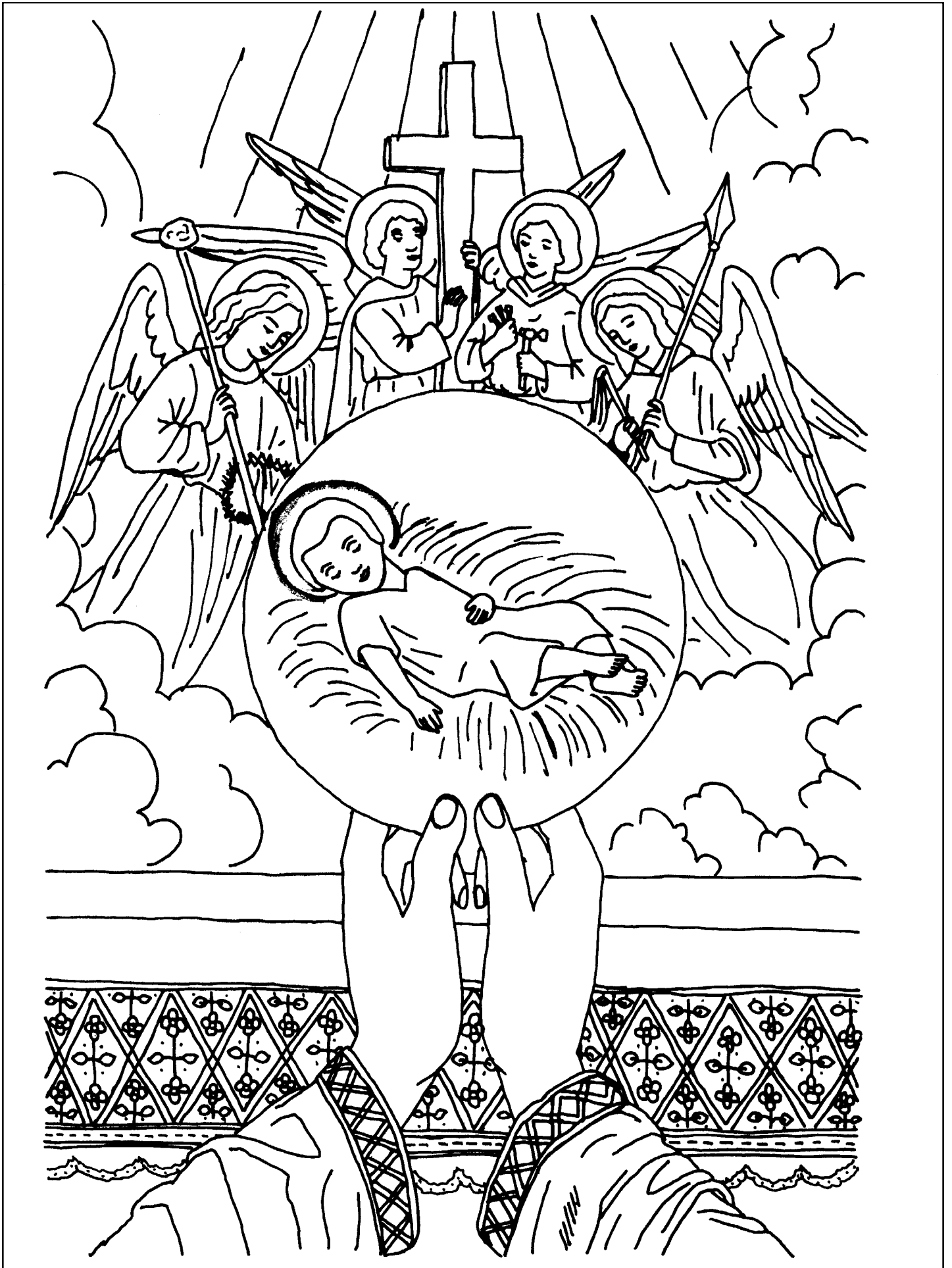
And now they count your footsteps,
Steps echoing in the street—
Angels' eyes I they count your footsteps
As you go the CHILD to greet.

At last you reach the threshold,
Where the sacred candle's light
Rests on the blind old beggar,
Gives a blessing to the night.

The blind old beggar thanks you,
As he never did before;
For who can be a miser,
On this morn at Christ's own door ?

In all the glorious hours
Of the golden Christmas day,
Is there any purer, sweeter,
Than the one that leads the way
To the manger of the CHRIST-CHILD,
To the altar of the King,
To the temple of the Holy,
Where the joyous angels sing ?

Maurice F. Egan



CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

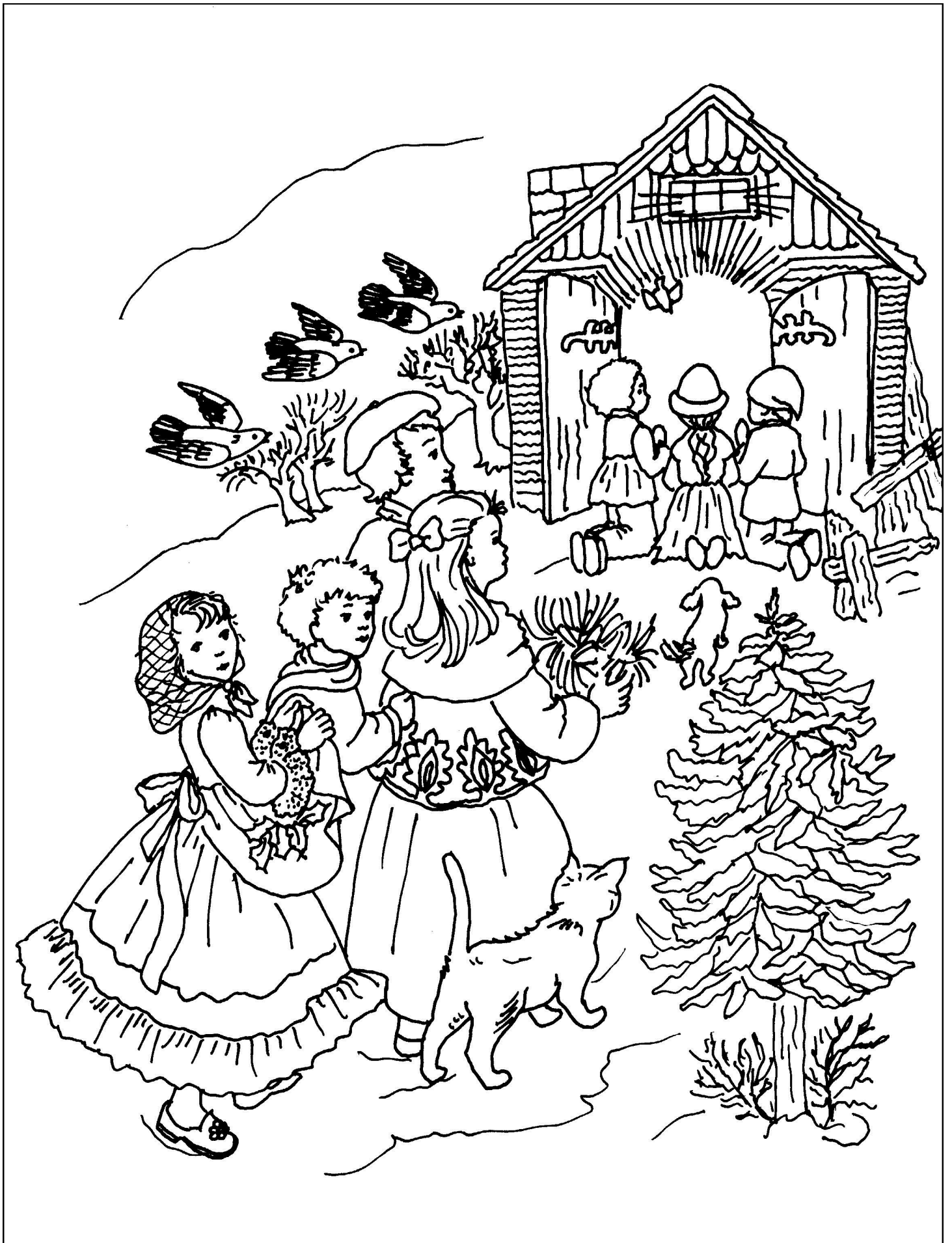
ROUND the throne of God in Heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

What brought them to that world above,
That Heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,—
How came those children there ?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and priceless flood,
Behold them white and clean!

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace;
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anna Shepard



THE CHILD'S DESIRE

THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen
His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
" For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



A PRAYER

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy words into our minds instill;
To make our lukewarm hearts to glow .
With lowly love and fervent will.
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.



THE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

HEROD, the wicked King, is gone;
No sorrowing tears for him are shed,
Full many a heart he made forlorn,
When Jesus from his anger fled.

"Rise Joseph, take the little child,
(Tis' thus the angel gives command)
And bring Him with the Mother mild
To Israel, -the Holy Land."

With joy Saint Joseph hears the word
From mouth of heavenly messenger;
And Mary's inmost heart is stirred
When Jesus speaks the word to her.

"Come, Thou sweet Child, we'll homeward go,
Where first the Shepherds welcomed Thee;
Gladly wilt Thou return, we know,
Our humble home once more to see.

" We bid farewell, poor heathen land!
No longer dare we linger here—
Though Jesus holds thee in His hand,
Thou hast not known thy Lord was near."

Led by His parents, that fair Child,
So full of wisdom and of grace,
With heavenly talk the way beguiled,
As that long homeward road they trace.

From Thy high throne, O God, look down
Thy loved ones from all danger shield;
The king who wears Judea's crown .
Must to the King of Heaven yield.

To Nazareth, in Galilee,
By threats of cruel tyrant driven;
With Mary and Saint Joseph, see
In lowly cot, the King of Heaven !

About that cot, with radiant wings,
The holy angels come and go—
For now they serve the King of kings-
Bending in adoration low.



GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel

"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou know'st it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine
Bring me pine logs hither
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear him thither."

Page and monarch forth they went
Forth they went together
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather

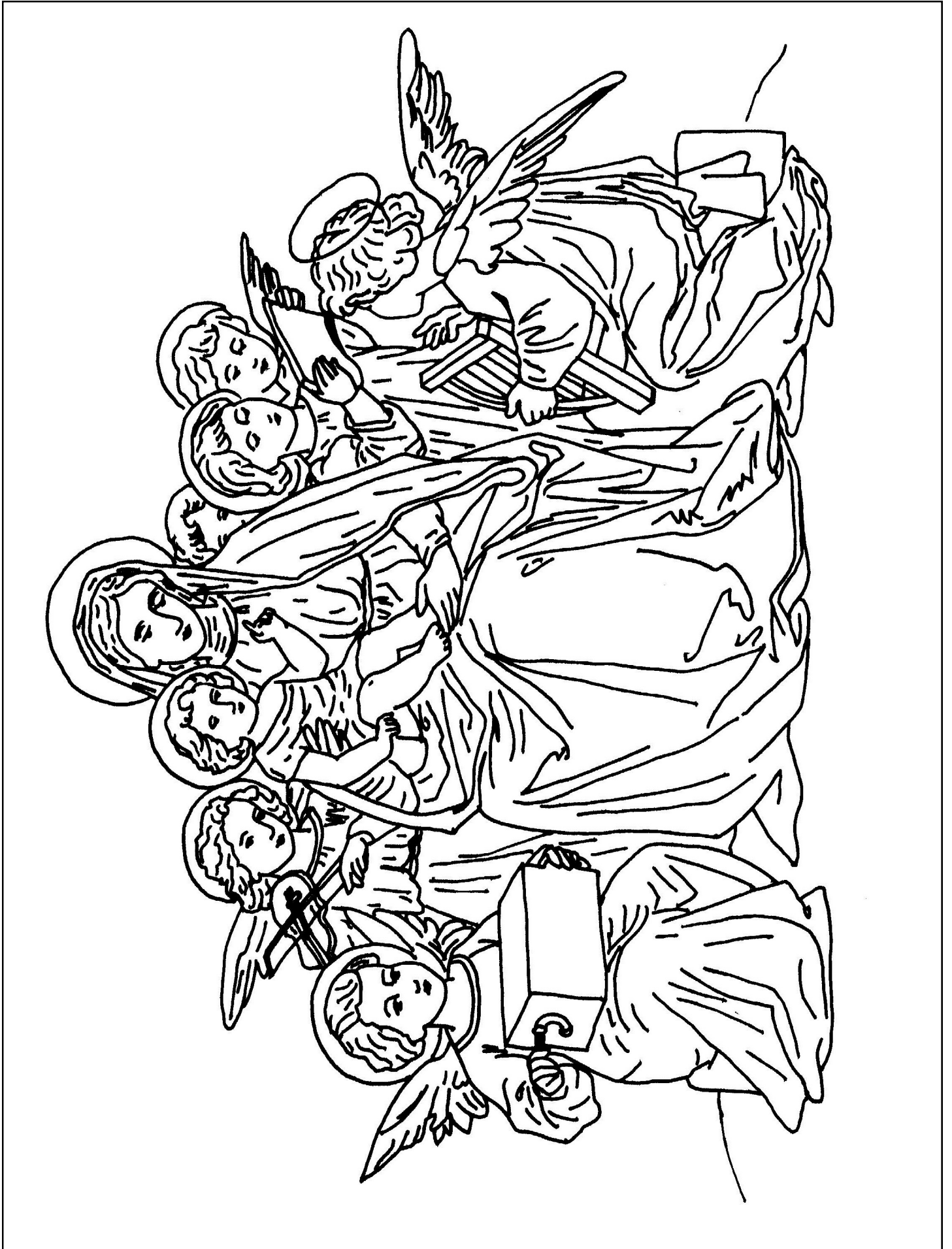
"Sire, the night is darker now
And the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed
Therefore, Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing



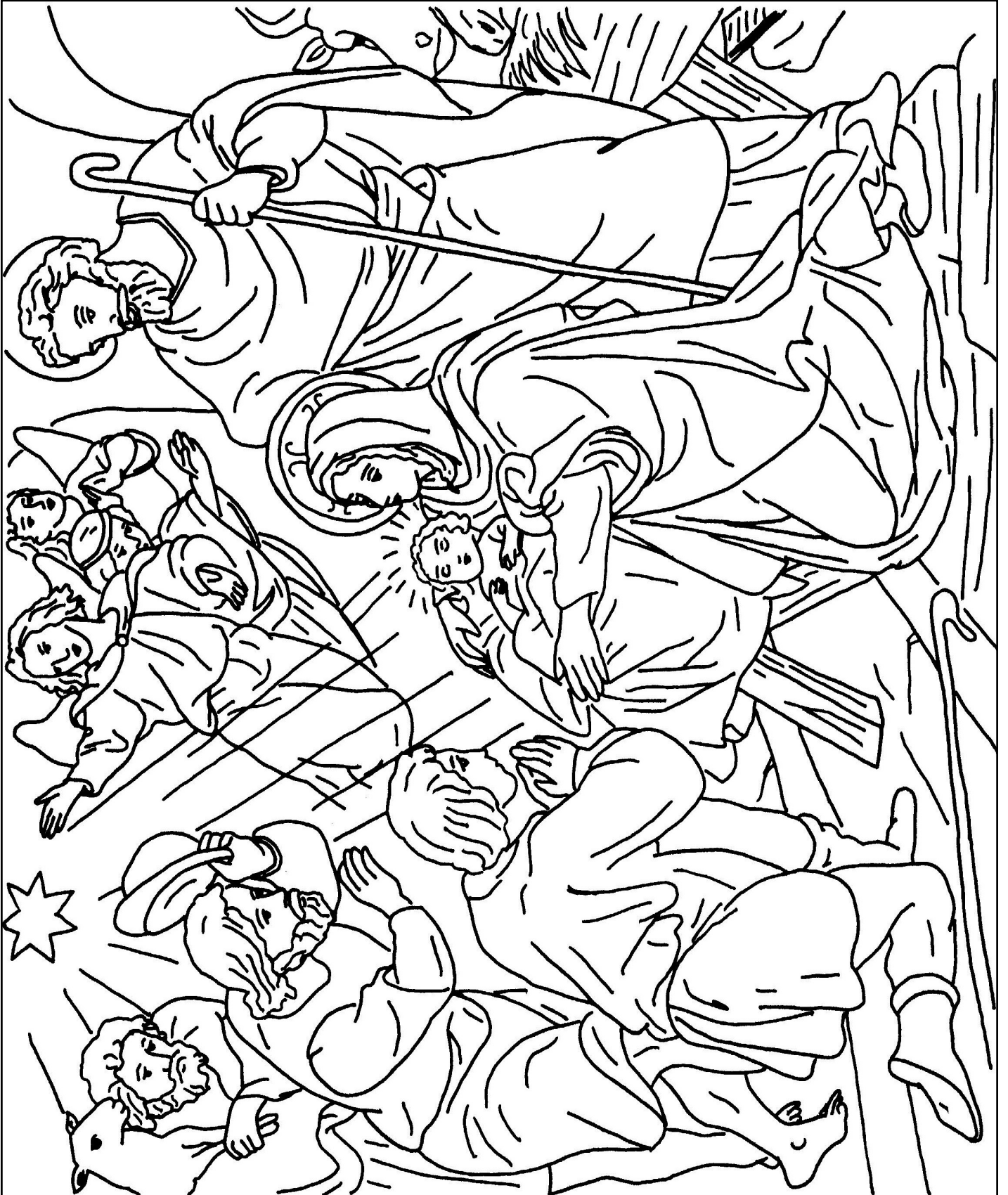


















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