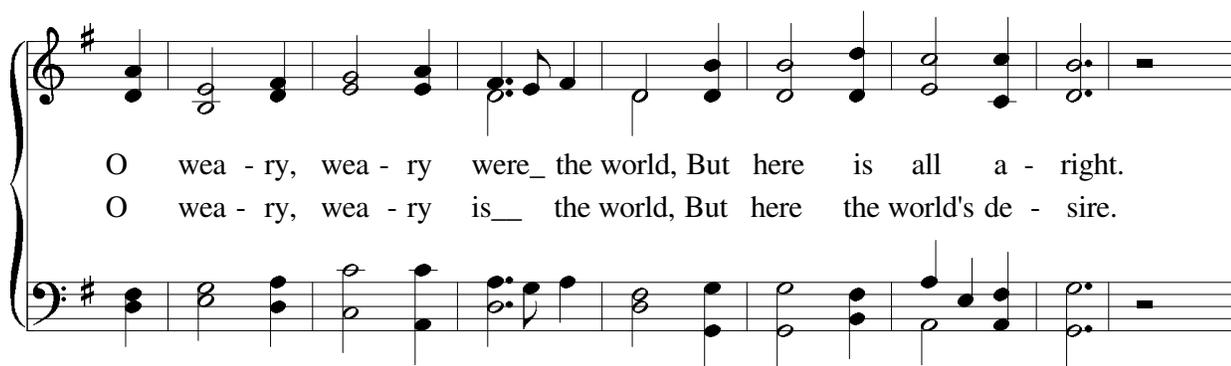
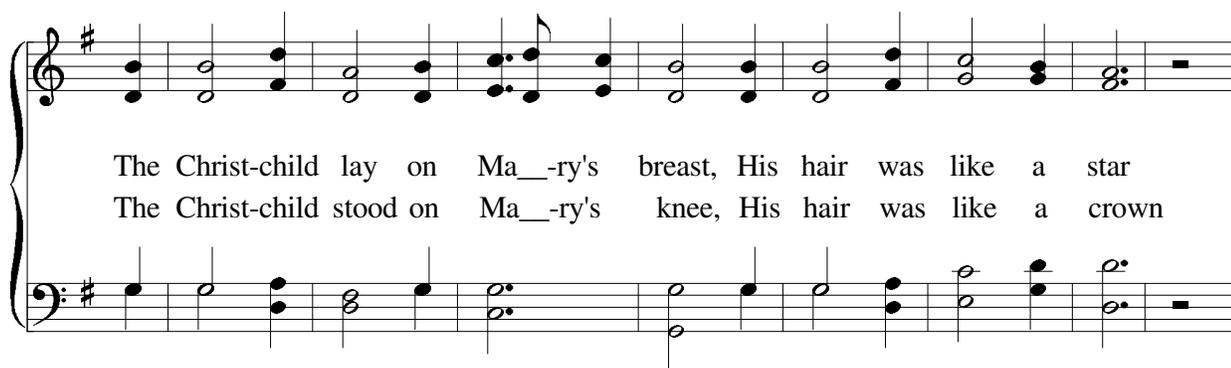


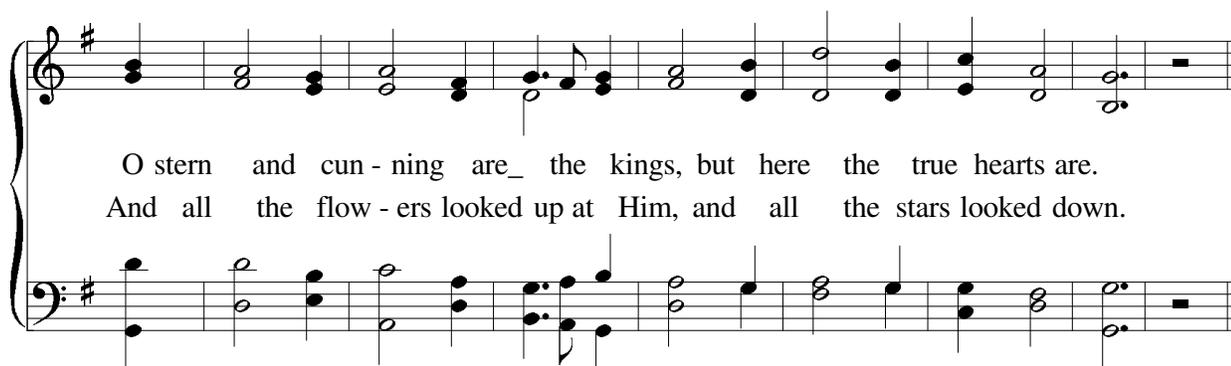
The Christ-child lay on Ma\_ry's lap, His hair was like a light  
The Christ-child lay on Ma\_ry's heart, His hair was like a fire



O wea - ry, wea - ry were\_ the world, But here is all a - right.  
O wea - ry, wea - ry is\_\_ the world, But here the world's de - sire.



The Christ-child lay on Ma\_ry's breast, His hair was like a star  
The Christ-child stood on Ma\_ry's knee, His hair was like a crown



O stern and cun - ning are\_ the kings, but here the true hearts are.  
And all the flow - ers looked up at Him, and all the stars looked down.

