

The Christmas Tree

Alice A. C. Phipps, 1905

Arthur F. Burnett

♩=93

1. Buds and flow'rs lie hid - den quite, Life to their roots doth creep;
 2. Can - dles gleam 'gainst tin - sel bright, Vy - ing with gifts of love;
 3. Hail! to thee, dear Christ - mas tree, Loved by the young and old,

Fair - y touch of snow - y sprite Lulls each to qui - et
 Stream - ing out through dark - ening night Blends with the stars a -
 Win - try blasts dis - turb not thee, Warm heart, that knows no

sleep. Now's the joy - ous Christ - mas - tide;
 - bove; Mu - sic, bells, and voic - es clear,
 cold. Earth has all her ver - dure lost,

Mirth wan - ders wide and free; In church and home on
 Laugh - ter and mer - ry glee, Tell that the dear Christ-
 A - waits the call su - pernal, Thou dost bloom thro'

Refrain

ev - ery side, Blossoms the Christmas tree.
 - child is here, Bless - ing our Christmas tree. Glo - ry to God in the
 chill - ing frost, Tree of life e - ter - nal.

high-est.