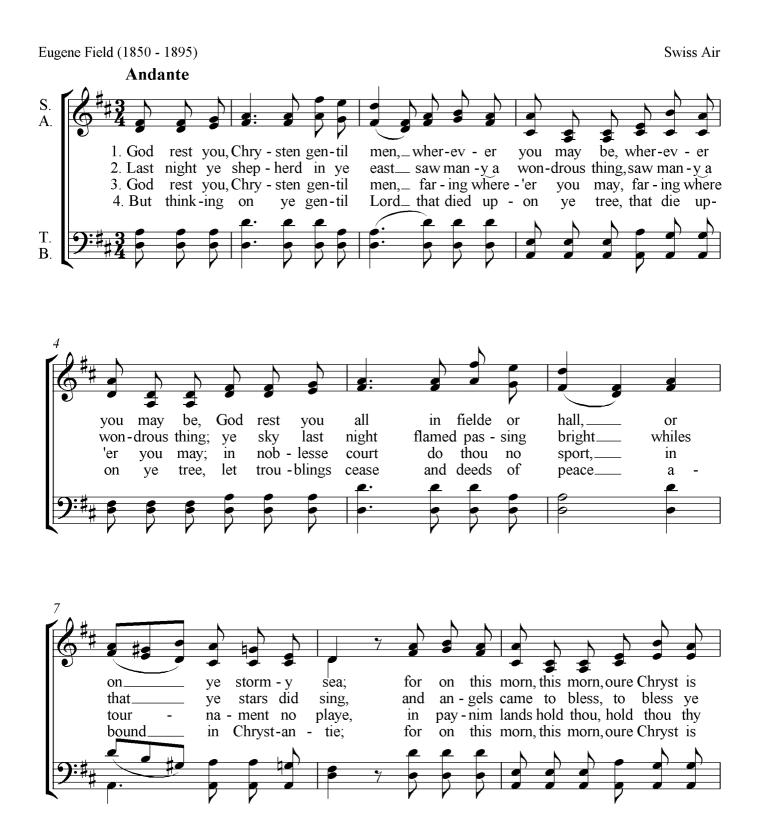
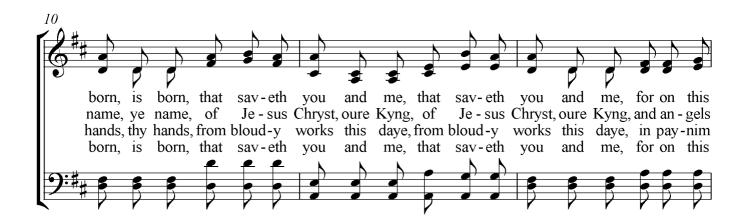
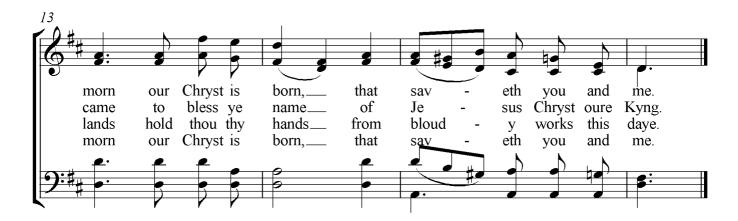
## **CHRISTMAS OF OLD**







Eugene Field: Chrystmasse of Olde (from "Western and Other Verse")

- 1. God rest you, Chrysten gentil men, wherever you may be, God rest you all in fielde or hall, or on ye stormy sea; for on this morn oure Chryst is born that saveth you and me.
- Last night ye shepherds in ye east saw many a wondrous thing; ye sky last night flamed passing bright whiles that ye stars did sing, and angels came to bless ye name of Jesus Chryst, oure Kyng.
- 3. God rest you, Chrysten gentil men, faring where'er you may; in noblesse court do thou no sport, in tournament no playe, in paynim lands hold thou thy hands from bloudy works this daye.
- 4. But thinking on ye gentil Lord that died upon ye tree, let troublings cease and deeds of peace abound in Chrystantie; for on this morn ye Chryst is born that saveth you and me.