

When in the Moon of Wintertide

Aaron Wuollet 2020
arr. Liisa Keranen

1. When in the moon of win - ter - tide, when cold and

dark and death al - lied, when laid in hay, of mor - tal

clay the age - old Pro - mise viv - i - fied.

2. Where did the Christ-child make His bed
Where lately sheep and oxen fed
Where in my breast I bid He rest
To salve and save as was foresaid

3. Why does He stoop, me to release
Why leave His heav'n, my woe to cease
Why me, as I His cause belie
In love He bends to buy my peace

4. How dare I mouth this mystery
How dare I sip His sanctity
How, as His child by sin beguiled,
Dare I mistrust His mercy free

5. What sweeter message can we say
What finer grace mere words convey
What greater joy than this fair boy
Whose birth we hail on Christmas Day

6. Who hear His gospel and believe
Who meekly trust and Him receive
Who seek to walk amid His flock
Find help and hope, and gain reprieve