
Gentle Stars.

Gentle stars were sweetly shining
O'er the manger where He lay ;
Who, an Infant once reclining
Made this precious Christmas Day.
Flesh of our Flesh, just as we are,
Weak and faint, a little child ;
Thus He came, our Jesus, Brother,
To His brethren sin-beguiled.

Chorus.—With glad voices then may we,
Sing around our Christmas Tree :
None can love us as did he,
On this blest nativity.

Glad Tidings.

Glad tidings to the shepherds,
Brought the messengers of old,
Who came on radiant pinions,
With their shining harps of gold,
On the first bright Christmas morning,
In the ages far away,
And they sang the birth of Jesus,
As we sing it here to-day.

Chorus.—Ringing out, ringing out
Are the joy-bells,—gayly ringing,
Glad tidings from the skies.