

And where the dawn is streaking  
The eastern sky, afar,  
They see the glory breaking  
From off a new-born Star !  
It shines above the manger  
Wherein a babe is born,  
And for that infant stranger  
Archangels hail the morn !

No kingly crown awaits him,  
No robe of Tyrian dye,  
But heavenly choirs his praises  
Are sounding through the sky !  
For Bethlehem's lowly manger  
The King of kings contains !  
And Glory ! Glory ! Glory !  
The Lord of all he reigns !

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### Sing sweet Carols.

Sing sweet carols, Christ is born,  
Glory, hallelujah !  
Sing sweet songs for Christmas morn,  
Glory, hallelujah !  
Hear the angels' song afar,  
As it floats from star to star,  
As it floats from star to star,  
Glory, hallelujah !