

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 !

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 !