

O Thou who welcome news dost bring,
To ev'ry soul both far and near ;
Lift up thy voice with strength,
Lift up thy voice with strength and sing,
Behold your God, Redeemer, King.

Hail, mighty Prince ! eternal King,
Let heav'n and earth rejoice and sing ;
Angels and men, with one accord,
Break forth in songs to praise the Lord,
Break forth in songs to praise the Lord.

Behold, He comes and leaves the skies !
Awake, ye slumb'ring mortals, rise !
Awake to joy, and hail the morn,
The Saviour of the world is born,
The Saviour of the world is born.

The Angels' Song.

- (*Boys*) Harken ! sisters, harken !
What glorious sounds we hear,
Above Judea's verdant hills
On airs of midnight clear.
Hark the strain ! 'tis floating nigh,—
Strain of sweetest melody :—
(*Boys*) "Glory be to God on High !"
"Glory be to God on High !"
(*Cho.*) "Glory be to God on High !"
(*Girls*) Listen ! brothers, listen !
The music does not cease ;
Angelic voices warble still,
"And on the earth be Peace."