

A Christmas Anthem.

Words by C. O. A. FRASER.

[For the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.]

Musio by CHAS. R. SINCLAIR.

So sang the an - gels, 'mid the stars on high, Glo - ry to God, on earth good will to men, Re -

eo - ho far the an - them of the sky; Ye roll - ing a - ges chant the glad re - frain.

CHORUS.

f Glo - ry to God on high, Who gave His Son to die For man de - filed. *ritard. p* We

hail the hal - lowed morn, The Lord of life was born, God's ho - ly child.

Let war its clamour still, and sheath the sword,
And sceptred potentates their homage lend;
In Bethlehem's lowly shade, behold the Lord!
Adoring, bow the knee, your praises blend.

That natal morn redeems all other days,
The blessed advent of the Christian year;
It smiles on all, munificent with grace,
A light from heaven reaching far and near.

Ye sons of wealth, your goodliest treasures bring,
To pining haunts of poverty repair;
Lay out your tribute to the new-born King;
The poor of earth are His peculiar care.

Yea, stoop to cheer the wretched and the vile;
Grudge not a hand to succour and to save;
He stooped for you, poor slaves of sin and guile,
And bowed His head to sorrow and the grave.