

God giveth all. The ravens call.
He hears them. So let us begin.
He hears alway, when children pray ;
For He himself a child hath been.

Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily sing we all, &c.,

Dear Lord we would not selfish be,
All hearts are not so glad as we.
Remember, then, thy poor to-night,
And flood their darkness with Thy light ;
The hungry feed, the wanderers lead,
The sorrowing soothe, the captive free.
And pity, we pray, on the children's day,
All those who have no Christmas-tree.

Chorus.—Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all, &c.,

Where Greenwood Garlands Sweetly Twine.

Where greenwood garlands sweetly twine,
Where wave the plumes of fir and pine,
We shout glad news, the Saviour's born,
This Christmas morn, this jewelled morn.

The Lord of Grace and boundless love,
Stoops from His throne, all thrones above,
To save His wounded lambs and torn,
This Christmas morn, this gladsome morn !