



GLORY TO GOD.

*I*n the midnight's solemn silence,
 While the shepherds watch afar,
 On a sudden glows the radiance
 Of the wondrous Christmas star.

Hark ! amid its silvery gleaming,
 Angel voices from above
 Bring to man the happy tidings,
 Full the measure of God's love.

To the tiny, slumb'ring Infant,
 Nestled 'gainst His Mother's breast ;
 For though Lord of earth and heaven,
 As the Saviour, He must rest.

See, the sound of heav'nly music
 Wakes the Blessed Babe so fair,
 And His Infant hand He stretches
 Forth to bless the shepherds there.

Now these watchers of the hillside
 Down in adoration kneel.
 God hath granted to the lowly
 First His blissful love to feel !