

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*C*OME sound in sacred melody
The praise of Him to-day,
Who took the form of sinful man,
To wipe our sins away:
Let's sing the lowly manger—
To which the shepherds came—
With hastening steps to Bethlehem
To glorify His name.

In heaven, the holy angel
Will strike the golden string,
On earth, let man and maiden
With sacred pathos sing:
To-day the world's Redeemer
Came down from heaven above,
To guide our erring footsteps—
To teach us hope and love.

To Christ our hearts are lifted
On this His natal day,
And through a thousand ages
Mankind shall sing and pray;
Then sing with joy and gladness,
For this is Christmas day,
When sin and earthly sadness
Through Him are smoothed away.



Come sing in sweetest music,
The holy Infant born
Within the humble stable
Upon that far-off morn.
With heart and voice to heaven,
Oh, send the song of praise,
And supplicate our Saviour
To be with us always.

All hail! then, to the Godhead—
The holy Three in One—
To God, the world's Creator:
To Jesus Christ, His Son.
Praise Him until in glory
He comes to give us rest—
Until He comes to take us
For ever to the blest. Amen.

H. Bright.