

Glad tidings, homeless Wanderer,  
He'll prepare a place for thee  
In His Father's House in Glory,  
Where are many mansions bright ;  
There, if here we love Him truly,  
We shall dwell with Him in light.

*Chorus.*—Ringing out, &c.,

### Cheerily, Cheerily, Sing We All.

Cheerily, Cheerily, sing we all,  
On Christmas Eve the shadows fall.  
On Christmas Morn the Sunlight breaks,  
And all the world to gladness wakes.  
The leaves are dead, the birds are fled,  
The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold ;  
But Bells may ring, and Children sing  
For bright and warm is our Shepherd's fold.

*Chorus.*—Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all,  
For the day of the year, it draweth  
near,  
We children love our own to call.  
Christmas, Sweet Christmas, wel-  
come here.  
Oh, day of days most dear, most dear,  
Christmas, Sweet Christmas, wel-  
come here.

Heavily hung is our Christmas-tree,  
Its boughs they glitter for you and me.  
The hemlock branches, piled with snow,  
In ever-green woods bend not so low.