

39

C. M.

*Joy at the Redeemer's birth.*

MORTALS, awake! with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love and gratitude combine  
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it  
And loud the echo rolled; [flew,  
The theme, the song, the joy, was  
new; [hold.

'Twas more than heaven could  
4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubio armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good-will and peace are heard  
throughout  
The vast celestial throng.

40

C. M.

*"There was with the angels a multitude  
of the heavenly host praising God."*

[It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold;  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to  
men,

From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they  
come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yot with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong; [not  
And man, at war with man, hears  
The love-song which they bring:  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

41

8,7,8,7,4,7

*The Adoration of Christ.*

ANGELS, from the realms of  
glory, [earth;  
Wing your flight o'er all the  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by  
night,  
God with man is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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8s & 7s.

*"The desire of all nations shall come."*

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free,  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a Child and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.  
By Thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.