

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME love, and let us sweetly sing
A carol to our Saviour King,
To-day is Christmas Day !
Make all the merry echoes ring;
O ! let all our hearts be gay
This happy holiday !
For Jesus left his home above,
Came down in lowliness and love,
To wash our sins away, and take away death's sting ;
So while we watch and pray, O, let us also sing !

Sing ? give the lordly hills a voice,
They wait in silence, yet rejoice.
Praise,—and they echo praise.
They long to join us in our joys;
'Tis ours to lead the lays.
Angels through endless days
With heavenly music clear and sweet
Bow low around their *Master's* feet.
As incense sweet our lays—our Christmas Carols—rise;
We sing our *Father's* praise, whose glory fills the skies.

Christmas Day, 1897.

