

Flinging back, flinging back  
Are our hearts and voices,—flinging  
The echoes sweet that rise,  
The echoes sweet that rise :—  
A Child is born, a Son is given,  
To us a glorious gift from Heaven.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia! Amen.

*Chorus.*—Ringing out, &c.

Glad tidings still are sounding  
Of a Saviour born to-day,  
To heal the broken hearted,  
And to wipe their tears away.  
Hark! He calls the heavy laden  
And the weary to His breast,  
And He takes their cares upon Him,  
Saying: “I will give you rest.”

*Chorus.*—Ringing out, &c.,

Glad tidings, little children,  
For a Child was born to-day,  
Who knows your many trials,  
And Who sorrows when you stray.  
Ever go to Him in trouble,  
Freely tell him all your grief,  
He's your dearest Friend and Brother,  
And can ever give relief.

*Chorus.*—Ringing out, &c.,

Glad tidings, lonely Captive,  
Jesus comes to set thee free.