

## A NEW PERIOD.

City of Bethlehem,  
 Christ's own House of Bread,  
 From whence came the leaven  
 That will raise the dead.

Awake from thy darkness,  
 Accept the true light ;  
 Thy houses now cheerless,  
 Will all then be bright.

This desert shall rejoice,  
 And bloom as the rose,  
 For Messiah's sweet voice  
 Sin's reign soon will close.

The ransom'd will return,  
 With joy on their heads,  
 The redeem'd will sojourn,  
 As prophets have said.

With God's glory around,  
 Thy mountains shall glow,  
 When all hallowed the ground,  
 A pure vine shall grow.

In whose branches the birds  
 Shall sing with one song,  
 And the fruit of Christ's words  
 Be seen in the throng.

No more shall the curse  
 God's children oppress,  
 Neither mourner nor hearse  
 Their hearts shall distress.

Awake, then, this New-Year,  
 Arouse thee from sleep ;  
 Angel voices I hear,  
 Their vigils they keep.

Hark ! the Archangel's voice  
 Proclaims He is come.  
 The righteous rejoice,  
 A crown they have won.