

IN THE BEAUTY OF THE LILIES
CHRIST WAS BORN ACROSS THE SEA.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT CAME FROM 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 ALMIGHTY KING,"
THE WORLD IN SOLEMN STILLNESS LAY
TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

TILL THROUGH THE CLOVEN SKIES THEY CAME
WITH PEACHTREE WINGS EXPANDED,
AND STILL THEIR HEAVENLY MUSIC FLOATED
OVER ALL THE WEARY WORLD;
ABOVE ITS SAD AND LOWLY PLAINS
THEY RODE ON BOWING WINGS,
AND FROM OUR EYES RAN RIVERS OF TEARS
TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

BUT WITH THE WORK OF SIN AND STRIFE
THE WORLD HAS SUFFERED LONG;
BENEATH THE ANGEL'S FEET HAVE ROLLED
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF WOE;
AND MAN, AT WAR WITH MAN, HEARS NOT
THE LOVE SONG WHICH THEY BRING,
O HUSH THE NOISE, YE MEN OF STRIFE,
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING!

AND YET, BENEATH LIFE'S CRUELING LOAD,
WHOSE FORMS ARE BENDING LOW,
WHO TOIL ALONG THE CLIMBING WAY
WITH PAINFUL STEP AND SLOW,
LOOK NOW FOR GLAD AND GOLDEN HOURS
COME SWIFTLY ON THE WING,
O REST BESIDE THE WEARY ROAD,
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING!

FOR LO! THE DAYS ARE HASTENING ON
BY ANGEL'S FEET FORETOLD,
WHEN WITH THE EVER-CHANGING YEARS
COMES ROUND THE AGE OF GOLD;
WHEN PEACE SHALL OVER ALL THE EARTH
ITS ANCIENT SILENCE FOLD,
AND THE WHOLE WORLD GIVE BACK THE SONG
WHICH NOW THE ANGELS TOLD.

THE NEW-BORN KING.

ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY,
WING YOUR FLIGHT OVER ALL THE EARTH,
YE WHO SANG CREATION'S STORY,
NOW PROCLAIM MENELE'S BIRTH
COME AND WORSHIP,
WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.

SHEPHERDS, IN THE FIELD ABIDING,
WATCHING OVER YOUR FLOCKS BY NIGHT,
GOD WITH MAN IS NOW REJOINING,
TENDER SIKES THE INFANT LIGHT,
COME AND WORSHIP,
WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.

SAGES, LEAVE YOUR CONTEMPLATIONS,
BRIGHTER VISIONS BEAM AHEAD,
SEEK THE GREAT DESIRE OF NATIONS,
YE HAVE SEEN HIS NATAL STAR,
COME AND WORSHIP,
WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.

SINNERS, REPENT THE SINS OF YOUR PAST,
WATCHING LOVE IS HOPE AND FAITH,
REDEMPTOR, THE LORD, HERE HAS COME,
IN HIS TEMPLE SHALL APPEAR
COME AND WORSHIP,
WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.

SINNERS, WHEN WITH YOUR REPENTANCE,
BROUGHT FORGET TO ENJOY HIS FAITH,
JUSTICE NOW REVEALS THE SINFUL PAST,
MERCY CALLS YOU—HOLDEN YOUR BREATH,
COME AND WORSHIP,
WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT,
CAME HEAVEN'S MELODIOUS STRAINS,
WHICH WILD JUDAH SCOUTED FAR
HER SILVER-ANTLERED PLAINS,
PLEASANT CHOICES FROM CITIES ABOVE
SOUND SACRED HARBORS THERE,
AND ANGELS, WITH THEIR SPARKLING LYRES,
MADE MUSIC ON THE AIR.

"GLORY TO GOD!" THE LIPS STRAIN
THE HEAVEN OF ETERNITY;
HOW SWEEP THE SONG OF SOLEMN JOY
OVER JUDAH'S SACRED HILLS!
"GLORY TO GOD!" THE SOUNDING SITES
LOD WITH THEIR ANTHEM KING,
"PEACE ON THE EARTH, GOOD-WILL TO MEN,
FROM HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING."

THIS DAY SHALL CHRISTIAN VOICES BE MUTE,
AND CHRISTIAN HEARTS BE COLD
O CATCH THE ANTHEM THAT FROM HEAVEN
OVER JUDAH'S MOUNTAINS ROLLED!
WHICH SOUNDS HERE FROM SILENT HILLS
THE HIGH AND SOLEMN LAY,
"GLORY TO GOD, O EARTH BE PEACE,
SALVATION COMES TO-DAY!"

THE ANSWERING HILLS OF PALESTINE
SEND BACK THE GLAD REPLY,
AND GREET FROM ALL THEIR HOLY HEIGHTS
THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH;
OVER THE DEEP DEPTHS OF GALILEE
THEY COME A HOLIER GALE,
AND SHADON WAKES IN SOLEMN PRAISE
HER SILENT GROVES OF PALM.

LIGHT ON THY HILLS, JERUSALEM!
THE SAVIOR NOW IS BORN!
BORN BRIGHT ON BETHLEHEM'S JOYOUS PLAIN
BROKEN THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MOON,
AND BRIGHTER ON MORIAH'S HILL,
CROWNED WITH HER TEMPLE SPIRES,
WHICH FIRST PROCLAIM THE NEW-BORN LIGHT,
CLOTHED WITH ITS ORIENT FIRE.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT,
ALL SEATED ON THE GROUND,
THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME DOWN,
AND GLORY MOVED AROUND.

"FEAR NOT," SAID HE, "FOR NIGHTY DREAD
HAD SLEPT THEIR THOUGHTLESS MIND,
"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY I BRING,
TO YOU AND ALL MANKIND."

"TO YOU, IN DAVID'S TOWN, THIS DAY
IS BORN OF DAVID'S LINE,
THE SAVIOR, WHO IS CHRIST THE LORD,
AND THIS SHALL BE THE SIGN:

"THE HEAVENLY BABE YOU THERE SHALL FIND
TO RUSKIN VIEW DISPLAYED,
ALL NEATLY WRAPPED IN SWATHING-BANDS,
AND IN A MANGER LAY."

THIS SPACE THE SCRAP, AND FORTHWITH
APPEARED A SHINING THROAT
OF ANGELS, PRAISING GOD ON HIGH,
WHICH THEN ADDRESSED THEIR SONG:

"ALL GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH,
AND TO THE EARTH BE PEACE,
GOODWILL HENCEFORTH FROM HEAVEN TO MEN,
HEAVEN AND EARTH CEASE."

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES,
SO SWEETLY Sounding THROUGH THE SKIES?
LO! THE ANGELS' HOST REJOICES,
HEAVENLY Hallelujahs RISE.

LISTEN TO THE WONDERFUL STORY,
WHICH THEY CHANT IN RHYMS OF JOY:
"GLORY IN THE HIGHEST, GLORY,
GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH!"

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL FROM HEAVEN,
REACHING FAR AS MAN IS FOUND,
HOURS REDDED AND SINS FORGIVEN,
LO! OUR GOLDEN HARPS SHALL SOUND."

"CHRIST IS BORN, THE GREAT ANOINTED,
HEAVEN AND EARTH HIS PRAISES SING,
O HARKEN WHO GOD APPOINTED,
FOR YOUR PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING."

"HASTEN, MORTALS, TO ADORE HIM;
LEARN HIS NAME, AND TAKE HIS JOY;
TILL IN HEAVEN YE SING BEFORE HIM,
"GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH!"

JOY TO THE WORLD.

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME,
LET EARTH REJOICE HER KING,
LET EVERY HEART PREPARE HIM ROOM,
AND HEAVEN AND EARTH REJOICE.

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE SAVIOR REIGNS,
LET MEN THEIR SINS EMPLOY,
WILE FIELDS AND FLOODS, HILLS AND
REPEAT THE SUNDAY JOY.

NO MORE LET SIN AND SORROW GROW,
NOR THORN INFEST THE GROUND;
HE COMES TO MAKE HIS BLESSING FLOW
FAR AS THE CURSE IS FOUND.

DE REJOICE THE WORLD WITH TRUTH AND GRACE,
AND MAKES THE NATIONS PROVE
THE GLORIES OF HIS RIGHTNESS
AND WONDERS OF HIS LOVE.