

THREE

CHRISTMAS

CAROLS.

1. JOY, GREAT JOY.
2. HARK! THE JOYFUL LAY.
3. SWEET VOICES ARE RINGING.

BY

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

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# Joy, Great Joy.

LILY.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. Joy, great joy, the nev-er ending strain, Hark! we hear its welcome tones a -

gain Sweep-ing down the waste of time, Speeding on to ev - 'ry clime,

Spreading light where'er they fall, Bringing balm of hope to all. O the mer-ry,

O the merry, merry, merry lay, Christ the Lord was born on Christmas day.

2 Bethlehem's babe, in lowly manger laid,  
 Crowned our King in majesty arrayed,  
 From His temple in the sky,  
 Looks with gently beaming eye.  
 Deigns to hear the festive song,  
 Bursting from our youthful throng;  
 O the merry, O the merry, merry, merry lay,  
 Christ the Lord was born on Christmas day.

3 Year by year, the happy children meet,  
 Year by year, they sing at Jesus' feet;  
 How the earth from slumber woke,  
 When the shining angel spoke.  
 Each return of Christmas morn  
 Still proclaims a Saviour born.  
 O the merry, O the merry, merry, merry lay,  
 Christ the Lord was born on Christmas day.

# Hark! a Joyful Lay.



MISS FANNY CROSBY.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1 HARK! a joyful lay Wakes the world to-day; Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,

Men and an-gels say; On this hap-py morn Christ the Lord was born.

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Christ the Lord was born. Glory in the high-est,

Praise the Lord and sing, Welcome, child of prom-ise, Born our Sa-viour King.

2 Still the music swells,  
O the bliss it tells,  
Hear the anthem sweetly mingle  
With the silver bells;  
Loud and clear the chime  
Peace to every clime,  
Shout the birth of Christ the Saviour,  
Hail the Christmas time.  
CHO. — Glory, &c.

3 Blessed Christmas day,  
Couldst thou longer stay?  
But thy rosy hours are flying  
Like the smile away.  
Yet at Jesus' feet,  
Gladly while we meet,  
Eyes with tender love are sparkling,  
Hearts with rapture beat.  
CHO. — Glory, &c.

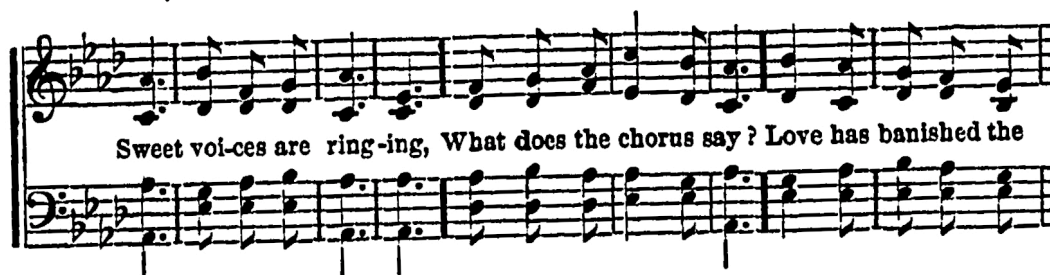
# Sweet Voices are Ringing.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

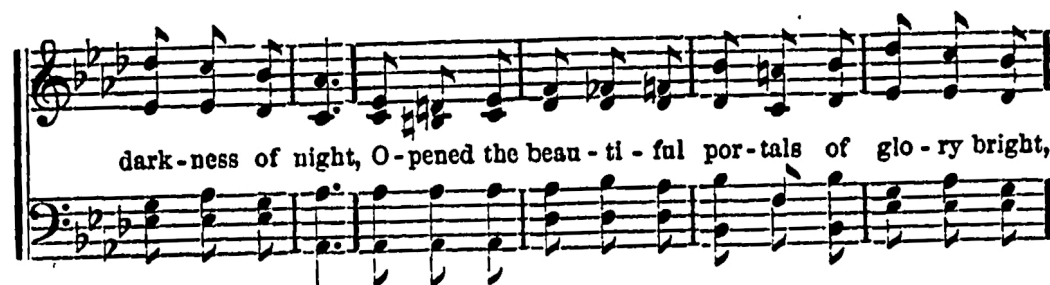
THEODORE E. PERKINS.



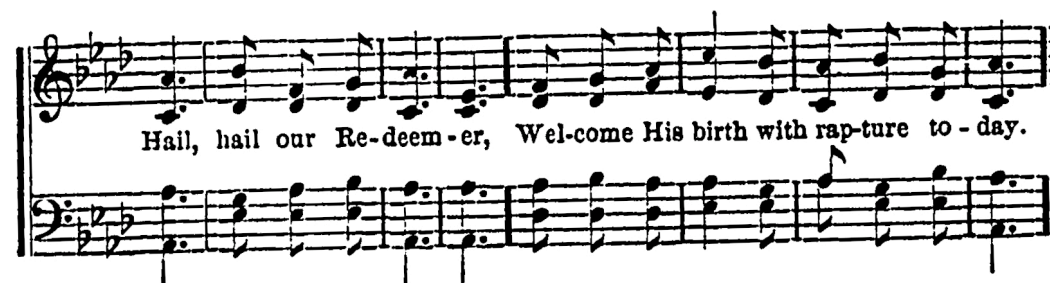
1 SWEET voi - ces are ring - ing, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing - ing.



Sweet voi - ces are ring - ing, What does the chorus say? Love has banished the



dark - ness of night, O - pened the beau - ti - ful por - tals of glo - ry bright,



Hail, hail our Re - deem - er, Wel - come His birth with rap - ture to - day.

2 O star of the morning,  
Nature in glory adorning,  
O star of the morning,  
Pure is thy golden ray.  
Now to Jesus our loving hearts bring,  
There would we honor and worship our Saviour King.  
Hail, hail our Redeemer,  
Welcome His birth with rapture to-day.

3 O wonderful story  
Sung by the angels in glory,  
O wonderful story  
Bear it in song away.  
Hear the echo of gladness that swells,  
Hark! 'tis the sound of the clear chiming silver bells.  
Hail, hail our Redeemer,  
Welcome his birth with rapture to-day.