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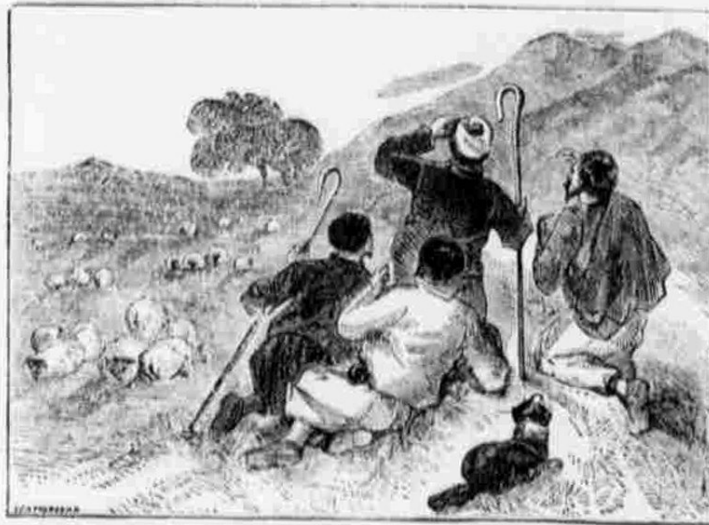
CAROLS

FOR

CHRISTMASTIDE.



"Peace on earth, good-will to men."



Issued by H. W. KNAUFF and B. FRANK WEYMAN.



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The happy Christmas comes once more.

No. 77. S. Sch. Bk.
Allegro.

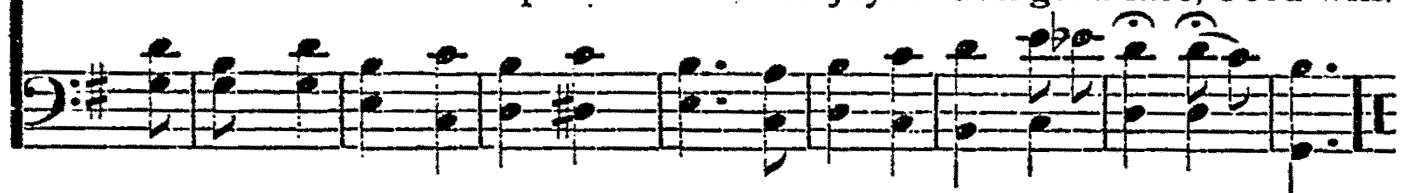
F. ZITTERBART, JR.



1. The happy Christmas comes once more, The heav'nly Guest is at the door,



The blessed words the shepherds thrill, The joyous tidings : Peace, Good-will.



2.

To David's city let us fly,
Where angels sing beneath the sky ;
Through plain and village pressing near,
And news from God which shepherds hear.

3.

O let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest flower of Jesse's stem.

4.

The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies ;
No crown bedecks his forehead fair,
No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

5.

No human glory, might and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold ;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His, whom angels' songs adore.

6.

O wake our hearts, in gladness sing,
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

7.

O holy Child, Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's bright light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

8.

Thou Patriarch's joy, Thou Prophets' song,
Thou heavenly Day-Spring, looked for long,
Thou Son of man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord !

9.

Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

Now we Bring our Christmas Treasures.

No. 53. S. Sch. Bk.

F. ZITTEBART, JR.

Moderato con moto.

1. Now we bring our Christmas treasures, Loving thoughts and

deeds we bring, Childlike hearts we glad - ly of - fer

To the Child, the child - ren's King. To the Child, who,

in the manger, Lay up - on that Christmas morn, When the angels

came to tell us That the children's King was born.

2 And He lives, throughout the ages, —
Lives and reigns in earth and sky;
Angel hosts still sing the glory
Of the children's King on high.

4 Yet He cares for children's praises:
So, with heart and voice we ring;
Glory in the highest, glory
To the Child, the children's King!

While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

No. 77. S. Sch. Bk.
Alle'o con motto.

F. ZITTERBART, JR.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The

Angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around. "Fear not," said he, for

mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To

you and all mankind. Halle - lu - ia, Halle - lu - ia, Halle - lu - ia, Hal - le

lu - ia. A - men.

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."
Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia. Amen.

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."
Halleluia, Halleluia, Halleluia. Amen.

Hark! the herald Angels sing.

No. 62. S. Sch. Book.

From Christmas Hymns. W. H. BIRCH.

1. Hark! Hark! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,
2. Christ, by high - est hea - ven a - dored,

"Glo - ry to the new - born King;
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:

p
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a

ff
re - con - cil'd! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise,
vir - gin's womb! Veiled in flesh, the God - head see,

p
Join the tri - umph of the skies; U - ni - ty!
Hail the In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as

6

HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

ver - sal na - ture say, Christ the Lord is
Man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus, our Im-

Chorus.
born to - day! Hark! Hark! Hark! the her - ald an-gels
man - uel here!

sing, Glo - ry, Glo - -

- ry, Glo - ry to the new-born king.

3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! etc.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Hark! etc.