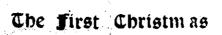


TABLET



19

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bymn for Cbristmas

Hark the sound of angel voices Breaks the silence of the night, Lot the heav'nly host rejoices 'Mid a flood of radiant light; And the shepherds gaze in wonder As they hear the angels sing: "Glory, glory in the highest, Glory to our new-born King."

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And the Maiden Mother holy Bids them to her Babe draw near, For she knows the poor and lowly To His Heart Divine are dear; , And they gather round the manger, And their hearts with glad accord Offer Him their loyal homage And proclaim Him Christ the Lord.

(Words and Music by His Eminence OARDINAL O'CONNELL.) As the shepherds hear the story Of Emmanuel's wondrous birth, Quick they haste to pay their homage To the King of Heav'n and Earth; All at Bethlehem's manger kneeling, By the light of faith they see God's own Son, His pow'r concealing, In the direst poverty.

> Come, then, Christians, let us gather With the shepherds and adore; Let us give Him our devotion And our love for evermore, For the Son of God, our Saviour, Asks us only for our love, And the Child Divine shall lead us To our home in heav'n above.

Chorus. Let the heav'ns and earth adore Christ the Lord, for He is King for evermore.