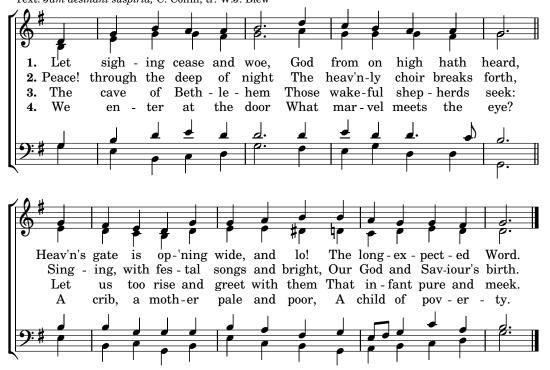
LET SIGHING CEASE AND WOE

Music: ST. MICHAEL (OLD 134TH), S.M.; L. Bourgeois, *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; adapt. W. Crotch Text: *Jam desinant suspiria*, C. Coffin; tr. W.J. Blew



- 5. Art Thou the eternal Son, The eternal Father's ray? Whose little hand, Thou infant one, Doth lift the world alway?
- 6. Yea- faith through that dim cloud, Like lightning, darts before, And greets Thee, at whose footstool bowed Heav'n's trembling hosts adore.
- Chaste be our love like Thine; Our swelling souls bring low, And in our hearts, O Babe divine Be born, abide, and grow.
- 8. So shall Thy birthday morn, Lord Christ, our birthday be, Then greet we all, ourselves new-born, Our King's nativity.