

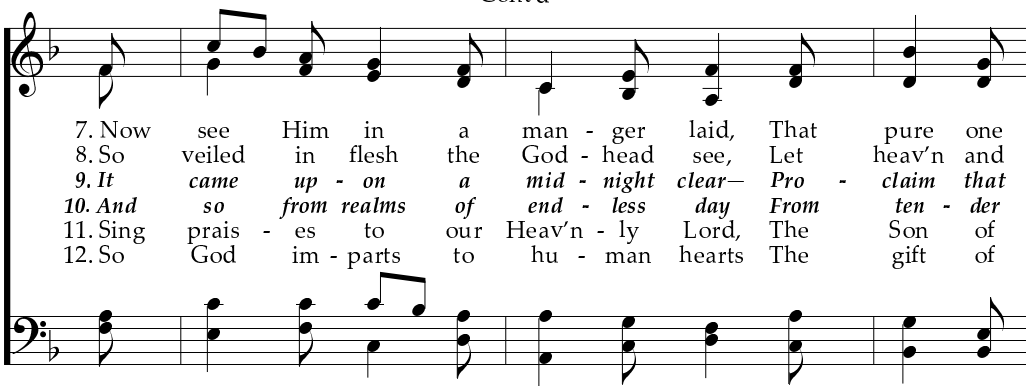
Echoing Their Joyous Strains

1. What Child is this, now laid to rest, With - in a
 2. This lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, Ob - scured in
 3. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, Let jus - tice,
 4. While *shep - herds watched their flocks by night,* The *vir - gin*
 5. So, Sav - ior of the na - tions, come, Let earth re -
 6. These an - gels fill the skies with praise, And moun - tains

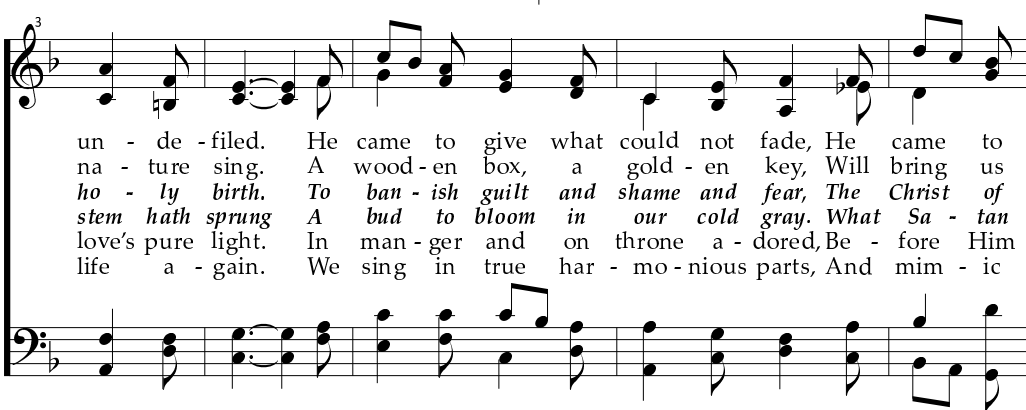
rus - tic stall? We hail the Sun of right-eous-ness, A gift of
 dark-ness lies, But an - gel hosts did not con-demn; They praise the
mer - cy kiss, De - liv - er us from death and Hell, And ran - som
toiled and gave The one de - sire of na - tions bright, To bring us
 ceive her King, And let us to - tal up the sum Of mer - cies
 in re - ply, And prom - ise that through end - less days We all will

God for - ev - er blest, To gain His ev - er - last - ing hall.
 roy - al di - a - dem And joined the tri - umph of the skies.
cap - tive Is - ra - el, For Je - sus Christ was born for this.
from e - ter - nal light, A Sav - ior who could ful - ly save.
 in that king - dom come, And ech - o why the an - gels sing.
 sing what glo - ry weighs And of - fer it to God Most High.

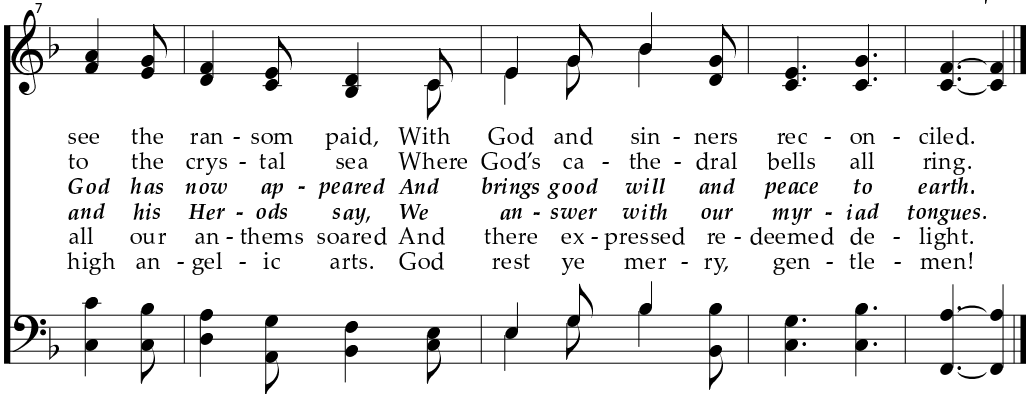
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7. Now see Him in a man - ger laid, That pure one
 8. So veiled in flesh the God - head see, Let heav'n and
 9. *It came up - on a mid - night clear - Pro - claim that*
 10. *And so from realms of end - less day From ten - der*
 11. Sing prais - es to our Heav'n - ly Lord, The Son of
 12. So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The gift of



un - de - filed. He came to give what could not fade, He came to
 na - ture sing. A wood - en box, a gold - en key, Will bring us
 ho - ly birth. To ban - ish guilt and shame and fear, The Christ of
 stem hath sprung A bud to bloom in our cold gray. What Sa - tan
 love's pure light. In man - ger and on throne a - dored, Be - fore Him
 life a - gain. We sing in true har - mo - nious parts, And mim - ic



see the ran - som paid, With God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.
 to the crys - tal sea Where God's ca - the - dral bells all ring.
 God has now ap - peared And brings good will and peace to earth.
 and his Her - ods say, We an - swer with our myr - iad tongues.
 all our an - thems soared And there ex - pressed re - deemed de - light.
 high an - gel - ic arts. God rest ye mer - ry, gen - tle - men!