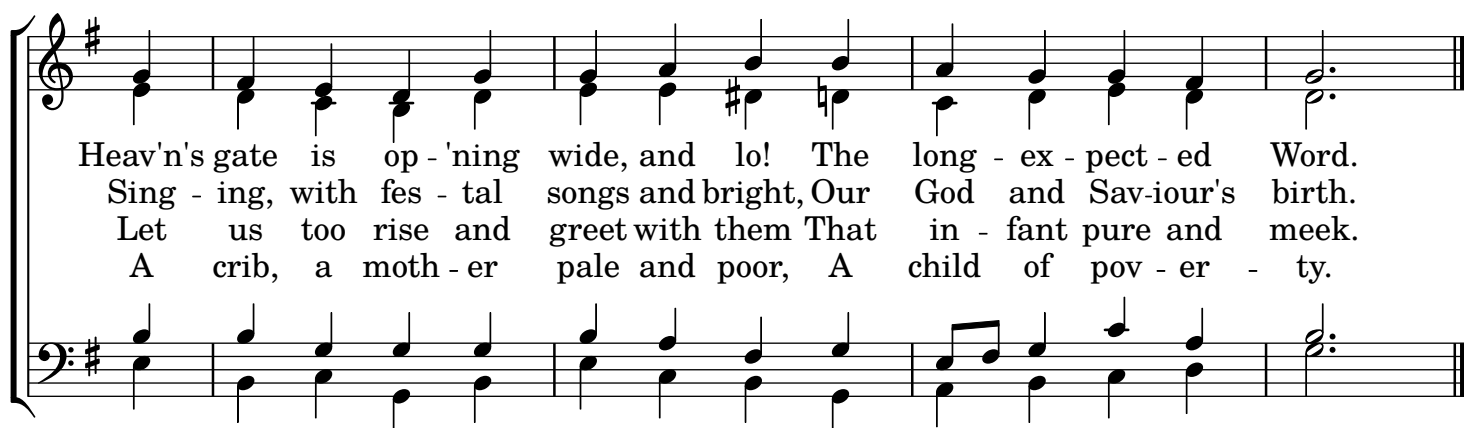


1. Let sigh - ing cease and woe, God from on high hath heard,
 2. Peace! through the deep of night The heav'n - ly choir breaks forth,
 3. The cave of Beth - le - hem Those wake - ful shep - herds seek:
 4. We en - ter at the door What mar - vel meets the eye?



Heav'n's gate is op - 'ning wide, and lo! The long - ex - pect - ed Word.
 Sing - ing, with fes - tal songs and bright, Our God and Sav - iour's birth.
 Let us too rise and greet with them That in - fant pure and meek.
 A crib, a moth - er pale and poor, A child of pov - er - ty.

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.

7. 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.

Jam desinant suspiria
 Charles Coffin; tr. W.J. Blew