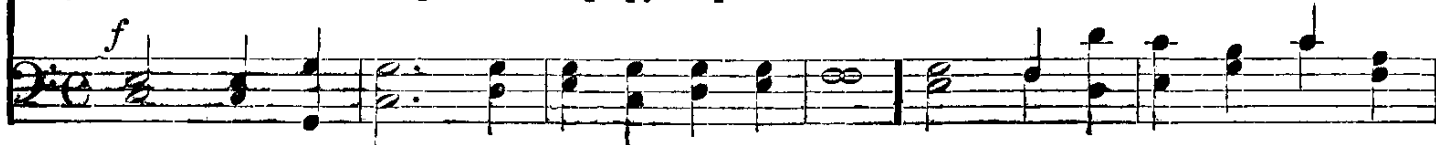


Christians, Awake

An old English Christmas Carol



1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man -
2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her - ald's
3. He spake; and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known be -
4. To Bethl'hem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won - der God had



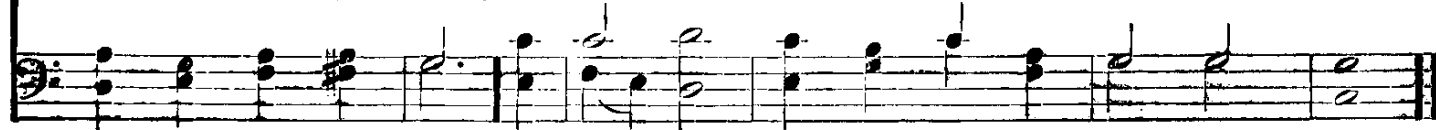
kind was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - ry of love,
 voice "Be - hold, I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth,
 fore, con - spire, The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,
 wrought for man, And found, with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid,



Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
 To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful -
 And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God's high - est glo - ry
 Her Son, the Sav - iour in a man - ger laid; A - mazed, the won - drous



tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
 filled His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."
 was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will.
 sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Sav - iour's name.



5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
 Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;
 He, that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all His glory shall display :
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS

J. J. ROUSSBAU

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
 2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay :
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard :

Heav'n-ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bused their King ;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days ;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee !
 How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.