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CHRISTMAS CANTATA,

CONTAINING

SPEECHES, DIALOGUES AND CAROLS,

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE USE OF

Sabbath Schools and Family Circle,

*Embracing the most Agreeable, Entertaining, and Instructive
Programme ever offered.*

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INTRODUCTORY.

FRIENDS to all a hearty welcome!
 We are glad to see you here;
 This you know is Merry Christmas!
 Happiest time of all the year.
 Listen, I will tell the story
 Of our dear Redeemer's love,
 How he came, a helpless infant,
 Came on earth from Heaven above:
 In the field were shepherds keeping
 Vigil o'er their flocks by night,
 And an Angel came upon them,
 All the place was full of light;
 And he said, Fear not O shepherds,
 Tidings of great joy I bring!
 Lo! this day in David's city,
 Christ the Lord is born your King!
 While He spoke from Heaven descending,
 Came a bright and shining throng,
 Praising God with loud Hosannas!
 'Till the world was filled with song.
 'Twas a happy Christmas morning,
 Not a cloud was in the sky;
 O'er the Savior's lowly manger
 Cherubs sung their lullaby;
 And His blessed Virgin Mother
 Lifted up her soul in prayer,
 While she kissed the precious infant
 Cradled on her bosom fair.
 This is why the world rejoices,
 When the Christmas day returns;
 This is why the bells are chiming,
 And each heart with rapture burns.

DIALOGUE.—MINNIE AND ANNIE.

MINNIE.—WHEN was the infant Savior born,
 Please tell me Annie dear?
 ANNIE.—'Twas in a country far away,
 In Bethlehem, of Judea;

And wise men to Jerusalem
 Came seeking him from far.

MINNIE.—How could they know He was born?

ANNIE.—They knew it by a star;
 They saw it shining in the East,
 A wondrous light it shed;
 And then the wise men quickly rose,
 And followed where it led.

MINNIE.—Did not King Herod's heart rejoice,
 That they such news should bring?

ANNIE.—No; he was troubled at their words;
 He was an evil king.

MINNIE.—But Annie, what became of them,
 Did they the Savior find?

ANNIE.—Oh! yes; the new created star
 To aid them was designed;
 It went before them shining on
 In splendor all the way,
 Just as our loving Savior leads
 His children every day.

MINNIE.—And when they saw the Holy Child,
 Did they with rapture sing;
 And do you think they then believed
 He was the Lord their King?

ANNIE.—They did; for kneeling at His feet,
 They worshiped Him they sought;
 Rich treasures from their native clime,
 And costly gifts they brought.

MINNIE.—Oh! merry, merry, Christmas time!
 I'm glad the Savior came;
 And with the Angels I would sing
 Hosanna to His name!

ANNIE.—Well, let us sing a chorus now,
 And hearts and voices join,
 To hail the birthday of our Lord,
 And praise His love divine.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

G. P. BENJAMIN.

1. How sweet-ly on the win-try air, A cho-rus loud and clear, Rings out the mer-ry
 2. He laid his crown of glo-ry by, He left his throne of light; And wond'ring an-gels
 3. O glo-ry, glo-ry, peace on earth, Good-will to man is given, The hand of mer-cy
 4. O while we think of bless-ings past, And all his love re-call, We'll crown him Pro-phet,

CHORUS.
 Good news...

Christ-mas time, The bright-est of the year. Good news, come one and all, Take
 sang his birth, A-mong the stars of night.
 o-pens wide, The pear-ly gates of heaven.
 Priest, and King, Re-deem-er, Lord of all.

up the joy-ful lay, And shout with grate-ful hap-py hearts, Our Lord was born to-day.

DIALOGUE.—JULIA, IDA, AND CLARA.

JULIA.

We want to bring something to Jesus,
And what shall that something be ;
To tell Him how much we love Him,
How merry and glad are we.

IDA.

I wish it were only spring time,
And nature was all in bloom,
For then we might gather blossoms
To waft Him their sweet perfume.

CLARA.

We ought to bring something to Jesus,
For this is the day of his birth ;
Oh ! think what a blessing He brought us—
The gift of salvation to earth.

JULIA.

We want to bring something to Jesus,
Some pledge He will deign to accept,
Some flowers that perhaps in the garden
Of memory have long been kept.

IDA.

We want to bring something to Jesus,
Some gift like the wise men of old ;
Sweet incense and myrrh they brought Him,
And treasures of purest gold.

CLARA.

I'll tell you, dear sisters, I'll tell you,
A gift that we all may give,—
Our hearts, with our prayers and a promise
For Him, our Redeemer, to live.

IN CONCERT.—JULIA AND IDA.

Oh ! yes ; and with joy we remember
That we in the Bible are told
Such offerings the Savior will value
Far dearer than silver or gold.

RECITATION.—By EMMA.

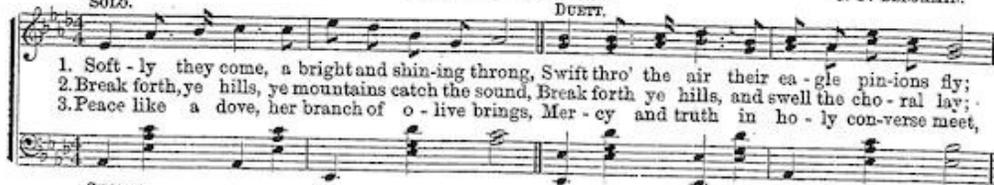
On Judea's green and smiling hills,
Where towering cedar branches wave,
Old prophets sang that Christ the Lord
Should come a fallen world to save.
They knew the promised day was near—
They had a vision of its light ;
They longed to see its glorious dawn,
But died in faith without the sight.
Yet we more blessed with joy can say,
The Lord has come ; the Lord our King.
With loud acclaim his natal day
Our souls can hail, our voices sing,
Where'er the blessed cross has borne
The precious gospel's cheering ray.
Sweet carols from the children rise,
And hearts beat high with joy to-day.
Oh ! let us once again unite
To sing another choral lay,
While guardian angels hovering near
Shall bear to heaven its tones away.

LO! HE COMES.

G. P. BENJAMIN.

SOLO.

DUETT.



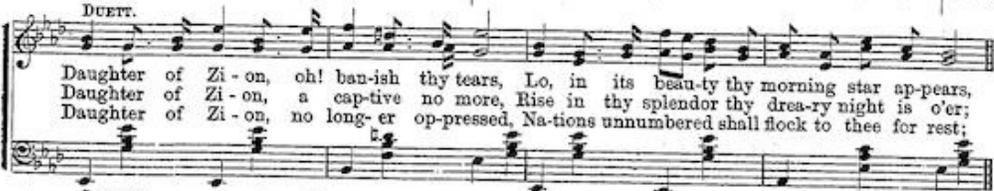
1. Soft - ly they come, a bright and shin - ing throng, Swift thro' the air their ea - gle pin - ions fly;
2. Break forth, ye hills, ye mountains catch the sound, Break forth ye hills, and swell the cho - ral lay;
3. Peace like a dove, her branch of o - live brings, Mer - cy and truth in ho - ly con - verse meet,

CHORUS.



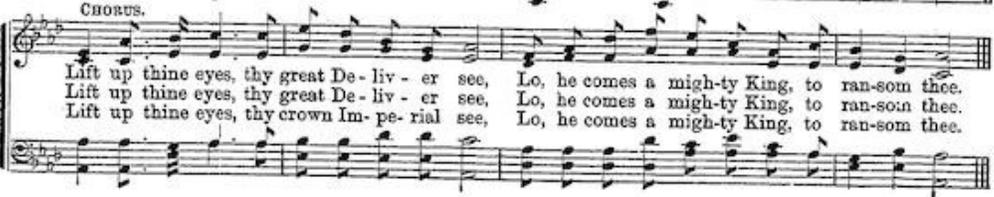
Glo - ry to God their welcome, welcome song; Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love, let earth re - ply:
Let ev - 'ry heart with eager transport bound, Christ the Saviour promised long, is born to - day:
Heav'n with a burst of loud Ho - san - na rings, Ancient prophets worship at Mes - si - ah's feet.

DUETT.



Daughter of Zi - on, oh! ban - ish thy tears, Lo, in its beau - ty thy morning star ap - pears,
Daughter of Zi - on, a cap - tive no more, Rise in thy splendor thy drea - ry night is o'er;
Daughter of Zi - on, no long - er op - pressed, Na - tions unnumbered shall flock to thee for rest;

CHORUS.



Lift up thine eyes, thy great De - liv - er see, Lo, he comes a migh - ty King, to ran - som thee.
Lift up thine eyes, thy great De - liv - er see, Lo, he comes a migh - ty King, to ran - som thee.
Lift up thine eyes, thy crown Im - pe - rial see, Lo, he comes a migh - ty King, to ran - som thee.

DIALOGUE.—LAURA AND JENNIE—*Small Girls.*

LAURA.

JENNIE, did you hear the bells?
 Christmas bells, how sweet they are.
 Did you hear their silver chimes
 Pealing on the wintry air?

JENNIE.

Laura, yes ; I listened long,
 Till I thought I heard them say—
 Little girl, awake and sing,
 Christ the Lord was born to-day.

LAURA.

Jennie, do you love the bells,
 Do you love their silver chimes?

JENNIE.

Yes, because they make me think
 Of the dear old Christmas times
 When the shepherds saw the light,
 And they heard the angels say:
 Joy to every clime on earth—
 Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

LAURA.

Jennie, may the Christmas bells
 Ever ring as sweet and clear
 As their merry, merry chimes,
 Broke this morning on our ear.
 Merry Christmas!

JENNIE.

Merry Christmas, Laura, may we ne'er forget
 Christmas bells or Christmas day,
 Till our latest sun shall set.

CLOSING RECITATION.

MARY.

DEAR friends, we hope these festive hours,
 That now are waning fast,
 May smile upon your future days
 Like rainbows of the past.
 And when another Christmas comes,
 We hope you all may see
 A day as full of joy as this,
 As bright with festive glee.
 We hope the choral songs we sang,
 The speeches we have made,
 May live like flowers within your hearts
 That time can never fade.
 We thank you for your presence here,
 Your kind attention now,
 And almost fancy that we see
 Our joy upon your brow.
 We love the happy Christmas time,
 We love its early morn
 When golden stars the brightest shine—
 For then our Lord was born.
 One chorus more, and then good-bye ;
 Good-bye to each and all,
 And on your heads may Christmas dew
 Like rain in summer fall.

GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

G. P. BENJAMIN.

1. Joy-ful our car-ols a-gain we sing, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! This is the birthday of Christ our King,
 2. An-gels with rap-ture the cho-ralsang, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! Sweet-ly their harps and their voic-es rang,
 3. Glad-ly to Je-sus our hearts we bring, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! Glad-ly with an-gels and saints we sing,

Glo-ry to God on high! A ho-ly Child of heaven-ly birth, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! He
 Glo-ry to God on high! A-round the in-fant Saviour's head. Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! A
 Glo-ry to God on high! We hail the day that gave Him birth, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! And

CHORUS.

came to bring sweet peace on earth, And show us the path-way to God. Then joy-ful our carols a-
 new-made star its lus-tre shed, The beau-ti-ful star of the morn. shout good-will and peace on earth, The Sav-iour, the Sav-iour has come.

gain we sing, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry! This is the birth-day of Christ our King, Glo-ry to God on high.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

Dialogue between FANNIE and KATIE, two small children. FANNIE.—I wonder if Tanta taus aint coming to tee us. He always comes to see dood tildren, and I'm ture we'se been dood.
KATIE.—I hope tow, tause he always brings tow many pooty toys, and I want a dolly, tome candy, and lots of tings. FANNIE.—Well I des if we sing him our welcome song he well come. Santa Claus to appear with sleigh bells ringing, while 3d verse is being sung.

WELCOME TO SANTA CLAUS.

G. P. BENJAMIN.

Finec.

1. Wel - come, wel - come, San - ta Claus, Lots of fun, and heaps of toys; Down the chim - ney,
2. Wel - come, wel - come, San - ta Claus, Dressed in furs, from top to toe; Jol - ly fel - low,
3. Wel - come, wel - come, San - ta Claus, Jin - gle, jin - gle goes the bells; You're a friend who
4. Now shake hands with all a - round, You have brought us hap - py cheer; Don't for - get to

Chorus.

here you come, Wak - ing all the girls and boys. Clat - ter, clat - ter, what's the mat - ter?
al - ways gay, Nev - er mind - ing rain or snow.
nev - er fails; In your face good na - ture dwells,
call a - gain; Come and see us ev - ery year.

'Tis our good old friend we see; Mer - ry Christ - mas al - ways brings him, Ha! ha! ha! how glad are we.