

<b>Title:</b>	Bethlehem songs; A collection of Christmas carols
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<b>Note(s):</b>	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1870-1885 (Microfilm M 3500)
<b>Subject(s):</b>	Carol Choruses, Sacred (Mixed voices, 4 parts) with piano
<b>URL</b>	<a href="http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.music.sm1881.19539">http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ahas/loc.music.sm1881.19539</a>



1

# ➤ Hark! the Herald Angels Sing. ➤

FOR

## CHRISTMAS.

WESLEY.  
Firm.

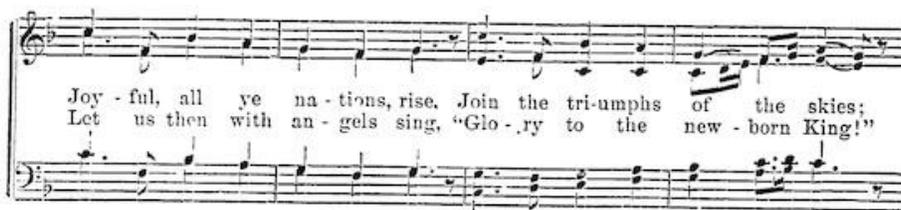
A. BEIRLY.



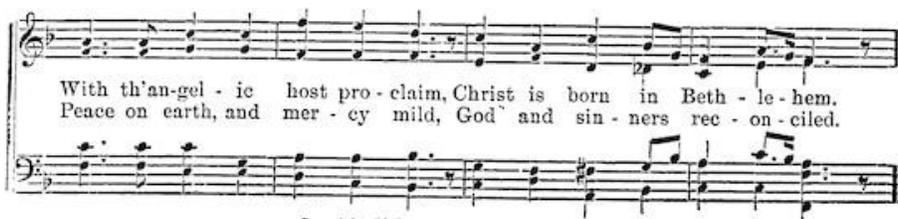
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"  
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Son of Right - eous - ness!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies;  
Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"



With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.  
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

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# ♪ Hallelujah! We are Marching. ♪

1881

## CHRISTMAS.

ALFRED BEIRLY.  
March time.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are marching With the spir - it true and bold, To a -  
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are marching To a birth-place of re - nown; With de -

dore our in - fant Sav - ior, In the man - ger rude and cold. Heav - en  
vo - tion pure and stead - fast, Let us forth our King to crown. Hal - le -

sounds His high - est prais - es, Earth has caught the glad refrain; All glo - ry to the  
lu - jah! with the an - gels Ev - er - more a song we'll raise; To Him who came from

## REFRAIN.

King of kings! Who came on earth to reign. Ho - san - na in the high - est, Let  
heav'n to earth. We'll wake the song of praise.

men and an - gels sing; Till prais - es to the might - y God Thro' earth and heav - en ring.

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Written for the Sunday School of the Church of the Advent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old.

— CAROL. —

Voices in unison.

W. A. FILLMORE.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he  
2. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of his love; And

called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then. I  
if I thus ear-nest-ly seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove. In that

wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that  
beau - ti - ful place he has gone to prepare For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n; And

I might have seen his kind look when he said, Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me.  
ma - ny dear children shall be with him there, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n.

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Written for the Sunday School of the Church of the Advent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Christians, Awake! Salute the Happy Morn..

CAROL, OR PROCESSIONAL FOR CHRISTMAS.

W. A. FILLMORE.

1. Christians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Whereon the Sav - ior of mankind was born;  
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was told, Who heard th'angel - ic herald's voice: Behold,  
 3. He spake, and straightway the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un - known before, con - spire;  
 4. To Bethlehem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won - der God had wrought for man;

Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love, Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove;  
 I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - ior's birth To you and all the na - tions of the earth;  
 The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang, And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang;  
 And found with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid, Her Son, the Sav - ior, in a man - ger laid;

With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun, Of God In - car - nate, and the Vir - gin's Son,  
 This day hath God ful - filled His promis'd word, This day is born a Sav - ior, Christ the Lord,  
 God's high - est glo - ry was their anthem still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will,  
 A - mazed the won - drous sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Sav - ior's name,

With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son,  
 This day hath God ful - filled His promised word, This day is born a Sav - ior, Christ the Lord,  
 God's high - est glo - ry was their anthem still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will,  
 A - mazed the won - drous sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Savior'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 latter 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  
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

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## Hark! the Angels Singing.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Moderate

W. B. TROTT.

1 Hark! the an - gels sing - ing Wake the hap - py morn, Joy - ful tid - ings bring - ing,  
2 Sis - ters dear, and broth - ers, Sing, O sing a - way! This, a - bove all oth - ers  
3. In the high - est re - gions, On His throne a - bove All the ran - somed le - gions,

Christ, the Lord is born! In a low - ly man - ger—This shall be the sign—  
Is the child - ren's day; Hear its bless - ed sto - ry; Once, as young as we,  
Sing His match - less love: But of all who greet Him With tri - umph - ant song.

CHORUS. Very softly.

See! the new - born Stran - ger, Hail the Babe Di - vine!  
Christ, the Prince of Glo - ry, Slept on Ma - ry's knee." Hark! the an - gels sing - ing,  
Lit - tle chil - dren meet Him In the great - est throng.

Quartet, in the distance.

CHORUS. Louder.

QUARTET.

Wake the hap - py morn, Joy - ful tid - ings bring - ing, Christ, the Lord, is born!

CHORUS. Softly.

QUARTET.

CHORUS. Louder.

Full Chorus.

Hark! the an - gels singing, Wake the happy morn; Joy - ful tidings bringing, Christ, the Lord, is born!

# Christmas Carol.

THE LORD WILL COME—PREPARE YE ALL.

"All the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God."

Words by E. R. N.

Music by H. D. SOFGE.

1. A voice rang like a bu - gle call, The Lord will come—prepare ye all; And  
 ages past yet ever rang Those words the herald prophet sang; When lo! one night the world lay stilled, All  
 hearts with expectation filled; The glory of the Lord as light From heaven streamed in radiance bright

**CHORUS.**  
 Christmas ju - bi-lee, in all the world we sing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, sing, is born to us a King.  
 we sing.

2 Transcending far the light of noon,  
 Soft as the lustre of the moon,  
 Appalling as the comet's blaze,  
 Or sudden meteor's flashing rays,  
 Benign as that which hovered o'er  
 The Mercy-seat in days of yore,  
 It bade all strife and clamors cease,  
 It brought to men good will and peace.

3 To-day, our Christmas jubilee,  
 In all the world we live to see  
 That glory spreading like a tide,  
 And blessing millions far and wide:  
 There's none so mean it seeks unsought,  
 There's none so high it covers not,  
 Blessing and blessed, where'er it flows,  
 Joy, peace, and comfort it bestows.

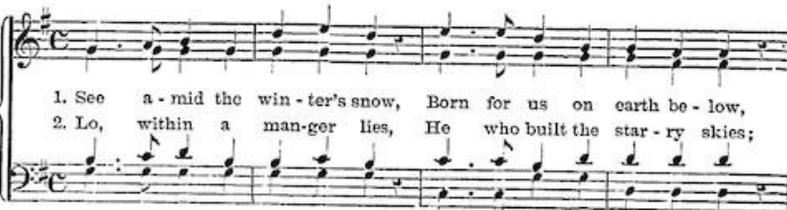
4 The poor blind beggar hears the throng,  
 And clasps his hands in praise and song;  
 The sick man rises from his bed,  
 Good tidings of great joy to spread;  
 Down in the dreary dungeon-keep,  
 The grateful prisoners laugh and leap;  
 The churl and outcast joyful -ing,  
 To welcome Christ, the Lord, the King.

5 The chirping sparrows c'en rejoice,  
 As though God's special care and choice;  
 Housed by the altar, sweetly clear,  
 The twittering swallow's carols cheer;  
 The lambs bleat forth, forever freed,  
 No more as victims doomed to bleed;  
 Christ's feast of joy and holy mirth  
 Fills the glad sky, the smiling earth.

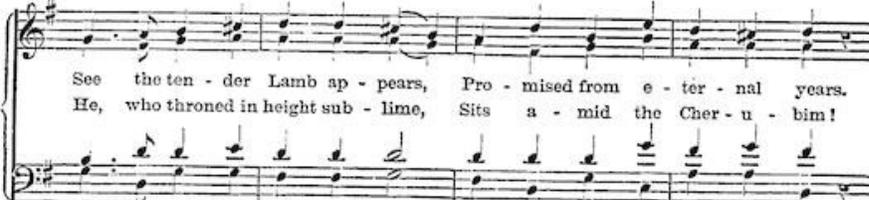
# Christmas Carol

"HAIL! THOU EVER BLESSED MORN."

THOMAS BENEDICT.

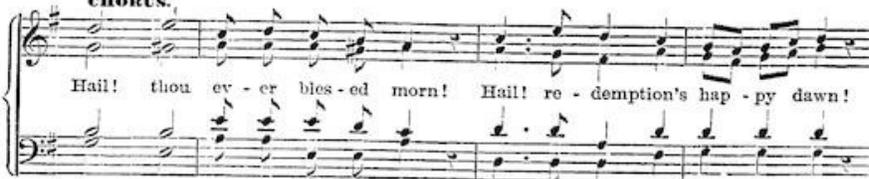


1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,  
2. Lo, within a man - ger lies, He who built the star - ry skies;

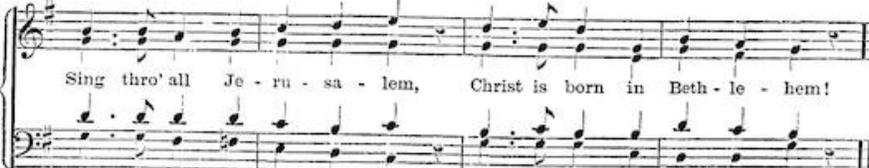


See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Pro - mised from e - ter - nal years.  
He, who throned in height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!

**CHORUS.**



Hail! thou ev - er bles - ed morn! Hail! re - demption's hap - py dawn!



Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,  
What's your joyful news to-day?  
Wherefore have ye left your sheep,  
On the lonely mountain steep?  
Hail! thou ever blessed, &c.

4 "As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;  
Angels singing peace on earth,  
Told us of the Savior's birth."  
Hail! thou ever blessed, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all divine,  
What a tender love was thine;  
Thus to come from highest bliss  
Down to such a world as this!  
Hail! thou ever blessed, &c.

6 Teach, oh, teach us, Holy Child,  
By thy face, so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble thee,  
In thy sweet humility!  
Hail! thou ever blessed, &c.

# Christmas Carol

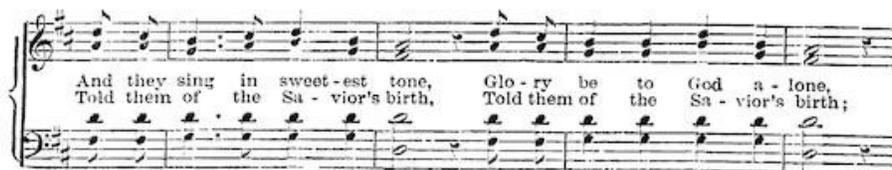
"RING THE BELLS, CHRIST IS BORN."

WM. WALTER.

*Allegro.*



1. On the birth-day of the Lord,      An-gels joy in glad ac - cord,  
2. This good news an an - gel told      To the shepherds by their fold,



And they sing in sweet-est tone,      Glo - ry be to God a - lone,  
Told them of the Sa - vior's birth,      Told them of the Sa - vior's birth;



Glo - ry be to God a - lone,      For to - day our King is born!  
Glo - ry be to God a - lone,      For to - day our King is born!

**CHORUS.**



Christ - mas bells are ring - ing, Ring - ing loud the Christmas bells  
Ring - ing, ring - ing,



Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is born!      Glo - ry be to God a - lone!

3 Born is now Emmanuel,  
He announced by Gabriel,  
He whom prophets old attest,  
Cometh from the Father's breast.  
Glory be to God alone,  
For to-day our King is born.  
Christmas bells, &c.

4 Born to-day is Christ the Child,  
Born of maiden undefiled,  
Born our King and Lord!  
Glory be to God alone,  
Glory be to God alone,  
For to-day our King is born!  
Christmas bells, &c.

# Christmas Carol

"ALL THIS NIGHT BRIGHT ANGELS SING."

LOUIS ERHARDT.

*Joyfully.*

1. All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol - ing;

Hark! a voice which loud - ly cries, "Mor - tals, mor - tals wake and rise.

Lo, to glad - ness Turns your sadness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun,

Shines all night tho' day be done, Shines all night tho' day be done."

2 Wake, O earth! wake everything,  
Wake and hear the joy I bring:  
Wake and joy; for all this night,  
Heaven and every twinkling light,  
All amazing,  
Still stand gazing;  
Angels, powers, and all that be,  
Wake, and joy this Sun to see,  
Wake, and joy this Sun to see!

3 Hail! O Sun! O Blessed Light,  
Sent into this world by night;  
Let thy rays and heav'nly pow'rs,  
Shine in these dark souls of ours.  
For, most duly,  
Thou art truly  
God and Man, we do confess:  
Hail! O Sun of Righteousness,  
Hail! O Sun of Righteousness!

# Christmas Carol.

## CHRIST IS BORN!

W. B. TROTT.

Lively.

1. Christ is born! Christ is born! Shout the tid - ings far and wide; Christ is born! Christ is

born! Hail the mer-ry Christmas tide! Shepherds in the field by night Saw the star all silv'ry

CHORUS.

bright, And the an-gels, clad in white, Ech-oed Christ is born! Christ is born! Christ is

born! Let the joy - ful tidings sound: Christ is born! Christ is born! Let the tidings ech - o

round: Christ is born! Christ is born! Christ is born! Christ is born!

2 Christ is born! Christ is born!  
Wake the snow-clad hills and plains:  
Christ is born! Christ is born!  
Lo! for evermore he reigns!  
Earth seems clad in brightest beams,  
E'en the sea more tranquil seems:  
Every heart with gladness teems,  
Singing "Christ is born!"

3 Christ is born! Christ is born!  
Shout to heavens the hallowed strain,  
Christ is born! Christ is born!  
Angels echo back again:  
All the earth before Him bow.  
Bright and fair be every brow!  
Banish all unkindness now,  
Singing "Christ is born!"

# Christmas Carol.

## COME, MAIDENS FAIR.

"And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Words by ERN.

H. J. SCHONACKER.

*Allegro. f*

1. Come, maid - ens fair, come strew His way With roy - al palm and

vic - tor's bay: Come, no - ble youths, the hol - ly twine, With fragrant ce - dar and the pine.

2d time CHORUS.

Sound, min-strels, sound your loft - iest strain, Yon low - ly shel - ter is the fane Where

He, in hum - ble guise confined, The Prince, our Sav - ior, is enshrined.

N. B.—Repeat last four lines of each verse for Chorus.

2 Come, young and old, oh! hasten, come,  
Draw near to worship—yet there's room;  
Across the lintel, see no more  
The stain of blood—read on the door,  
Emmanuel, the legend bright,  
Blazoned in lines of living light;  
Hail! ever blessed Virgin, hail!  
Thrice blessed Lord and King, all hail!

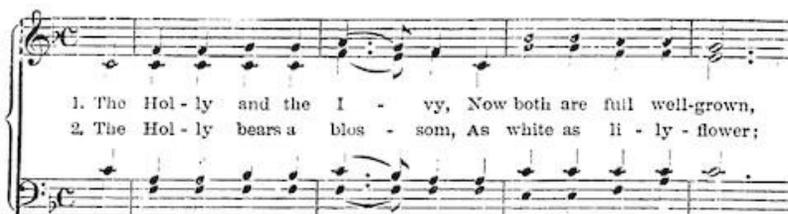
3 Now let the full-voiced choirs raise  
Sweet canticles of love and praise;  
The organ's diapasons roll,  
Sing peans loud with heart and soul;  
On this glad birth-day of our Lord,  
In charity and sweet accord,  
Our souls and bodies, off'rings bring  
To Christ, our Savior, Lord and King.

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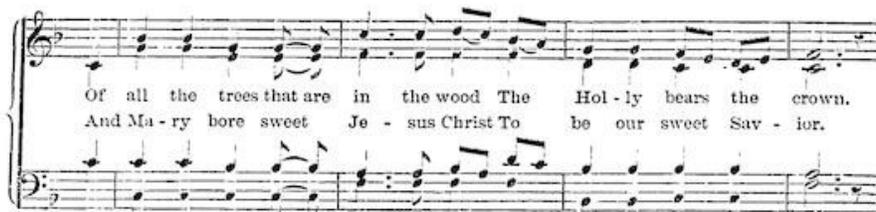
# Christmas Carol

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY."

LOUIS ERHARDT.



1. The Hol - ly and the I - vy, Now both are full well-grown,  
2. The Hol - ly bears a blos - som, As white as li - ly - flower;

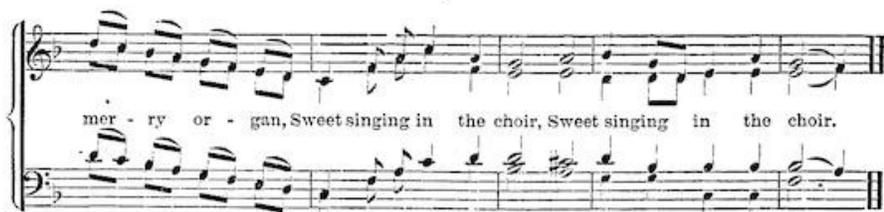


Of all the trees that are in the wood The Hol - ly bears the crown.  
And Ma - ry bore sweet Je - sus Christ To be our sweet Sav - ior.

**CHORUS.**



Oh, the ris - ing of the sun, The run - ning of the deer, The play - ing of the



mer - ry or - gan, Sweet singing in the choir, Sweet singing in the choir.

3 The Holly bears a berry  
As red as any blood;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
To do poor sinners good.  
Oh, the rising of the sun, &c.

4 The Holly bears a prickle  
As sharp as any thorn;  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
On Christmas Day in the morn.  
Oh, the rising of the sun, &c.

5 The Holly bears a bark  
As bitter as any gall:  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,  
For to redeem us all.  
Oh, the rising of the sun, &c.

6 The Holly and the Ivy  
Now both are full well-grown;  
Of all the trees that are in the wood,  
The Holly bears the crown.  
Oh, the rising of the sun, &c.

# Christmas Carol

"JOY, JOY, CHRIST IS BORN."

S. C. WILCOX.

*Joyfully.*



1. Wa - ken, Chris-tian chil - dren, Up and let us sing,  
With glad voice the prais - es Of our new born King; Up, 'tis meet to welcome,  
welcome,  
With a joy - ous lay, Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Born for us to - day.  
Joy, joy, Christ is born! Sing - ing prais - es to our King,  
Ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Sing - ing prais - es, Bells are ring - ing,  
Sing and ring the Christmas bells, Glo - ry be to God a - lone.  
Ring - ing, ring - ing, prais - es sing - ing, Glo - ry be to God a - lone.

2 Come, nor fear to seek him,  
Children though we be;  
Once he said of children,  
"Let them come to me;"  
Fear not then to enter,  
Though we can not bring  
Gold, or myrrh, or incense  
Fitting for a king.  
Joy, joy, &c.

3 Brighter than all jewels,  
Shines the modest eye;  
Best of gifts he loveth  
Infant purity.  
Haste we then to welcome,  
With our joyous lay,  
Christ, the King of Glory,  
Born for us to-day.  
Joy, joy, &c.

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# Christmas Carol

"COME, YE LOFTY."

LOUIS ERHARDT, M. A., Mus. Doc.

1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of gladness ring: In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly

See, in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing, Christ, by highest heav'n adored;

In a manger rests the King. Come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, ye lof - ty,  
Come, come, come; come, come, come, Come, ye lof - ty,

Come, your circle round him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord

Come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, ye lof - ty, See, in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing,  
Come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, ye lof - ty.

Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored; Come, your circle round him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.

2 Come ye poor, no pomp of station,  
Robes the child your hearts adore;  
He, the Lord of all salvation,  
Shares your want, is weak and poor;  
Oxen round about, behold them,  
Raffers naked, cold and bare,  
See the shepherds, God has told them  
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 Come, ye children, blythe and merry,  
This one child your model make;  
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,  
All be prized for his dear sake;  
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,  
Come ye spirits, keen and bold,  
All in all your homage render,  
Weak and mighty, young and old.

Note.—Repeat the last four lines of each verse.

N. B.—In the second part of each verse the Alto, Tenor, and Bass have the same words as in the first verse.

4 High above a star is shining,  
And the wise men haste from far;  
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,  
For you all has risen the Star.  
Let us bring our poor oblations,  
Thanks and love and faith and praise;  
Come, ye people, come ye nations,  
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing!  
Christ the Lord to man is born!  
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,  
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?  
Still the child, all power possessing,  
Smiles as through the ages past;  
And the song of Christmas blessing  
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

# CHRISTMAS CAROL.

## ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY!

*Written for the Sunday-School of the Church of the Advent, Cincinnati, O.*

Words from the "Hymnal."

W. A. FILLMORE.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night;

Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and  
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light; Come, etc.

Come and worship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.  
wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.

Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A - men.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great desire of nations,  
Ye have seen his natal star;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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