

Christ's Natal Day
Birdie Bell, 1885.
Asa Hull.

Once o'er the hills of Judah,
Burst forth a glorious light;
Heralding the Messiah,
Shining in splendor bright!
And thro' the air came stealing,
Sweetly on wings of morn;
From Heaven's towers pealing,
"Jesus the Lord is born!"

Refrain

Glory, glory, glory let us sing!
Glory to our heav'nly king!
Sound aloud His praises, sing a joyful lay,
This is our Savior's natal day!

Strange was His throne, O children!
Only a manger cold!
But princely gifts were brought Him,
Myrrh, frankincense and gold.
Myrrh was the bitter token
Of His great sacrifice;
Frankincense, homage paid Him;
And gold, the kingly price.

Refrain

Still through the air around us
Echo celestial strains;
Still o'er earth's sinful darkness
That Light in grandeur reigns;
What are the gifts we'll bring Him?
No type of sorrow now!
Hearts' prayers shall be our incense
And love shall crown His brow.

Refrain