

Christians, Carol Sweetly
William Dix(1837-1898)
Herbert Irons, 1894.

Christians, carol sweetly, up today and sing!
'Tis the happy birthday of our holy King:
Haste we then to greet Him, humbly falling down,
While our hands entwine Him, dearest Babe, a crown.

Crowds of snow-white angels throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful, all things passing fair;
Bells, clear music making, peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer, all is glee and mirth.

Michael, at the manger, bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily, hides transcendent grace:
For, dear friends, the glory of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty on archangels shed.

Shall I tell of Joseph, who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary, who, upon her breast,
Cradles her creator, soothes Him to His rest?

Angels, Mary, Joseph, yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship at the manger stall!
For you hail our monarch, born a child today;
So with you I worship and my homage pay.